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HOOD'S OWN.

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE, AND VERSE, WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY HIS SON AND DAUGHTER.

VOL. VII.

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[At the beginning of this year (1840) appeared "Up the Rhine," the result of my father's residence in Germany. It was so eagerly sought after, that in a fortnight the first edition was gone. Of late years it has been very difficult to obtain a copy of the original publication, though a German re-print is sold on the Rhine pretty generally.—T. Hood, jun.]

UP THE RHINE.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

To forestal such Critics as are fond of climbing up a Mât de Cocagne for a Mare's Nest at the top, the following work was constructed, partly on the ground-plan of Humphrey Clinker, but with very inferior materials, and on a much humbler scale. I admire the old mansion too much, to think that any workmanship of mine could erect a house fit to stand in the same row.

Many persons will doubtless differ with me as to the inferences I have drawn from things seen and heard abroad. But we are all liable to mistakes: and I may have been as wrong in my speculations as was another Traveller in Germany, who, seeing a basketful of purple Easter Eggs, exclaimed, "Good heaven! what colour can their hens be?"

Should the members of the present family party be found agreeable or amusing, by the great family circle of the Public, I may be induced, next year, to publish their sub-

sequent Tour in Belgium. In the meantime, my dear Public, to adopt the words of another Traveller :

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."

THOMAS HOOD.

1st December, 1839.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE reader of Robinson Crusoe will doubtless remember the flutter of delight and gratitude the Ex-Solitary was thrown into, after his return to England, by receiving from his Factor such very favourable accounts of the prosperity of his Brazilian plantations. "In a word," says he, "I turned pale and grew sick; and had not the old man run and fetched me a cordial, I believe the sudden surprise of joy had overset nature, and I had died on the spot."

Something of this joyful surprise it was my own pleasant lot to feel, on learning from my Publisher, that in one short fortnight, the whole impression of the present work had been taken off his hands, "and left the world no copy."—A fact the more gratifying from occurring at a season affording topics of such engrossing interest, as Prince Albert—the Queen's marriage—the Chartist outbreaks—and the new Penny Post,—a measure which, by imposing one uniform rate on Peer and Peasant, has established a real Republic of Letters. So flattering a reception quite overpowered me with joy and gratitude; and, like Robinson, my feelings were not properly composed till I had quaffed off a flask of Hochheimer to the health of all the friends, known and unknown, who had relished my Rhenish outpourings.

To be candid and confidential, the work was not offered to the public without some misgivings.

A plain Manufacturer of Roman Cement, in the Greenwich road, was once turned by a cramped showboard into a "MANUFACTURER OF ROMANCEMENT;" and a Tour up the Rhine has generally been expected to convert an author into a dealer in the same commodity. There was some danger, therefore, that readers might be disappointed or dissatisfied at not meeting with the usual allowance of real or affected raptures, sentimental lays, romantic legends, enthusimoosy and the foodle ages. In fact, one of my critics (it is the fashion now for the reviewed to retaliate on their reviewers, as Roderick Random flogged his schoolmaster) plainly snubs my book, for not being like others on the same subject, and roundly blames the author for not treading more exactly, like an Indian disguising his trail, in the footprints of his predecessors. According to this gentleman (he is not Miss Martineau), I engaged in a somewhat heretical enterprise, which no man of ordinary sensibility would have embarked in. I took my apparatus of caricature up the Rhine, quizzed Cologne Cathedral and the façade of the English National Gallery, and turned the storied scenery, the fine traditions, and the poetic atmosphere of the abounding river into a succession of drolleries.

In reply to these serious charges, I can only say that heretical enterprises—witness Luther's—are sometimes no bad things. That the animals most inclined to pursue the follow-my-leader system are geese. That a man of ordinary sensibility ought to be shy of exhibiting it where such extraordinary sensibilities had been paraded beforehand. That I have never even seen the National Gallery; and instead of quizzing the Dom Kirche of Cologne, have admired and lauded it in the highest terms. That I expressly declined

to touch on the scenery, because it had been so often painted, not to say daubed, already; that I left the fine legends precisely as I found them; and that the poetic atmosphere remained as intact, for me, as the atmosphere of the moon. Since Byron and the Dampschiff, there has been quite enough of vapouring, in more senses than one, on the blue and castled river, and the echoing nymph of the Lurley must be quite weary of repeating such *bouts rimés* as—the Rhine and land of the vine—the Rhine and vastly fine—the Rhine and very divine. As for the romantic, the Age of Chivalry is Burked by Time, and as difficult of revival in Germany as in Scotland. A modern steamboat associates as awkwardly with a feudal ruin, as a mob of umbrellas with an Eglintoun "plump of spears."

With these explanations and apologies I take my leave; fortunately possessing the unquestioned privilege of printing, publishing, and selling my proceedings, without committing myself, the Sheriffs and the Judges; or setting the Speaker, the Chief Justice and Mr. Commissioner Reynolds by the ears; I gratefully present my Second Edition, with my warmest acknowledgments, to an indulgent public, without any fear of that presently awful personage the Serjeant at Mace.

T. H.

23rd January, 1840.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

My dear Brooke,

Your reproach is just. My epistolary taciturnity has certainly been of unusual duration; but instead of filling up a sheet with mere excuses, I beg to refer you at once to "Barclay's Apology for Quakerism," which I presume includes an apology for silence.

The truth is, I have had nothing to write of, and in such cases I philosophically begrudge postage, as a contradiction to the old axiom *ex nihilo nihil fit*, inasmuch as the revenue through such empty epistles gets something out of nothing. Now, however, I have news to break, and I trust you are not so good a man as "unconcerned to hear the mighty crack." We are going up the Rhine!!!

You, who have been long aware of my yearning to the abounding river, like the supposed mystical bending of the hazel twig towards the unseen waters, will be equally pleased and surprised at such an announcement. In point of fact, but for the preparations that are hourly going on before my eyes, I should have, as Irish Buller used to say, some considerable doubts of my own veracity. There seemed plenty of lions in the path of such a Pilgrim's Progress; and yet, here we are, resolved on the attempt, in the hope that, as Christian dropped his burthen by the way, a little travelling will jolt off the load that encumbers the broad shoulders of a dear, hearty, ailing, dead-alive, hypochondriacal old bachelor uncle. If my memory serves me truly, you once met with the personage in question at one of our coursing meetings: if not, you will be *glad* to have what Willis the Penman *calls a Pencilling, but* which ought rather to be denominated

an *Ink*ling. Imagine, then, a handsome, stout, well-built specimen of the species, somewhat the worse for wear, but still sound in wind and limb, and in possession of all his faculties—a little stiff in the anatomical hinges—but still able to find a hare and not bad at a halloo—in short, the *beau ideal* of a fine old country gentleman, for such he is. But here comes the mystery. To all appearance a picture of Health, painted in the full florid style by Rubens himself, or one of his pupils, my hale uncle is a martyr to hypochondriasis, not the moping melancholy sort anatomised by old Burton—not the chronic kind—but the acute. Perhaps he has some latent affection of the heart or obstructions of the liver, causing sudden derangements of the circulation, and consequent physical depressions,—I am not physician enough to determine,—but I have known instances of the same malady in other individuals, though never so intense. As jovial a man, between his paroxysms, as you shall find in a chimney corner, the next moment he sees a coffin, as the superstitious call it, fly out of the fire, and fancies his Death-Fetch standing on the domestic hearth. But as Shakspeare says, "a coward dies many times before his death," and my uncle is certainly no exception to the canon. On an average he has three or four attacks a week,—so that at the end of the year his "dying moments" would probably amount to a calendar month, and his "last words" to an octavo volume.

As you may suppose, it is sometimes difficult to preserve one's gravity during such solemn leave-takings at Death's door, at which you know he is only giving a runaway knock. Like the boy in the fable, he has cried "Wolf!" too often for those about him seriously to believe that the Destroyer is at hand;—though at the same time, being thoroughly in earnest himself, and long habit and frequent rehearsals

having made him quite at home in the part, he performs it so admirably and naturally, that even his familiars are staggered and look on and listen, with a smile and a tear. As yet I have never seen the stranger who was not horrified, by what appeared so sudden a visitation, as well as edified by the manly fortitude, good sense, and Christian spirit with which the victim invariably prepares for his departure. He has made his will, of course; and I verily believe every member of the family has his instructions for his funeral by heart. Amongst other memorials, there is an old family watch,—nicknamed *entre nous*, the Death watch,—which he has solemnly presented to me, his unworthy nephew, a hundred times over. On such occasions, I always seriously accept the gift, but take care to leave it about on some shelf or table in the way of the owner, who, when the qualm is over, quietly fobs the time-piece, without any remark on either side, and Nunky, Nevy, and Watch go on as usual till another warning. I once ventured to hint that he died very hard; but the joke was not well taken; and he often throws my incredulity in my teeth. "Well, God bless you, my boy," he said the other day, in his *gravest* manner, though I was only to be a week absent, "Well, God bless you, Frank,—for you've seen me for the last time. You know my last wishes. Yes, you may grin,—only don't be shocked at your return if you find the shutters closed, or the hearse at the door!"

Such is my worthy hypochondriacal uncle, with his serio-comic infirmity,—and I assure you there is not a particle of exaggeration in the account. For the last five years he has paid a neighbouring practitioner 200*l.* per annum to look after his health,—and really the post is no sinecure, for besides the daily visit of routine, the Esculapius is generally sent for, in haste, some twice or thrice a week, extra, how-

beit the attack not unfrequently goes off in a hit at backgammon. A whimsical instance just occurs to me. My uncle, who is both a lover, and a capital judge, of horses, and always drives a remarkably clever nag, chose one morning to have a warning in his gig,—influenced, doubtless, by the sight of his medical adviser, who happened to be some hundred yards in advance. The doctor, be it said, is a respectable gigman, who also likes a fast horse, and having really some urgent new case on his hands, or being unwilling to listen to the old one, he no sooner recognised the traveller in his rear, than he applied a stimulant to his steed, that improved its pace into twelve miles an hour. My uncle did the like, and as pretty a chariot race ensued as any since the Olympic Games. For a mile or two the doctor took the lead and kept it; but his patient was too fast for him, and by degrees got within hail, bellowing lustily, "Hang it, man, pull up! I'm dying, doctor, I'm dying."—"Egad," cried the doctor, looking over his shoulder, "I think you are! And I never saw any one *going so fast.*"

It is with the sanction—indeed by the advice—of the medicus just mentioned (an original of the Abernethy school), that we are bound on an experimental trip up the Rhine, to try what change of scene and travelling will do for such an extraordinary disease. The prescription, however, was anything but palatable to the patient, who demurred most obstinately, and finally asked his counsellor, rather crustily, if he could name a single instance of a man who had lived the longer for wandering over the world? "To be sure I can," answered the doctor, "the wandering Jew." This timely hit decided the battle: my uncle, who is no hand at *repartee*, gave in; and at this present writing, his passport is made out for Rotterdam. In common with most invalids, *he likes to have* womankind about him; so he has invited

his sister, a widow, to be of the party, and she, in turn, has stipulated for the attendance of her favourite maid. Your humble servant will make the fourth hand in this Rhenish rubber; and for your sake, I intend to score with pen and pencil all the points of the game.

My kindest regards to Emily — and something more; remember, should I ever get beyond prosing, all verses belong to her from,

Dear Brooke, yours ever very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., SOLICITOR, CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

Being about to leave England, and most likely for good, it's my wish to give you a parting shake of the hand, as far as can be done by letter before I go, time and circumstances forbidding my personally taking a last farewell. At present our destination is only Germany; but inward feelings tell me I am booked for a much longer journey, and from which no traveller returns. As such I have informed all parties concerned, that my will is lodged in your hands; and, regarding the rest of my worldly affairs, you had full instructions in my leave-taking letter of a month back. I had another terrible warning on Wednesday week, which, I am convinced, would have proved fatal, but providentially Dr. Truby was in the house at the time. What is remarkable, up to my seizure I had been in an uncommon flow of spirits, for Morgan and Dowley, and a few more of the old set, had come over, and we rubbed up our old stories and old songs, and I was even able myself to comply with the honour

of a call for the Maid of the Valley. But the moment the company was gone I had an attack;—which is convincing to my mind of the correctness of the old saying about a lightening before death. Such repeated shocks must break down the constitution of a horse; and, mark my words, *the next will be my whoo-oop!*

In course, you will be as much surprised as I am myself, at a man with my dispensation undertaking a visit to foreign parts. But, between one and another, I was fairly mobbed into it, and have been in twenty minds to call back my consent. But a man's word is his word; and, besides, I wish my nephew to see a little of the world. Poor Kate will go along with us, in hopes the jaunting about a bit will make her forget the loss of her husband, or as she calls him, "Poor George." I did want the Doctor to join, and made him a handsome offer to that effect, over and above his expenses; but he declined, on the plea of not leaving his other patients, which, considering the terms we have been on for so many years, I cannot help thinking is a little ungrateful, as well as hard-hearted, for he knows I ought not to go ten miles without medical help at my elbow. But I suppose the constant sight of death makes all physicians callous, or they could not feel the pulse of a dying man, much less of an old friend, with a broad grin on their faces. Talking of departing, I trust to you to regularly pay up the premium on my life assurance in the Pelican. I did hope the policy would be voided by going abroad, which would have put a spoke in our tour; but, unluckily, it gives me latitude to travel all over Europe. But whether on an English road or a foreign one, for it will never be in my bed, is all one. So every place being alike, I have left the choice to my nephew, and he has fixed on the river Rhine. In course, he undertakes the lingo, for I can neither parley vous nor jabber High

Dutch; and though it's not too soon, mayhap, to look out for a new set of teeth, it's too late in life for me to get a fresh set of tongues. Besides, all foreign languages are given to flattering; and, as a plain Englishman, I should never find complimentary ideas enough to match with the words. There is the French inventory of my person in the passport, which I made Frank translate to me. You know what an invalid I am; but what with high complexion, and robust figure, and so forth, Mounseur has painted me up like one of the healthiest and handsomest young fellows in the county of Kent!

So you see I am down in the way-bill; and, provided I get to the end of the first stage, you will perhaps hear from me again. If not, you will know what has happened, and act accordingly. If I last out to Holland, it will be the utmost. I have betted old Truby two dozen of hock wine, against port and sherry, I shall never get to Cologne. Well, God bless you, my old friend, and all that belongs to you, from, dear Peter,

Your very faithful humble servant,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P.S.—If I forward a few gallons of real Hollands to your London agents, Drinkwater and Maxwell, do you think they will send it down to Canterbury?

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

DEAR GERARD,

You will stare at receiving another letter dated London; but we have been delayed a week beyond our time by my uncle, and a mysterious complaint in his luggage,

which, for several days, would not pack up for want of a family medicine chest that had been ordered of the celebrated Butler and Co. of Cheapside. Moreover, it appeared that the invalid had applied for more last words of medical advice from Dr. Truby; but instead of a letter, who should walk in yesterday evening but the Doctor himself! The fact is, he has a real regard for his Malade Imaginaire, though he sets his face against the fancy, and had made this sacrifice to friendship. My uncle's eyes glistened at sight of the familiar figure. "Ay, ay," said he, with sundry significant nods, "you are come to prevent my going." "Quite the reverse," answered the other; "I suspected you would hang on hand, and have come thirty miles to help in giving you a shove off." Our Hyp looked a little disconcerted at this rebuff. "At least, doctor, you have something of importance to my health to remind me of?" "Not a syllable." "Mayhap, then, you have brought me some portable sort of medicine for travellers in a small compass?" suggested my uncle, expecting a welcome supplement to Butler's repository. "I have brought you," said the doctor, speaking leisurely, as he vainly tried to extract some refractory article from his coat-pocket, "something more to the purpose,—very useful to travellers too,—an invention of a professional friend; you did not know the late Dr. Kitchiner?—it's a most invaluable defence against sudden attacks." "Mayhap," cried uncle, now eagerly assisting in the extricating of the parcel, "it's a self-acting blood-letter." "It's more likely to prevent blood-letting," answered the doctor, at last producing the implement, "a sort of night-bolt, for securing your bed-room door at a strange inn." — "Good God," exclaimed my uncle, reddening like one of his own turkey-cocks, "is it possible you could so forget the nature of my sudden attacks! I am not likely to die in my bed; but if I do, it will be from

nobody coming near me; and here you are for keeping every soul from the room!" "Nevertheless," said the doctor, "I still recommend the night-bolt. As a lady never faints without water and smelling salts, and help at need, I am convinced, by analogy, that a locked door, and nobody at hand, must be the best preventives of *some sorts* of apoplexy that can be devised." The wry face with which this illustration was received you may imagine, now that you have a key to the character. The doctor is not only a shrewd practitioner, but a humourist, and doubtless intended his night-bolt as a piece of practical irony on his patient's monomania; if so, our Abernethys and such medical eccentrics have more common sense in their oddities than some regular practitioners in their common-places. However, my uncle having been worsted in the encounter, his sister, who is sufficiently anxious on the subject of health, but with reference to everybody's constitution except her own, then took up the argument, and anxiously inquired, "What her poor dear brother ought to do in case of any travelling accidents—for example, wet feet?" "In that case, madam," replied the doctor, with a low bow and a marked emphasis, "*don't* let him change his shoes, *don't* get him dry stockings; and *don't* let him bathe his feet in warm water. That has been his practice during the first fifty years of his life, and it has agreed so well with him, that I do not feel justified in making any alteration." "To be sure," said my aunt thoughtfully, "he used to ride through brooks, and rivers, and never shifted himself, and yet never had anything on his lungs. And I do remember once when he spent a fortnight in London on a visit, he took ill, and after thinking of everything that could have caused it, he could not account for it in any way except through missing his damp feet. But then as to his diet, doctor;—what ought he to eat?" "What-

ever he can get, madam," said the doctor, taking another grave pinch of snuff; "but as he values his life, let him avoid—anything else, for depend upon it, madam,—*it never can do him any good.*" This oracular response defeated my poor aunt, who, by way of covering her retreat, then pulled him aside, and with a glance at your humble servant, inquired if the air we were going to was favourable to my constitution, for I was delicate, like "Poor George." Of course, I pricked up my ears, and had an appropriate reward. "Madam," said he, "a young Englishman, on going abroad for the first time, generally gives himself so many airs, that the one he is going-to is of the least possible consequence."

I subsequently contrived to ask the doctor confidentially, whether his patient would require any particular treatment whilst abroad. "Medically," said he, "none at all. Your worthy uncle's complaint is a very common one, in kind, if not in degree. With old women who have been active in their youth, it takes the form vulgarly called the fidgets—with country gentlemen, in their decline, it becomes hypochondriasis. They cannot live as hard as they used to do, and so they think they are dying as fast as they can. Your fox-hunters and so forth are particularly liable to the disease. They are used to a kicking, bumping, jumping, thumping, jolting, bolting, scrubbing, scrambling, roll-and-tumble sort of existence, and the nerves and muscles will not subside kindly into quieter habits. To make the matter worse, a pedestrian, when he can no longer walk, will ride; but your equestrian, when he is past riding, will not condescend to walk. When he is unequal to horseback, instead of taking to coach-back, or boat-back, he takes to a high-backed chair, and backgammon. What your uncle really wants is a mill to grind him young again. There is no such mill on *earth, but the next best* thing is to go in search of it. Take

my word for it, the secret of your uncle's dying is, that he has more life in him, or steam, than the old machine knows how to get rid of." "Yes, yes," muttered my uncle, who had been musing, but caught the last sentence, "I always knew I should go off like a burst boiler!" "The Lord forbid!" ejaculated my aunt, who had been absorbed in her own steamboat speculations — and having thus, in sporting language, changed our hare, we had a burst with high pressure that lasted for twenty minutes. At the conclusion my aunt asked the doctor if he knew of any remedy against sea-sickness. "Only one, madam, the same that was adopted by Jack the giant-killer against the Welsh ogre." "And what was his remedy?" inquired my aunt, very innocently. "A false stomach, ma'am; put all you feel inclined to eat or drink into *that;* and I will stake my professional character against it coming up again!" Just at this juncture his lynx eyes happened to alight on the medicine-chest, "I do hope that box is insured!" "Good heavens!" exclaimed my aunt, "is there any danger? We have not insured anything!" "Because," exclaimed the doctor, "if your nephew is any better than a George Barnwell in disguise, he will take the first opportunity for pitching that trash overboard." My uncle's back was up in a moment. "By your leave," he said, "I did once have occasion to call in Doctor Carbuncle in your absence, and he prescribed for me more trash, as you call it, in ten days, than you have done in as many years." "No doubt he did," answered the imperturbable Truby. "He would send it in by the dozen, like Scotch ale or Dublin porter, or any other article on which he gets a commission. Fat bacon, for instance, was once in vogue amongst the faculty for weak digestions, and he would favour you with that or any other gammon, at a trifle above the market *price.*" "Well, I always thought," exclaimed

my aunt, "that Doctor Carbuncle was considered a very skilful man!" "As to his other medical acquirements, madam, there may be some doubts, but you have only to look in his face to see that he is well *red* in *nose*ology."

This palpable hit, for Carbuncle happens to have a very fiery proboscis, quite restored my uncle's good-humour. He laughed till the tears ran down his face, and even cracked a joke of his own, on the advantage of always hunting with a burning scent. The doctor, like a good general, seized this favourable moment for his departure, and took his patient by the hand—"Well, *bon voyage*, and fine weather on the Rhine." "I shall never see it," cried my uncle, fast relapsing into a fit of hypochondriacism. "Pooh! pooh!—good-bye, and a fair wind to Rotterdam." "I shall die at sea," returned my uncle; "at least if I reach the Nore. But mayhap I shall never get aboard. It is my belief I shan't live through the night," he bellowed after the doctor, who, foreseeing the point the argument must arrive at, had bolted out of the room and closed the door. "A clever man," said my uncle, when he was gone; "and no doubt understands my case, but as close as a fox. I only wish he would agree to my going suddenly—I should not die a bit the sooner for his giving me over."

Once more, farewell, with love to Emily from, dear Gerard, yours, &c.,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

My dear Brooke,

Your prophecy was a plausible one, but as the servant girl said, after looking out of a window in Piccadilly, for the Lord Mayor's show, "it did not come to pass." Instead of returning to Kent, we actually sailed from London on Wednesday morning, by the Lord Melville; and here follows a log of our memorable voyage. It will prove a long one I foresee, but so was our passage.

To believe our tourists and travellers, our Heads and our Trollopes, it is impossible to take a trip in a hoy, smack, or steamer, without encountering what are technically called characters. My first care, therefore, on getting aboard, was to look out for originals; but after the strictest scrutiny among the passengers, there appeared none of any mark or likelihood. However, at Gravesend, a wherry brought us two individuals of some promise. The first was a tall, very thin man, evidently in bad health, or, as one of the sailors remarked, performing quarantine, his face being of the same colour as the yellow flag which indicates that sanitary excommunication; the other was a punchy, florid, red-wattled human cock-bird, who, according to the poultry wife's practice, had seemingly had two pepper-corns thrust down his gullet on first leaving the shell, and had ever since felt their fiery influence in his gizzard. In default of their proper names, I immediately christened them, after Dandie Dinmont's two celebrated dogs, Pepper and Mustard. I had, however, but a short glimpse of their quality, for the yellow-face went forward amongst the seamen, whilst the red-visage dived downwards towards the steward's pantry. In the

meantime we progressed merrily; and had soon passed that remarkably fine specimen of sea-urchin, the buoy at the Nore. But here the breeze died off, an occurrence, before the invention of steamers, of some moment; indeed, in the old shoy-hoy times I was once at sea three days and two nights between London and Ramsgate, now a certain passage of a few hours. But now calms are annihilated, and so long as the movement party are inclined to dance, the steam-engine will find them in music; in fact, I could not help associating its regular tramp, tramp, tramp, with the tune of a galop I had recently performed.

But these musings were suddenly diverted by the appearance of one of the most startling and singular phenomena that ever came under my notice. Imagine on one side the sea gently ruffled by a dying wind into waves of a fine emerald green, playfully sparkling in the noon-tide sun; on the other hand, a terrific pitch-black mass rising abruptly from sea to sky, as if visibly dividing "the warm precincts of a cheerful day" from "the dark realms of Chaos and Old Night." But I am growing poetical. Suppose, then, if you have ever been under the white Flamborough Head, a black ditto, quite as bluff and as solid, and which you might have mistaken for some such stupendous headland but for the colour, and that on looking upwards you could find no summit. So strong was the impression on my own fancy, that when my aunt inquired where we were, I could not help answering, in allusion to the hue and build of the phenomenon, that we were off Blackwall. "You are right, sir," said a strange voice—"I have observed the same black and wall-like appearance in the West Indies, and it was the forerunner of a hurricane." I looked for this prophet of ill-omen, and saw the yellow-faced man at my elbow. "It would be a charity," exclaimed my aunt, "to give the captain

warning." "*He* knows it well enough," said the stranger, "and so does the steward; yonder he runs to the caboose, to tell the cook to gallop his potatoes and scorch his roasts, that he may lay his cloth before the gale comes." "A gale, eh!" mumbled the red-face, who had just climbed from below, with his mouth still full of victuals—"why don't the captain put back?" "We have gone about once," said the yellow-face, "to run into Margate; but the master thinks, perhaps, that he can edge off, and so escape the storm, or only catch a flap with its skirts. There it comes!" and he pointed towards the black mass now rapidly diffusing itself over the surface of the sea, which became first black, and then white, beneath its shadow; whilst a few faint forks of lightning darted about between the base of the cloud and the water. The waves immediately round us had gradually subsided into a dead calm, and there was no perceptible motion but the vibration from the engine: when suddenly, with a brief but violent rush of wind, the vessel gave a deep lurch, and thenceforward indulged in a succession of rolls and heavings which took speedy effect on the very stoutest of our passengers. "Renounce me!" said he, "if I like the look of it!" "Or the feel of it, either," said a voice in an under-tone. The red-faced man turned still redder—fixed an angry eye on the speaker's complexion, and was evidently meditating some very personal retort; but whatever it might be, he was abruptly compelled to give it, with other matters, to the winds. If there be such a thing as love at first sight, there certainly are antipathies got up at quite as short a notice; and the man with the red face had thus conceived an instinctive aversion to the man with the yellow one, at whom he could not even look without visible symptoms of dislike. "And how do *you* feel, sir?" inquired the sufferer as I passed near him, just after one of his paroxysms.

"Perfectly well as yet." "The better for you, sir," said the peppery man, rather sharply. "As for me, I'm as sick as a dog! I should not mind *that*, if it was in regular course; but there's that yellow fellow—just look at him, sir—there's a liver for you—there's disordered bile! a perfect walking Jaundice! *He's* the man to be sick, and yet he's quite well and comfortable—and I'm the man to be well—and here I can't keep anything! I assure you, sir, I have naturally a strong stomach, like a horse, sir—never had an indigestion—never! and as for appetite, I've been eating and drinking ever since I came on board! And yet you see how I am! And there's that saffron-coloured fellow, I do believe it was his sickly face that first turned me—I do, upon my honour—there's that yellow-fevered rascal—renounce me! if he isn't going down to dinner!"

As had been predicted, we dined early, and, *par conséquent*, on half-dressed vegetables, a piece of red beef, superficially done brown, and a very hasty pudding. The coarse inferior nature of the fare did not escape my uncle's notice: "but I suppose," said he, "a keen salt water appetite is not particular as to feeding on prime qualities." The words were scarcely uttered when he suddenly turned pale, and laid down his knife and fork. Never having been at sea before, and aware of some unusual sensations within, he instantly attributed them to the old source, and whispered to me to forbid my stirring. "I am a dead man—but don't alarm your aunt." Guessing how the matter stood, I let him scramble by himself to the deck, from which in a few minutes he returned, filled a glass of wine, drank it off, and then gave me a significant nod. "Another reprieve, Frank. It's very unpleasant, but I'm convinced what has just happened was the saving of my life. The circulation was all but gone, when a sort of convulsion of the stomach set it

a-going again, and gave me time to rally." "Accidents that will happen at sea," remarked our skipper. "And on shore, too," replied my uncle very solemnly. "Captain, I have been dying suddenly these ten years." The captain screwed up his lips for a whistle, but it was not audible. "And for my part, sir," said our Daffodil, "I envy you your apoplexy. *I* am going, going, going, going by inches."

At this announcement the cabin-boy hastily pulled out an assortment of basins, selected a large blue and white one, and placed it conveniently at the feet of the speaker. From the first glimpse of the sickly-looking passenger, our steward's-mate had pitched upon him for a pet-patient,—he had watched him, listened to him, and whenever "Boy" was summoned in a strange voice, he invariably tried first at the yellow-man. To his surprise, however, the latter only gave the utensil a slight touch with his foot, saying, "It will do very well at a pinch, and boy—(yes, sir)—another time when you bring me such a thing as this—(yes, sir)—let me have the kettle along with it,—(yes, sir)—the sugar, a few lemons, and a bottle of rum." The boy, in sea phrase, was taken all aback. "Renounce me," whispered the Red-face, who happened to sit next me, "renounce me, if he don't mean punch: I can't stand him!—I can't upon my soul!" and off he rushed again upon deck.

By this time the motion of the vessel had considerably increased, and between fear and curiosity, and certain more physical motives, the whole of the company successively went above to enjoy what proved to be a very bad look out. The whole sky had now gone into sables, and like Hamlet seemed contending with "a sea of troubles." On the lee side, swaying by the backstay, stood the man with the red face, turned by recent exertion almost into purple. Instead of the languor and depression usually ascribed to the sea

malady, it seemed to put him up instead of down, and his temper rose with his stomach. "I am worse than ever!" he said to me, almost choking between his affliction and his passion, "and there's that yellow wretch, quite composed, with a d——d cigar in his mouth! I can't understand it, sir—it's against nature. As for me—I shall die of it! I know I shall!—I shall burst a vessel, sir. I thought I had just now—but it was only the pint of port!"

As he spoke the vessel shipped a heavy sea, and heeled over almost on her beam-ends. "I suppose," said my uncle, "that's what they call a water-spout." "It's a squall!" said the Yellow-face. "It's a female scream," cried my aunt, wringing her hands, and in reality we heard a shrill cry of distress that drew us in a body towards the fore-part of the vessel. "It's the lady o' title," said the mate, "she was above 'sociating with the passengers, and preferred sitting in her own carriage—lucky she didn't go overboard coach and all." My worthy uncle indignantly declared the thing to be impossible. "Do you pretend to say there's a human being shut up in that carriage, because she won't even condescend to be drowned along with her fellow-creatures?" By way of answer, the mate and assistants contrived to drag the human being out of the vehicle, and certainly, between fright and a good ducking, she was a very forlorn-looking specimen of her order. "Well," muttered my uncle, "this is dignity with a vengeance! I should have thought even a lady of title might prefer a comfortable cabin to sitting in such a bathing-machine, even with coronets on the top." "Poor thing," interposed my aunt, "it's the nature of her bringing up." "No doubt of it!" retorted Nunkle, "but to my mind it's an unchristian bringing up that prepares one so badly for going down." This shot silenced my poor aunt, but it did not prevent her from

paying all possible attention to the Woman of Quality, on her way to the ladies' cabin, where she was deposited, at her own request, in a high berth. And so ended for the present the little episode of Lady D—— and her own carriage.

And now, my dear Gerard, imagine us all to creep like the exclusive lady into our own narrow dormitories, not that we were sleepy, but the violent pitching of the ship made it difficult, if not impossible, for any mere landsman to sit or stand. Indeed it would not have been easy to sleep, in spite of the concert that prevailed. First, a beam in one corner seemed taken in labour, then another began groaning,—plank after plank chimed in with its peculiar creak,—every bulkhead seemed to fret with an ache in it—sometimes the floor complained of a strain—next the ceiling cried out with a pain in its joints—and then came a general squeezing sound as if the whole vessel was in the last stage of collapse. Add to these the wild howling of the wind through the rigging, till the demon of the storm seemed to be playing coronachs over us on an Æolian harp,—the clatter of hail, the constant rushes of water around and overhead—and at every uncommon pitch, a chorus of female shrieks from the next cabin. To describe my own feelings, the night seemed spent between dozing and delirium. When I closed my eyes I had dreams of nightmares, not squatting ones merely, but vicious jades, that kicked, plunged, reared with and rolled over me: when I opened them, I beheld stools, trunks, bags, endowed with supernatural life, violently dancing—change sides, down the middle, back again, all round, and then, *sauve qui peut*, in a sudden panic making a general rush at the cabin stairs. In the midst of this tumult struggled a solitary human figure, sometimes sitting, sometimes kneeling, sometimes rolling, or desperately clinging to the table,—till the table itself burst its bonds, threw a preliminary summerset, and taking a

loose sofa between its legs, prepared for a waltz. It was a countryman of Van Tromp who had thus resolved not to be drowned in his bed; and as even fright becomes comical by its extravagance, I could not help laughing, in spite of my own miseries, to see the poor Dutchman at any extraordinary plunge clapping his hands as ecstatically as if it had been meant for applause. To tell the truth, the vessel occasionally gave such an awful lurch, that I seriously thought we should be left in it. At last towards morning our terrors were brought to a climax by a tremendous crash overhead, followed by a prodigious rush of water, under which the Lord Melville seemed to reel and stagger as if it had been wine, whilst part of the briny deluge rushed down into the cabin and flooded the lower beds. Our *claqueur*, poor Mynheer, clapped his hands long and loudly, taking it of course for the catastrophe of the piece. The vessel had been pooped, as it is called, by a monstrous wave which had torn four men from the helm, where they were steering with a long iron tiller, and had thrown them luckily almost to the funnel instead of over the quarter, when they must inevitably have perished. On such angles, in this world, depend our destinies!

On going on deck I found the captain and the pilot anxiously looking out for the buoys which mark the entrance into the Maas. "I congratulate you, sir," said the yellow-face,—"steam has saved us,—mere canvas has not been so fortunate," and he pointed to the hull of a large ship with only her lower masts standing; she had gone down in shoal water, her stern resting on the bottom, whilst her bows still lifted with the waves. "And the crew?" The yellow man significantly shook his head—"No boat could live in such a sea." For the first time, Gerard, I felt sick—sick at heart. I have seen many completer wrecks, with their naval anatomy laid quite bare, but from that very circumstance, their wooden

ribs and vertebræ being thus exposed, they looked more like the skeletons of stranded marine monsters; whereas, in the present instance, the vessel still preserved its habitable shape, and fancy persisted in peopling it with human creatures, moving, struggling, running to and fro, and at length in desperation clinging to the rigging of those now bare spars. I had even painted, Campbell-like, that wretched character, a Last Man, perched in dreary survivorship in the main-top, when, in startling unison with the thought, a voice muttered in my ear, "Yes! there he is!—he's been up there all night —and every soul but himself down below!" The speaker was the red-faced man. "A pretty considerable bad night, sir," said his Antipathy, by way of a morning salutation. "An awful one, indeed," said the red-face,—"of course you've been sick at last?" "Not a notion of it." "Egad, then," cried my uncle, who had just emerged from the companion, "you must have some secret for it worth knowing!" "I guess I have," answered the other, very quietly. "Renounce me, if I didn't think so!" exclaimed the red-face in a tone of triumph—"it can't be done fairly without some secret or other, and I'd give a guinea, that's to say a sovereign, to know what it is." "It's a bargain" said the yellow-face, coolly holding out his hand for the money, which was as readily deposited in his palm, and thence transferred to a rather slenderly furnished squirrel-skin purse. "Now then," said the Carnation. "Why, then," said the Yellow-Flower of the Forest, with a peculiar drawl through the nose, "you must jist go to sea, as I have done, for the best thirty years of your life." The indignation with which this recipe was received was smothered in a general burst of laughter from all within hearing. Luckily we were now summoned to breakfast, where we found my aunt, who expatiated eloquently on the horrors of the past night. "I really thought," she said, "that I was

going to poor George." "Amongst sailors, ma'am," said our rough captain, very innocently, "we call him Old Davy."

In consequence of the sea running so high, we were unable to proceed to Rotterdam by the usual channel; and were occupied during a great part of the second day in going at half-speed through the canals. Tedious as was this course, it afforded us a sight of some of the characteristic scenery of that very remarkable country called Holland. We had abundant leisure to observe the picturesque craft, with their high cabins, and cabin windows well furnished with flower-pots and frows,—in fact, floating houses;—while the real houses scarcely above the water level, looked like so many family arks that had gone only ashore, and would be got off next tide. These dwellings of either kind looked scrupulously clean, and particularly gay; the houses, indeed, with their bright pea-green doors and shutters, shining, bran new, as if by common consent, or some clause in their leases, they had all been freshly painted within the last week. But probably they must thus be continually done in oil to keep out the water,—the very Dryads, to keep them dry, being favoured with a coat, or rather pantaloons, of sky-blue or red, or some smart colour, on their trunks and lower limbs. At times, however, nothing could be seen but the banks, till perchance you detected a steeple and a few chimneys, as if a village had been sowed there, and was beginning to come up. The vagaries of the perspective, originating in such an arrangement, were rather amusing. For instance, I saw a ruminating cow apparently chewing the top of a tree, a Quixotic donkey attacking a windmill, and a wonderful horse, quietly reposing and dozing with a weathercock growing out of his back. Indeed it is not extravagant to suppose that a frog, without hopping, often enjoys a bird's eye view of a neighbouring town. So little was seen of the country, that my aunt, in the

simplicity of her heart, inquired seriously, "Where's Holland?" "It ought to be hereabouts, madam," said the yellow-face, "if it wasn't swamped in the night." "Swamped, indeed!" said the red-face; "it's sinful to mistrust Providence, but renounce me, if I could live in such a place without an everlasting rainbow overhead to remind me of the Promise." "They'd be drowned to-morrow, sir," said the captain, "if they wasn't continually driving piles, and building dams, like so many beavers on two legs." "They have all the ways of beavers, sure enough," chimed in my uncle, "and, egad!" pointing to a round-sterned fellow at work on the bank, "they have the same breadth of tail."

Amongst other characteristic features of the landscape, if it had land enough to deserve the name, we frequently saw a solitary crane or heron at the water's edge, watching patiently for food, or resting on one leg in conscious security. I pointed them out to my uncle, who, sportsman-like, was taking aim at a stork with his forefinger, when a hand was suddenly interposed before what represented the muzzle of the gun. It was the act of Mynheer the *claqueur*. My uncle reddened, but said nothing, though he afterwards favoured me with his opinion. "The Dutchman was right. I have been thinking it over; and I have a misgiving we are too wasteful of animal lives. In England, now, those birds would not live a week without being peppered by the first fellow with a gun." "Because," said I, "we can sleep in England in spite of Philomel; but the Dutch nightingales are more noisy, besides being as numerous as their frogs, and they are glad to preserve any birds that will thin them out." "No, no, Frank," replied my uncle, gravely shaking his head; "it's beyond a joke. I didn't say so before the Dutchman, because I don't choose to let down my native land: there's plenty of travellers to do that with a pre-

tended liberality; but I don't set up for a cosmo-polite, which, to my mind, signifies being polite to every country except your own." "I have never heard the English accused," suggested your humble servant, "of wilful cruelty." "Not as to humankind, Frank: not as to humankind; but haven't we exterminated the bastards—I mean to say bustards; and haven't we got rid of the black cock of the walk—I should say the woods? As for the storks, they're the most filial and affectionate birds to old parents in all nature, and I take shame to myself for only aiming at them with a finger. God knows, I ought to have more fellow-feeling for sudden death!"

It was night ere we arrived at Rotterdam, safe and well, with the exception of my uncle's umbrella and great-coat, supposed to have been washed overboard by the same sea that endangered the lady and her carriage. Whilst the rest of the family comfortably established themselves at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, I took a hasty ramble by moonlight through the city, and have thrown my first impressions into verse, which, according to agreement, please to present with my dear love to your sister. In plainer but not less sincere prose, accept the hearty regard of,

My dear Gerard, yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO MISS WILMOT, AT WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM, KENT.

My dear Margaret,

As I predicted, our travels began in trouble, and from the course of events, will end, I expect, in the same way. What could be more unfortunate than to come to the Continent in a storm so awful that I cannot bear to think of it, much less to describe it, beyond saying, that between raging winds and waves, and thunder and lightning, nature itself seemed on the point of being wrecked! But I must not repine; for though I have been frightened to death, and shaken to pieces, and worn down by sea-sickness, and subjected to all sorts of discomforts and disagreeables, and within an inch of being drowned at sea myself, it was all to wean me from my losses and restore my peace of mind. As such, it is my duty to reflect on nothing but my brother's affection, however distressing in its effects on my own weak nerves. It took us two whole days to reach Rotterdam, though it was but a remove from one danger to another, for the country of Holland lies so low in the water, that they say it would be as fatal to spring a leak as in a ship. Indeed, as my own eyes assured me, we were often swimming higher than the tops of the houses; a dreadful consideration, when you think that a water-rat, by boring a hole in the banks, would do more havoc amongst the inhabitants than a loose tiger. As it is, the poor people are compelled to employ a whole army of windmills,--though how the water is to be ground dry into dry ground is beyond my chemical knowledge. I do not quite know what he means, but my nephew says the natives live like a party in a parlour and all dammed.

Still it was a change for the better, after all the dreadful sights and motions, and noises and smells, of a ship, to come to a quiet room-and a comfortable meal. Above all, it was a real luxury to repose in a steady bed, with snow-white sheets, though, my spirits being overtired, I did nothing but cry all night long. But it is my dispensation to travel for the rest of my days through a vale of tears. Mentioning snow-white sheets, if cleanliness can ever be carried to excess, it is in Holland :—indeed, I fear I shall hardly be able to put up with English neatness when I return. The very servants have such caps and kerchiefs, and aprons, and lace, and so beautifully got up, I can compare it to nothing but a laundress on a pleasure party taking a day's wear of her mistress's best things. It is quite delightful to see,—though not unmixed with painful recollections, for you know how precise your dear late brother was about his linen. He was quite Dutch in that. Of course, they have a wash every week-day, besides the grand one on Saturdays, when they really wash up everything in the place except the water. As an instance of their particularity, at almost every house there is a sort of double looking-glass outside the window, as if for seeing up and down the street; but Frank says it is, that the Dutch ladies may watch, before being at home to a friend, whether he has dirty boots or shoes.

We have seen the principal sights of Rotterdam, the statue of Erasmus, the Arsenal, the Cathedral, with its monuments of Dutch Admirals, and its great organ, which plays almost too powerfully for mortal ears. But what most took my fancy was the curious pleas[illegible]ounds round the town, with their outlan[illegible] and little temples. They are all [illegible]d call Old Bachelor's Gardens. [illegible]nal walks, but [illegible]eri

flowers of their kind, or smelt so delicious a perfume. How the Dutch gentlemen can reconcile themselves to smoking tobacco in the midst of such a paradise of sweets, I cannot imagine, unless it is to kill the caterpillars; but their noses are surely insensible to good or bad smells, or they would never allow so many stagnant ditches and ponds covered with duckweed, that towards evening give out a stench fit to breed a plague. But such is life, sweet in the morning, but oh, how different in savour at the close! Knowing your partiality for flowers, I intended to send you a few of the fine sorts, particularly tulips and hyacinths, and was lucky enough, as I thought, to find out a shop, with roots and plants in the window, and a clerk who spoke a little English, and politely helped me in selecting the choicest kinds. Indeed, they had all such fine names they were sure to be good. The young man himself very civilly carried the parcel home to the hotel: but judge of my feelings when I came to look at the bill. I can only say I screamed! What do you think, Margaret, of seventy odd pounds for a few bulbs! But that's where I miss your dear brother,—for, as you know, I used to leave all bargaining and accounts, and money matters, and in short everything, to poor George. The consequence was, we had quite a scene, which I need not say was extremely distressing in a strange hotel. To add to my agitation, my nephew was absent, and when I wanted to consult my brother, he was in his own room in one of his old fits, and nothing could be got from him except that he had done with this world. In the mean time the foreign clerk grew impatient, and at last worked himself into such a passion that he could not speak English, and Heaven knows what violence he threatened or would have done, if my brother, hearing the noise, had not rushed in, and scuffled him downstairs. In the end, Frank had to go to the

shop and arrange the matter, but as he declines saying on what terms, I am convinced it cost no trifle to get the Dutchman to take back his bulbs. It was as much as I could do, when all was over, to keep from hysterics, especially as my brother chose to be extremely harsh with me, and said it was very hard he could not go out of the world without a parcel of trumpery flowers distracting his latter end. But I was born to troubles, and as the proverb says, they never come single. The roots might be an error in judgment, but there could be none about the Dutch linen; which, of course, must be cheaper in Holland than anywhere else. Accordingly I laid in a good stock of shirting and sheeting, and napkins and towelling, for home use; but although the quality was excellent, and the bill quite reasonable, this good bargain cost me as much vexation as the bad one. My brother, indeed, did not scold, but though both he and my nephew wished me joy of my purchase, I saw by their faces that they meant quite the reverse. Such an untoward beginning quite scares me, and fills me with misgivings that in going farther I shall only fare worse. It grieves me to think, too, how *you* would delight in this tripping up the Rhine, instead of taking my place at Woodlands, whilst I am only fit for domestic duties and the quiet of home. A heavy heart, weak nerves, and broken spirits, are bad travelling companions, and at every step, alas! I am reminded, by some dilemma or other, what a stay and guide a woman loses in a husband like poor George.

Providentially we have not suffered as yet in our health, but I shall not be easy on that score till we leave Holland, as there is a low fever, they say, peculiar to the country, and very apt to attack the English, unless they smoke and drink drams all day long. Our next stage is by steamboat to Nimeguen, which is in a state of war against the Belgians

for being Roman Catholics. Frank says the best plan would be to convert the Belgians to the Church of England, and then they would take the Thirty-nine Articles instead of fighting about Twenty-four. And for the sake of peace, and to save bloodshed, I devoutly hope it may be settled in some such way. But fatigue compels me to close. Pray distribute my kindest regards amongst all friends, and accept my love from, dear Margaret,

Your affectionate sister,

CATHERINE WILMOT.

P.S.—Martha begs me to forward the enclosed. She has had her own troubles, but has become more reconciled; though not without flying occasionally to her old trick of giving warning. But her warnings are like my poor brother's, and I really believe she would be heart-broken if I took her at her word. Like her mistress she has been buying bargains —though more as foreign curiosities than for use, except a beautiful brass milkpail, which I have taken off her hands for the dairy at Woodlands.

TO REBECCA PAGE, AT THE WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM, KENT.

DEAR BECKY,

Littel did I think I shud ever ever ever rite you again! We have all bean on eternitty's brinx. Such a terrifickle storm! Tho' we are on Shure, I cant get it out of my Hed. Every room keeps spinnin with me like a roundy-bout at Grinnage Fair. Every chare I set on begins rockin like a nussin chare and the stares pitch and toss so I cant go up them xcept on all fores. They do say eleviu

other vessels floundered off the Hooks of Holland in the same tempest with all their cruise. It began in the arternoon, and prevaled all nite,—sich a nite O Grashus! Sich tossin and tumblin it was moraly unpossible to stand on wons legs and to compleat these discomfortables nothin wood sit easy. I might as well have et and drunk Hippokickany and Antinomial wine. O Becky the Tea-totlers only give up fomentid lickers, but the Sea Totlers give up everything. To add to my frite down flumps the stewardis on her nees and begins skreecking we shall be pitcht all over! we shall be pitcht all over! Think I if *she* give up we may prepair for our wartery graves. At sich crisisus theres nothin like religun and if I repeted my Catkism wunce I said it a hundered times over and never wonce rite. You may gudge by that of my orrifide state, besides ringing my hands till the nails was of a blew black. Havin nose wat else I sed for in my last agny I confest every partical I had ever dun, —about John Futman and all. Luckly Missus was too much decomposed to atend to it but it will be a Warnin for the rest of my days. O Becky its awful wurk when it cums to sich a full unbuzzuming and you stand before your own eyes stript nakid to the verry botom of your sole. Wat seemed the innocentest things turn as black as coles. Even Luvvers look armless but they aint wen all their kisses cum to fly in your face. Makin free with triffles is the same. Littel did I think wen I give away an odd lofe it would lay so heavy. Then to be shure a little of Missus's tea and sugger seams no grate matter, partickly if youve agreed to find yure own, but as I no by experence evry ownce will turn to a pound of lead in repentin. That wickid caddy Key give me menny a turn, and I made a pint as soon as the storm abatid to chuck it into the bottomless otion. I do trust Becky you will foller my xampel and give up watever goes

agin yure conshins. If I name the linnin I trust youl excuse. Charrity kivers a multitud of sins, and to be shure its a charrity to give a-way a raggid shurt of Masters providid its not torn a purpus which I fear is sum times the case. Pray say the like from me to Mister Butler up at the Hall, he will take a Miss I no,—partickly as I hav drunk unbeknown wine along with him, but when yure at yur last pint what is Port in a storm! Won minit yure a living cretur, and the next you may be like wickid Jonas in the belly of Wales.

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going to poor George." "Amongst sailors, ma'am," said our rough captain, very innocently, "we call him Old Davy."

In consequence of the sea running so high, we were unable to proceed to Rotterdam by the usual channel; and were occupied during a great part of the second day in going at half-speed through the canals. Tedious as was this course, it afforded us a sight of some of the characteristic scenery of that very remarkable country called Holland. We had abundant leisure to observe the picturesque craft, with their high cabins, and cabin windows well furnished with flower-pots and frows,—in fact, floating houses;—while the real houses scarcely above the water level, looked like so many family arks that had gone only ashore, and would be got off next tide. These dwellings of either kind looked scrupulously clean, and particularly gay; the houses, indeed, with their bright pea-green doors and shutters, shining, bran new, as if by common consent, or some clause in their leases, they had all been freshly painted within the last week. But probably they must thus be continually done in oil to keep out the water,—the very Dryads, to keep them dry, being favoured with a coat, or rather pantaloons, of sky-blue or red, or some smart colour, on their trunks and lower limbs. At times, however, nothing could be seen but the banks, till perchance you detected a steeple and a few chimneys, as if a village had been sowed there, and was beginning to come up. The vagaries of the perspective, originating in such an arrangement, were rather amusing. For instance, I saw a ruminating cow apparently chewing the top of a tree, a Quixotic donkey attacking a windmill, and a wonderful horse, quietly reposing and dozing with a weathercock growing out of his back. Indeed it is not extravagant to suppose that a frog, without hopping, often enjoys a bird's eye view of a neighbouring town. So little was seen of the country, that my aunt, in the

simplicity of her heart, inquired seriously, "Where's Holland?" "It ought to be hereabouts, madam," said the yellow-face, "if it wasn't swamped in the night." "Swamped, indeed!" said the red-face; "it's sinful to mistrust Providence, but renounce me, if I could live in such a place without an everlasting rainbow overhead to remind me of the Promise." "They'd be drowned to-morrow, sir," said the captain, "if they wasn't continually driving piles, and building dams, like so many beavers on two legs." "They have all the ways of beavers, sure enough," chimed in my uncle, "and, egad!" pointing to a round-sterned fellow at work on the bank, "they have the same breadth of tail."

Amongst other characteristic features of the landscape, if it had land enough to deserve the name, we frequently saw a solitary crane or heron at the water's edge, watching patiently for food, or resting on one leg in conscious security. I pointed them out to my uncle, who, sportsman-like, was taking aim at a stork with his forefinger, when a hand was suddenly interposed before what represented the muzzle of the gun. It was the act of Mynheer the *claqueur*. My uncle reddened, but said nothing, though he afterwards favoured me with his opinion. "The Dutchman was right. I have been thinking it over; and I have a misgiving we are too wasteful of animal lives. In England, now, those birds would not live a week without being peppered by the first fellow with a gun." "Because," said I, "we can sleep in England in spite of Philomel; but the Dutch nightingales are more noisy, besides being as numerous as their frogs, and they are glad to preserve any birds that will thin them out." "No, no, Frank," replied my uncle, gravely shaking his head; "it's beyond a joke. I didn't say so before the Dutchman, because I don't choose to let down my native land: there's plenty of travellers to do that with a pre-

tended liberality; but I don't set up for a cosmo-polite, which, to my mind, signifies being polite to every country except your own." "I have never heard the English accused," suggested your humble servant, "of wilful cruelty." "Not as to humankind, Frank: not as to humankind; but haven't we exterminated the bastards—I mean to say bustards; and haven't we got rid of the black cock of the walk—I should say the woods? As for the storks, they're the most filial and affectionate birds to old parents in all nature, and I take shame to myself for only aiming at them with a finger. God knows, I ought to have more fellow-feeling for sudden death!"

It was night ere we arrived at Rotterdam, safe and well, with the exception of my uncle's umbrella and great-coat, supposed to have been washed overboard by the same sea that endangered the lady and her carriage. Whilst the rest of the family comfortably established themselves at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, I took a hasty ramble by moonlight through the city, and have thrown my first impressions into verse, which, according to agreement, please to present with my dear love to your sister. In plainer but not less sincere prose, accept the hearty regard of,

My dear Gerard, yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO MISS WILMOT, AT WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM, KENT.

My dear Margaret,

As I predicted, our travels began in trouble, and from the course of events, will end, I expect, in the same way. What could be more unfortunate than to come to the Continent in a storm so awful that I cannot bear to think of it, much less to describe it, beyond saying, that between raging winds and waves, and thunder and lightning, nature itself seemed on the point of being wrecked! But I must not repine; for though I have been frightened to death, and shaken to pieces, and worn down by sea-sickness, and subjected to all sorts of discomforts and disagreeables, and within an inch of being drowned at sea myself, it was all to wean me from my losses and restore my peace of mind. As such, it is my duty to reflect on nothing but my brother's affection, however distressing in its effects on my own weak nerves. It took us two whole days to reach Rotterdam, though it was but a remove from one danger to another, for the country of Holland lies so low in the water, that they say it would be as fatal to spring a leak as in a ship. Indeed, as my own eyes assured me, we were often swimming higher than the tops of the houses; a dreadful consideration, when you think that a water-rat, by boring a hole in the banks, would do more havoc amongst the inhabitants than a loose tiger. As it is, the poor people are compelled to employ a whole army of windmills,--though how the water is to be ground dry into dry ground is beyond my chemical knowledge. I do not quite know what he means, but my nephew says the natives live like a party in a parlour and all dammed.

Still it was a change for the better, after all the dreadful sights and motions, and noises and smells, of a ship, to come to a quiet room-and a comfortable meal. Above all, it was a real luxury to repose in a steady bed, with snow-white sheets, though, my spirits being overtired, I did nothing but cry all night long. But it is my dispensation to travel for the rest of my days through a vale of tears. Mentioning snow-white sheets, if cleanliness can ever be carried to excess, it is in Holland :—indeed, I fear I shall hardly be able to put up with English neatness when I return. The very servants have such caps and kerchiefs, and aprons, and lace, and so beautifully got up, I can compare it to nothing but a laundress on a pleasure party taking a day's wear of her mistress's best things. It is quite delightful to see,—though not unmixed with painful recollections, for you know how precise your dear late brother was about his linen. He was quite Dutch in that. Of course, they have a wash every week-day, besides the grand one on Saturdays, when they really wash up everything in the place except the water. As an instance of their particularity, at almost every house there is a sort of double looking-glass outside the window, as if for seeing up and down the street; but Frank says it is, that the Dutch ladies may watch, before being at home to a friend, whether he has dirty boots or shoes.

We have seen the principal sights of Rotterdam, the statue of Erasmus, the Arsenal, the Cathedral, with its monuments of Dutch Admirals, and its great organ, which plays almost too powerfully for mortal ears. But what most took my fancy was the curious pleasure-grounds round the town, with their outlandish summer-houses and little temples. They are all what you and I should call Old Bachelor's Gardens, laid out in fantastic figures and formal *walks, but full of the* finest plants. I never saw such superb

flowers of their kind, or smelt so delicious a perfume. How the Dutch gentlemen can reconcile themselves to smoking tobacco in the midst of such a paradise of sweets, I cannot imagine, unless it is to kill the caterpillars; but their noses are surely insensible to good or bad smells, or they would never allow so many stagnant ditches and ponds covered with duckweed, that towards evening give out a stench fit to breed a plague. But such is life, sweet in the morning, but oh, how different in savour at the close! Knowing your partiality for flowers, I intended to send you a few of the fine sorts, particularly tulips and hyacinths, and was lucky enough, as I thought, to find out a shop, with roots and plants in the window, and a clerk who spoke a little English, and politely helped me in selecting the choicest kinds. Indeed, they had all such fine names they were sure to be good. The young man himself very civilly carried the parcel home to the hotel: but judge of my feelings when I came to look at the bill. I can only say I screamed! What do you think, Margaret, of seventy odd pounds for a few bulbs! But that's where I miss your dear brother,—for, as you know, I used to leave all bargaining and accounts, and money matters, and in short everything, to poor George. The consequence was, we had quite a scene, which I need not say was extremely distressing in a strange hotel. To add to my agitation, my nephew was absent, and when I wanted to consult my brother, he was in his own room in one of his old fits, and nothing could be got from him except that he had done with this world. In the mean time the foreign clerk grew impatient, and at last worked himself into such a passion that he could not speak English, and Heaven knows what violence he threatened or would have done, if my brother, hearing the noise, had not rushed in, and scuffled him *down the stairs*. In the end, Frank had to go to the

shop and arrange the matter, but as he declines saying on what terms, I am convinced it cost no trifle to get the Dutchman to take back his bulbs. It was as much as I could do, when all was over, to keep from hysterics, especially as my brother chose to be extremely harsh with me, and said it was very hard he could not go out of the world without a parcel of trumpery flowers distracting his latter end. But I was born to troubles, and as the proverb says, they never come single. The roots might be an error in judgment, but there could be none about the Dutch linen; which, of course, must be cheaper in Holland than anywhere else. Accordingly I laid in a good stock of shirting and sheeting, and napkins and towelling, for home use; but although the quality was excellent, and the bill quite reasonable, this good bargain cost me as much vexation as the bad one. My brother, indeed, did not scold, but though both he and my nephew wished me joy of my purchase, I saw by their faces that they meant quite the reverse. Such an untoward beginning quite scares me, and fills me with misgivings that in going farther I shall only fare worse. It grieves me to think, too, how *you* would delight in this tripping up the Rhine, instead of taking my place at Woodlands, whilst I am only fit for domestic duties and the quiet of home. A heavy heart, weak nerves, and broken spirits, are bad travelling companions, and at every step, alas! I am reminded, by some dilemma or other, what a stay and guide a woman loses in a husband like poor George.

Providentially we have not suffered as yet in our health, but I shall not be easy on that score till we leave Holland, as there is a low fever, they say, peculiar to the country, and very apt to attack the English, unless they smoke and drink drams all day long. Our next stage is by steamboat to Nimeguen, which is in a state of war against the Belgians

for being Roman Catholics. Frank says the best plan would be to convert the Belgians to the Church of England, and then they would take the Thirty-nine Articles instead of fighting about Twenty-four. And for the sake of peace, and to save bloodshed, I devoutly hope it may be settled in some such way. But fatigue compels me to close. Pray distribute my kindest regards amongst all friends, and accept my love from, dear Margaret,

Your affectionate sister,

CATHERINE WILMOT.

P.S.—Martha begs me to forward the enclosed. She has had her own troubles, but has become more reconciled; though not without flying occasionally to her old trick of giving warning. But her warnings are like my poor brother's, and I really believe she would be heart-broken if I took her at her word. Like her mistress she has been buying bargains —though more as foreign curiosities than for use, except a beautiful brass milkpail, which I have taken off her hands for the dairy at Woodlands.

TO REBECCA PAGE, AT THE WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM, KENT.

DEAR BECKY,

Littel did I think I shud ever ever ever rite you again! We have all bean on eternitty's brinx. Such a terrifickle storm! Tho' we are on Shure, I cant get it out of my Hed. Every room keeps spinnin with me like a roundy-bout at Grinnage Fair. Every chare I set on begins rockin like a nussin chare and the stares pitch and toss so I cant go up them xcept on all fores. They do say eleviu

other vessels floundered off the Hooks of Holland in the same tempest with all their cruise. It began in the arternoon, and prevaled all nite,—sich a nite O Grashus! Sich tossin and tumblin it was moraly unpossible to stand on wons legs and to compleat these discomfortables nothin wood sit easy. I might as well have et and drunk Hippokickany and Antinomial wine. O Becky the Tea-totlers only give up fomentid lickers, but the Sea Totlers give up everything. To add to my frite down flumps the stewardis on her nees and begins skrecking we shall be pitcht all over! we shall be pitcht all over! Think I if *she* give up we may prepair for our wartery graves. At sich crisisus theres nothin like religun and if I repeted my Catkism wunce I said it a hundered times over and never wonce rite. You may gudge by that of my orrifide state, besides ringing my hands till the nails was of a blew black. Havin nose wat else I sed for in my last agny I confest every partical I had ever dun, —about John Futman and all. Luckly Missus was too much decomposed to atend to it but it will be a Warnin for the rest of my days. O Becky its awful wurk when it cums to sich a full unbuzzuming and you stand before your own eyes stript nakid to the verry botom of your sole. Wat seemed the innocentest things turn as black as coles. Even Luvvers look armless but they aint wen all their kisses cum to fly in your face. Makin free with triffles is the same. Littel did I think wen I give away an odd lofe it would lay so heavy. Then to be shure a little of Missus's tea and sugger seams no grate matter, partickly if youve agreed to find yure own, but as I no by experence evry ownce will turn to a pound of lead in repentin. That wickid caddy Key give me menny a turn, and I made a pint as soon as the storm abatid to chuck it into the bottomless otion. I do trust *Becky you will foller* my xampel and give up watever goes

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gitting the ship more out of the wind. I wish I could says he. Dont you no who I am, says she very dignifide. Yes my Ladyship says the capting, but its blowin grate guns, and if so be you was a princess I couldn't make it blow littel pistles. Wat next but she must send for the Mate to ask him if he can swim. Yes my lady says he like a Duck. In that case says she I must condysend to lay hold on yure harm all nite. Axin pardin my ladyship says he its too grate honners for the like of me. No matter says she very proud-like, I insist on it. Then I'm verry sorry says the Mate makin a run off, but I'm terrible wanted up abuv to help in layin the ship on her beam ends. Thats what I call good authority, so you may supose wat danger we was in.

Howsumever here we are thenk providens on dry land if so be it can be cauld dry that is half ditchis and cannals, at a forin city, by name Rotter D—m. The King lives at the Ha-gue and I'll be bound it's haguish enuf for Holland is a cold marshy flatulint country and lies so low they're only saved by being dammed. The wimmin go very tidy but the men wear very large close for smallclose and old fashionable hats. But I shouldn't prefer to settle in Holland for Dutch plaices must be very hard. Oh Becky such moppin and sloppin such chuckin up water at the winders and squirtin at the walls with littel fire ingins, but I supose with their moist climit the houses wouldn't be holesum if they warn't continually washing off the damp. Then the furnitur is kept like span new without speck or spot, it must be sum-boddy's wurk to kill all the flies. To my mind the pepel are over clean—as John Futman said when his master objectid to his thum mark on the hedge of the plate, a littel dirt does set off clenliness thats certin. Then as to nus mades they ought to have eyes all round their heds like spiders to watch *the childrin by the* cannals, thenk God I ant a Dutch parent,

I should be misrable for fear of my yung wons gittin to the keys. Lawk, an English muther in Holland wood be like a Hen with Ducklins!

We have seen many fine sites, and bildings, and partickly the Butcher's Hall, which is all of red Brix, pick't out with wite, jest as if it was bilt of beefstake. Likewise the statute of Erasmis who inventid pickle herrins,—they do say in any orange bovine revolushuns it jumps into the cannal, and then cums out agin when the trubbles is over—but in course that's only a popish mirakle. Then there's the House of Fears,—fears enough I warrant for every other hole and corner in the town was ravaged and ransackt by the French, —and the pore soles every minit expecten naber's fare. But that cant hapin agin, as in the case of beseiging they open all their slowces, and the Dutch being amphibbyus, all the enemy is drowndid xcept themselves. As respects vittles, we do verry well, only I am shi of the maid dishes, being sich a mashy forren country, for fear of eatin Frogs. Talkin of cookin, wat do you think Becky of sittin with a lited charcole stow under yure pettecots? Its the only way they have for airin their linnin,—tho' it looks more like a new cookery receat for How to smoak your Hams. But I hear Missus bell, so with kind luve to all, includin John Futman, I remane in haste, my dear Becky Yure luving friend,

MARTHA PENNY.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

At last we have turned our backs on the good city of Rotterdam, and made our first advance up the Waal *branch of the fashio*nable river. As you are aware, the banks

of the Lower Rhine are of a very uninteresting character: to sing their beauties one needs only, with Desdemona, to "sing all a green willow, sing willow, willow, willow." In such a case there is but one alternative. In the absence of good scenery and decorations, the traveller must turn for entertainment to the strolling company on board, and such *pièces de circonstance* as they may happen to present.

It is one of the discomforts of striving against the stream on the Rhine, that you must start extravagantly early, in order to accomplish the next stage before night. To aggravate this nuisance, the garçon appointed to rouse us crowed, like the "bonnie gray cock," a full hour too soon; and then, by way of amends, called us as much too late; so that we had to save our passage and passage-money (paid beforehand) by a race to the quay. Short as the course was, it led to a great deal of what the turf-men call *tailing*, Your humble servant was first on board, my Uncle made a bad second, my Aunt a worse third, her maid Martha barely saved her distance, and the baggage was nowhere at all. In fact, the steamer was already on the move before our Dutch porters made their appearance, so that the greater part of the luggage was literally pitched on board, with a clangor and clatter that excited a peal of merriment from ship and shore. "In the name of heaven, what is all this?" inquired my Uncle, who noticed a considerable addition to our sundries. "Oh, it's the beautiful brass pail," moaned my Aunt, writhing in pantomimical distress; "and look how it's all battered and bruised!" whilst her maid indignantly collected a shower of wooden shoes, intended to be presented as foreign curiosities to her fellow-servants at Woodlands. My Uncle shrugged up his shoulders and made a wry face at the prospect. "Zounds, Frank!" he said to me in an aside, "if we gather at this rate in our progress, we shall come to a stickfast in

the end, like the great snow-ball in Sanford and Merton. To my mind, your poor Aunt is making a toil of a pleasure; however, the more little trouble she gets into, the more likely to forget her great one. Though, to be sure, it sounds odd," he continued, observing me smile, "for a widow to be wiping away her tears with a brass-pail."

I had now time to look round, and, on taking a survey of the company, was not sorry to recognise our old acquaintance the red-faced man, looking as ruddy as a Dutch apple, but like an apple that had been bruised. From whatever cause, there was a discoloration round his right eye, which hinted plainly with Lord Byron, that

"Sometimes we must box without the muffles,"

especially when we are blessed with a temper as hot and hasty as a pepper-castor with a loose top. He eagerly pounced upon me as one with whom he could pour out his bottled-up grievances, and thus they began their audible effervescence: —"Glad to see you, sir; here's a pretty eye for the beauties of the Rhine—black as my hat, sir;—well it wasn't knocked out!" I sympathised of course, and inquired how it happened. "How, sir? it could only happen in one way. I've heard of black devils, and blue devils, and renounce me if I don't think there are yellow ones."—"You do not surely mean our old shipmate the American?"—"Yes, but I do, though. You remember how unpleasant he made himself to every person on board—wouldn't be sick or anything. As for me, it was natural instinct or something, but I hated him from the first time I set eyes on him. It gave me a turn to look at him. I felt as if I was turning bilious myself; I did indeed! If I don't cut him, thought I, the moment we get on shore, my name's not Bowker—John Bowker. So I

asked him at Rotterdam to recommend a good inn, and he named the Skipper House. That was enough for me, and off I took myself to the Bath Hotel. Well, sir, what next? After supper, and making myself comfortable, up I went to bed, and what do you think I saw?" Here Mr. John Bowker made a solemn pause, and looked me full in the face; his visage grew redder, except the black circle, which seemed to darken; he knocked his hat down over the damaged eye, fiercely rammed his doubled fists into his pockets, drew in a long breath, and then resumed in a voice quite guttural from the broil within: "Renounce me, sir, if I didn't see his infernal jaundice face on the clean pillow!"—"Very unpleasant indeed."—"Yes, sir; there it was, all yellow in the middle of the white—just like a poached egg. By the bye, I don't think I shall ever eat one again—he has quite poisoned the idea, sir, he has, upon my life!" There was an expression of loathing about the red face as he said this that would have delighted Dr. Johnson, who has recorded his opinion of a "good hater." However, I affected concern, and inquired how the ontoward event had originated. "Originated!—phoo, phoo—no such thing. It was done on purpose, sir, sheer *malice prepense*. I told him quite civilly, I was afraid of a little mistake. 'I'm afraid there is,' said he: 'what's your number?' 'My name,' said I, 'is Bowker—John Bowker—and I'm number seventeen.' 'Ah,' said he, 'that's just where it is—my name is Take-care-of-yourself, and I reckon I'm number one.' Cool, sir, wasn't it? and I tried to be cool too, but I couldn't—blood will boil: it's human nature, sir—and mine began singing in my ears like a kettle. Thought I, this must be vented somehow, or I shall burst a vessel; it's a dread of mine, sir, that some day I shall burst a vessel, if my passion isn't worked off—and between that and *his grinning at me, I* couldn't help making a punch at the

fellow's head: I couldn't, upon my soul. That led to a scuffle, and the noise brought up the master and the garsoons —however, the end was, I got my bed and this beautiful black eye into the bargain—for the landlord soon proved my right to number seventeen."—"And what excuse," I asked, "did the usurper offer for his intrusion?"—"None in the world, sir. Not a syllable! except that the Skipper House happened to be full, and my bed happened to be empty. Confound his yellow face!—I thought it was jaundice, or the American fever—but it's brass, sir,—brass lacker. But that's not the end. 'In course,' said he, 'you'll allow a half-naked individual about twenty minutes or so to make himself decent and collect his traps?' Well, sir, having vented my warmth, I was quite agreeable, and how do you think he spent the time?" Here another pause for the speaker to muster all his indignation. "Why, sir, when it came to fresh making the bed, he had wound and rolled up both the sheets into balls, hard balls, sir, as big as your head!"—"An old trick," I remarked, "amongst nautical men, and called reefing."—"Nothing more likely, sir," said the red face; "he'd been thirty years at sea, you know, as he told me when he swindled me out of my sovereign. However, there were the two sheets—the only pair not in use—and the devil himself couldn't pick an end out of them, landlord, garsoons, and all. Renounce me if I don't believe they're *in statu quo* at this very moment—I do, upon my life!" The fervor with which he made this declaration quite upset my gravity: and he joined at first in my mirth, but stopped short as abruptly as if he had been seized by a spasm. "No, no, sir," he said, with a serious shake of his head—"the thing's beyond a laugh. It's my remark, sir, that I never took a strong dislike to a person at first sight without his giving me good *reason for it in* the end. Mark my words, sir,—that

turmeric-faced Yankee is my evil genius. He'll haunt me and spoil my pleasure wherever I go. He has poisoned the German ocean for me already, and now, sir, he'll poison the river Rhine—he will, sir, as sure as my name's Bowker —John Bowker—he'll poison the Rhine, and the Baths, and the Hock wine, and everything—as certain as I stand here!"

Absurd as this picture will seem to you, my dear Gerard, it is nevertheless sketched from nature. And, after all, how many of us there are who, in the pilgrimage of life, thus conjure up black, blue, or yellow-faced bugbears to poison our river Rhines! But, not to moralise, suppose me now driven by a smart shower into a rather noisy, very odoriferous, and piping-hot cabin, the rule against smoking having been reversed, by turning the prohibitory placards with their faces to the wall. Here I found my Uncle good-humoredly playing, or rather trying to play, at dominoes with a German, the only difficulties being that the German and English games are as different as the two languages. Still they persevered with laudable patience, each after his own fashion, till they had finished two glasses a-piece of curaçoa. "It is very extraordinary," remarked my Uncle, as he rose up, neither winner nor loser, "that in spite of the thousands and thousands of English who have passed up and down the Rhine, the natives have never yet learned to play at dominoes!"

A complaint from a countrywoman at the next table was quite in keeping. For some minutes past she had been calling out "Hoof! hoof! hoof!" to our squat little Dutchman of a garçon, who in return only grinned and shook his head. "It's really provoking," exclaimed the lady, "to have such a stupid waiter. He doesn't even know the French for an egg!"

Our first stoppage was at Dordrecht, or Dort, a quaint, characteristic town, that looked like an old acquaintance, its features being such as are common on the pictorial Dutch tiles. Here, amongst other additions to our living freight, we obtained a private soldier, of whom his wife or sweetheart took a most affectionate leave—as of a house lamb about to be butchered by "les braves Belges." Again, and again, and again, she called him back for more last words, and imprinted fresh editions, with additions, of her farewell, upon his lips, but the warning bell of the steamer rang, fatal as curfew to the light of love—the weeping female gave her warrior one more desperate hug, that almost lifted him off his feet; he tore himself from the arms that dropped listless, as if she had no further use for them in this world—the paddles revolved—and there on the quay, so long as Dordrecht remained in sight, we beheld the forlorn frow, gazing, as motionless and inanimate as one of the staring painted wooden dolls indigenous to her country. "Poor souls," murmured my Aunt, who had been looking on with glistening eyes; "what a horrid cruel thing is war, when it comes home to us!" My Uncle, too, gave utterance to a thought which sounded like an echo of my own: "Egad, Frank, there wasn't much Dutch phlegm in that!"

I was too much interested by this episode to notice the advent of another passenger, till he was announced in an angry whisper. "There he is again!—Curse his yellow face! —I thought he was a day a-head of me!" and lo! the American stood bodily before us, having halted at Dordrecht to inspect the saw-mills, and the ponds for containing the huge rafts of timber that float thither down the Rhine, from Switzerland and the Black Forest. His old opponent glared at him fiercely with his sound eye, and very soon found fuel for the flame. The deck of a steamer is supposed to be

divided amid-ships by an imaginary line, aft of which the steerage passengers are expected not to intrude. In the Rhenish vessels this trespass is forbidden, by sundry polyglott inscriptions, under penalty of paying the higher rate of passage; and the arrangement affords a curious test of character. A modest or timid individual, a lover of law and order, scrupulously refrains from passing across the boundary; another, of a careless easy disposition, paces indifferently within or beyond the invisible fence, whilst a third fellow (ten to one he wears his hat all aslant) ostentatiously swaggers to the very stern, as if glorying that there is a privilege to usurp, and a rule to be broken. It was soon apparent to which of these classes our American belonged. "Look at him, sir," growled Mr. John Bowker, giving me a smart nudge with his elbow, "*do* look at him! He's a steerage passenger, and see where he is, *con*found his impudence! sitting on the skylight of the best cabin. Pray come here, sir;" and seizing me by the arm, he dragged me to the paddle-box, and pointed to the deck regulations, conspicuously painted up in three different languages. "There, sir, read that;" but he kindly saved me the trouble, by reading aloud the English version of the rules—"There's the law distinctly laid down, and yet that yellow scoundrel—" He broke off abruptly, for the yellow scoundrel, himself, attracted by our movements, came to see what we were looking at; deliberately read over the inscriptions in French, Dutch, and English, and then quietly resumed his seat on the skylight. "Cool, isn't it?" asked the chafing Bowker, "he can't say *now* he has had no warning. Renounce me if I don't name it to the captain, I will, upon my life! What's to become of society, if we can't draw a line! Subversion of all order—levelling all ranks; democracy let loose; anarchy, *sir, anarchy, anarchy*, anarchy!" Here his vehemence

inciting him to physical action, he began to walk the deck, with something of the mien of a rampant red lion; but still serving up to me the concoctions of his wrath hot and hot. "I suppose he calls that American independence! (*A walk.*) Sir, if I abominate anything in the world, it's a Yankee, let alone his yellow face. (*Walk.*) It's hereditary, sir. My worthy father, John Bowker, senior, could never abide them—never! (*Walk.*) Sir, one day he met a ship captain, in the city, that wanted to know his way to the Minories. Says my father, 'I've an idea you're an American.' 'I guess I am,' said the captain. 'And pray, sir,' said my worthy parent, 'what do you see in my face to make you think I'd tell a Yankee his way to the Minories, or anywhere else?' Yes, sir, he did, upon my life. He was quite consistent in that! (*Another walk and then a full stop.*) I suspect, sir, you think I am warm?" I could not help smiling an assent. "Well, sir, I know it. I *am* warm. It's my nature, and it's my principle to give nature her head. I've strong feelings, very; and I make a point never to balk them. For instance, if there's a colour I detest, it's yellow. I hate it, sir, as a buffalo hates scarlet—and there's that Yankee with a yellow face, yellow eyes, yellow teeth, and a yellow waistcoat—renounce me, if I don't think he's yellow all through, ugh!" and with a grimace to match the grunt, he hurried off to the bows, as if to place the whole length of the vessel between himself and the object of his aversion. Still, with the true perversity of a self-tormentor, who will neither like things nor let them alone, he continued to watch every movement of his enemy, and was not slow in extracting fresh matter of offence. "I must go below," he muttered as he again approached me, "it's an infernal bore, but I *must!* There's no standing him! I can't walk the same deck! It's forbidden *to talk* to the helm, and there he is drawling

away to the steersman! Renounce me, if he isn't telling him the story of the rolled-up sheets—I know it by his grinning! Sir, if I stay above, I shall have a fever,—he'll change my whole mass of blood—he will, as sure as fate;" and with a furious glance at the yellow face, down scrambled the peppery-tempered gentleman to cool his heat—like Bowker, senior, "he was quite consistent in that"—with a stiff glass of hot brandy and water.

As you know, Gerard, I am not professedly a sentimental traveller, like Sterne, yet I could not help moralising on what had passed. Mr. John Bowker seemed to me but a type of our partisans and bigots, political and religious, who take advantage of any *colourable* pretext on the *palate* of their prejudices, to shut their hearts against a fellow-creature, who may wear green to their orange, or pink to their true blue. In short, Heaven knows how far I might have carried my reflections on the iniquity of hating a man for his yellow face, if I had not suddenly recollected that, ere now, many a human being has been stolen, enslaved, bought and sold, scourged, branded, and even murdered, merely because he happened to have a black one. Should you still require an apology for these extra ruminations, I must refer for my excuse to the sight of the fortress of Gorcum, where nineteen Catholic priests suffered death for the faith that was in them; and to a glimpse of the castle of Lowenstein, in which Grotius was imprisoned for his opinions, and reduced to compose his renowned treatise "De Jure Belli et Pacis," where he could neither be comfortably at peace nor conveniently make war.

I have said that steaming up the lower Rhine is sufficiently tedious; and it was eight o'clock P.M. ere we arrived at Nimeguen, a frontier town, chiefly remarkable as the place where the triple treaty was signed in 1678, between

France, Holland and Spain. It will interest you more to remember that Sir Walter Scott spent a night here on his last memorable journey towards Abbotsford and his long home. There is a story current that the innkeepers eagerly sent their carriages to await the arrival of the steamer which conveyed so illustrious a personage, and that Sir Walter unconsciously availed himself of the vehicle belonging to one hotel to convey him to a rival establishment, of course to the great chagrin of the coach-proprietor. For our humble selves, we have set up our rest with Doctor, or Dokter,—a name which doubtless had a charm for my hypochondriac Uncle, quite independent of the recommendation of the German with whom he had played at dominoes, and who was probably a genteel "touter" in disguise. However, the house is clean, quiet and comfortable, with a small garden in the rear, and a painted wooden figure of a Dutchman at the end of the main walk; to which figure, by the way, I caught my Uncle bowing, hat in hand, mistaking it, no doubt, for our Doctor himself. This wooden statuary is, timberly speaking, quite a branch of the Dutch fine arts, and surely art must be in its second childhood when it returns to playing with dolls. On which theme, my dear Gerard, I could write an essay, but my paper being filled up, as well as my leisure, I must conclude with kind regards to yourself, and love to Emily,

Yours, &c.,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., SOLICITOR, CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR PETER,

I take shame to myself for not writing you before, as you could only come to one conclusion. But you have been long prepared for such an event, and consequently the less shock to your feelings; still, an old friend is an old friend, and I heartily beg your pardon for the sorrow I am sure you would display at my loss. As for black clothes, being professional wear, you would be at no cost, I trust, on that score, but I do hope you have not added to trouble by acting on my last will. But you were never hasty in law matters. No doubt it was my bounden duty to let you hear from Rotterdam, and my mind misgives there was some sort of promise to that effect, provided I lived over the voyage. At all events, I owe you an apology, and it is a melancholy excuse to make, but from day to day I expected there would be news to break by another hand, that would fully account for my silence. I had two very smart warnings, one in a storm on board ship, and the other ashore, but both so nigh fatal that the next *must* be the finish. Though I am not sensibly weaker or worse, reason dictates that I am sapping in my vital parts; and at last, even my constitution seems to have given in. If I only felt any bodily pain I should be a deal easier, but I am more comfortable than I have been for years, which I take to be about the worst symptom I could enjoy. Mayhap a mortification has set in, and my inward feelings are dead and gone beforehand, and in that case I shall go off in a moment, like a hair trigger. So much for the good to be done my health by the river Rhine! The present is writ at Nimeguen, and it will take

two days more to get to Cologne, so that I am as sure of the port and sherry that Truby bet me as if it was in my own cellar. Well, God's will be done! Nimeguen is as nigh to Heaven as Beckenham in Kent; and a thousand miles north or south, east or west, make no odds in our journey to a world that has neither latitude nor longitude.

Now I am here, I am not sorry to have had a peep at such a country as Holland; but being described by so many better hands in books of travels, besides pictures, I need not enlarge. If you only fancy the very worst country for hunting in the whole world, except for otter dogs, you will have it exactly. Every highway is a canal; and as for lanes and bridle-roads, they are nothing but ditches. By consequence, the lives of the natives are spent between keeping out water and letting in liquor, such as schiedam, aniseed, curaçoa, and the like; for, except for the *damming* they would be drowned like so many rats, and without the *dramming* they would be martyrs to ague and rheumatics, and the marsh fever. Frank says, the Hollanders are such a cold-blooded people, that nothing but their ardent spirits keep them from breeding back into fishes; be that as it may, I have certainly seen a Dutch youngster, no bigger than your own little Peter, junior, toss off his glass of *schnapps*, as they call it, as if it was to save him from turning into a sprat. It is only fair to mention that Dutch water seems meant by Providence for scouring, or scrubbing, or washing, or sailing upon, or any other use in nature, except to drink neat. It costs poor Martha a score of wry faces only to hear it named, for she took one dose of it for want of warning, and it gave her a rattling fit of what she calls the Colliery Morbus.

As regards foreign parts, I was most taken with Rotterdam. It is a fine outlandish business-like city, with a real

Dutch medley of quays, and canals, and bridges, and steeples, and chimneys, and masts of ships, all in one point of view. The same forming, altogether, a picture that, to my mind, might be studied with advantage by certain folks at home. Not to name party spirit, which poisons every public measure in England, there is far too much of separating matters that ought never to be considered apart. By way of example, we hear the landed interest, and the funded interest, and the shipping interest, and so forth, talked of night after night in Parliament as if they were all private interests, instead of public ones; or what is worse, in opposition, instead of being partners in one great national firm—namely, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures and Company. As such, it is neither just nor wise for one branch to be protected or encouraged at the expense of the rest; and besides, I have made up my mind that the welfare of any member, in the long-run, must be looked for in the prosperity of the whole. If we wish, then, to thrive as a nation, instead of splitting our bundle of sticks, we must bind them all up together, and consider our commerce, and agriculture, and manufactures, in one cluster, like the chimneys, the fine elm-trees, and the ships' masts on the Boomjes, as it is called, at Rotterdam. Those are my sentiments, though it is not speaking, mayhap, like a landowner with well-nigh a thousand acres in his own hand. But I am not going to favour you with a batch of politics, and besides I am called to meals, where I have promised myself the pleasure of drinking your health, old friend, in a bumper of Madeira, that has made a voyage to Java, in the East Indies.

Dear Peter,

Since the above, you will be concerned to hear I have had another very serious attack. It took place in

Dokter's garden, having gone into the same after dinner to enjoy a little fresh air, when all at once I went off quite insensible, and nobody being by, except a painted wooden image of a Dutchman, it is unknown how long I remained in that state, and certainly should never have recovered, but for a providential cold shower of rain that brought me to by its shock to the system. My nephew will have it, that indulging in a glass of wine beyond the common, I only went to sleep in the bower; but relations are always sanguine, and particularly the youthful, and his affection, poor fellow, makes him hope the best. In my own mind, I am quite convinced it was suspended animation, and especially by being so terrible cold in my extremities. Truby makes light of these runaway knocks, as he calls them, but my own sense tells me, Peter, they are warnings that Death intends to soon call upon me in earnest. As such, you may suppose I am not best pleased to be pestered with matters, disagreeable at any time to freeborn principles, but particularly to a man under my serious circumstances. I allude to the passport system, whereby an Englishman abroad is treated like so much liquor, or wine, or soap, at home, that can't be moved without a permit. Here was a fellow just now wanting me to show myself up at the police-office to be vizeed, and so forth; but for an individual going to another world to be passported out of Holland into Prussia seemed such an idle piece of business, not to say presumption, that I declined stirring in it. Master Frank, however, thought otherwise, and not being in my solemn frame of mind, was so obstinate on the subject that we almost came to words. So the end is, I have been vizeed, and identified behind my back, and made passable in Germany, forsooth, for six months to come!

Sister Kate rubs on in her usual way, in tolerable health,

but taking on about poor George. She has got already into two or three travelling troubles, and by way of companion has encumbered herself with a bale of Dutch linen as big as a baby. And now, God bless you, and likewise all of the name. Something tells me it is a last farewell, from

Dear Peter, your sincere and dying friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P.S.—I had the pleasure of forwarding a few gallons of real Dutch Hollands, which by this time should be on their road to Canterbury. It is called Schiedam, and makes a capital mixture, provided you don't brew it like a Mounseur in the house here, who makes his spirits and water without the spirits. That reminds me of your old joke against Bob Rugby, the classical schoolmaster, about mixing the Utile and Dulce. "Utile and Dulce be hanged!" says you, "the French drink it, and it's nothing but sugar and water."

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

You will be glad to hear that we have escaped undrowned from that water-logged country called Holland,—a country, which, between its carillons and its canals, might be described by a punster as "wringing wet."

We left Nimeguen with something of the ill-will with which we are apt, unjustly, to remember a place where we have suffered pain or experienced disappointment. And truly, to be cheated of great nature's second course, to be balked unnaturally of one of the most important non-naturals, *is enough to upset* one's moral as well as local affections.

My Uncle says little, considering himself continually as on the brink of a sleep eternal; but my Aunt complains that she has never had a regular night's rest since she left London; whilst her maid declares, with a yawn, that foreign travelling is very racketty work, and has more than once hinted to her mistress that going abroad formed no part of her engagement. As for myself, I join with Dr. Watts' sluggard in wishing, tautologically, for "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber,"—but seem far more like a door *off* the hinges than *on* them, according to the serious poet's absurd simile. And all this gaping, and eye-watering, and drowsihed and discontent to be the work of a ridiculous Cockney, whom our evil fortune, personified in a Dutch *touter*, had conducted to the same hotel. He had been a unit of our sum total of passengers from Rotterdam, but had escaped any particular observation by his insignificance. Boxcoated, bandana'd, and shawled, a compound of the coachman, the coxcomb, and the clerk, there was no difficulty in classifying the animal at a glance—still in spite of a slang air, a knowing look, and the use of certain significant phrases, that are most current in London, there was such a cold-muttonish expression in his round unmeaning face as assured you that the creature had no harm in him—that he was little likely to murder sleep or anything else. However, about midnight, when number one was dozing, number two dreaming, number three snoring, and number four, perhaps, panting under the nightmare of a heavy hot supper, the populous establishment was suddenly startled broad awake by two violent explosions that frightened the whole neighbourhood from its propriety. In the first confusion of the senses, I really fancied, for the moment, that the Belgians were attempting to carry the city by a coup-de-main. In fact, Nimeguen being in a state of war, the alarm turned out

the guard, and by the time I had donned my nether garments, some dozen soldiers were battering and clamouring for admittance at the door. On sallying from my room, I found the stairs and passages thronged with figures, male and female, in various degrees of nudity, amongst whom, our maid Martha was eminently conspicuous, having, for reasons of her own, exchanged her plain *bonnet-de-nuit* for her day-cap, with flaming geranium ribbons, the only article of full-dress on her person, or indeed amongst the whole party. As her mouth was wide open, she was probably either screaming or scolding, but her individual noise was lost and smothered in the confusion of tongues, that turned the lately quiet hotel into a second Babel. Some shouted "Fire!" others cried "Murder!" and one shrill feminine voice kept screaming, "The French! the French!" In the mean time, the patrol gained admittance, and with little ceremony forced their way up stairs towards the chamber to which we had traced the two reports. The door was locked and bolted, but was speedily burst open with the butt-end of a musket, the company entered, *en masse*, and lo! there was our Cockney, in a bright coloured silk handkerchief for a turban, sitting bolt upright in his bed, and wondering with all his might at our intrusion, and that he could not quietly and comfortably let off his fire-arms at Nimeguen, as he had done ever since Marr's murder, out of his own little back window at Paddington or Dalston. It was not an easy matter to explain to him the nature of his misdemeanor, or to convince him afterwards that there was any harm in it. The landlady scolded in Dutch, the garçon jabbered in French, the serjeant of the guard threatened and swore in all the languages he could muster, whilst the Cockney bounced and blustered in *bad English*, that he was a free-born Briton, and so forth, *and had a right to let* off pistols all over the world. The

squabble ran so high, that our countryman stood a fair chance, I was told, of a night's lodging in the guard-house, but at length the matter was adjusted by his being mulcted, ostensibly in default of having a license to carry arms, in a sum, which, of course, was spent in schnapps at the canteen. Moreover, he had an intimation that the damaged door would certainly appear amongst the items of his bill, and in Holland travellers' bills are anything but "easy beakers."* Finally, he had to endure from his fellow-tourists all the maledictions and reproaches to be expected from persons subjected to that severest of trials of temper, the being waked out of a first sleep, especially when having to start by an early steamer allows no time for a second one. As thunder turns small beer, the untimely explosions had soured the whole mass of the milk of human kindness—every word that fell was like an acidulated drop, and having literally clothed the devoted Cockney with curses, as with a garment, the mob of night-caps retired to their pillows, and

"We left him alone in his glory."

I was rather curious to observe what sort of countenance the author of the disturbance would wear the next morning; but when he made his appearance amongst us on board the steamer, instead of looking chop-fallen or abashed, there was such an appearance of complacent self-satisfaction in his face, as convinced me, that on his return to London he would brag of his noisy exploit at Nimeguen, to his comrades of Walbrook or Lothbury, as "a famous rumpus." I am afraid such exhibitions are but too common with Cockney travellers, who persist in perverting the end of the old adage, "When

* *In the "Orbis Pictus,"* a Dutch-built polyglott school-book, *birds of the soft-billed kind* are rendered into English as "easy beakers."

you are at Rome," &c., into "Do as you do at home." But remember I am far from intending to apply the term Cockney exclusively to the native of our own metropolis, who, if the whole horizon were canvas, would turn it into a panorama of London. Perhaps there are no more finished *badauds* extant than your French ones, of whatever rank, who fancy that the whole world is in France, and that all France is in Paris.

On reviewing the motley company on board, I was sorry to note the absence of the red and yellow faced men, the Mustard and Pepper that had hitherto served me for condiments. But, for the present, the amusement was to be furnished by a member of our own party. My aunt, as you ought to know, is a simple, gentle creature, timid and helpless even for a woman, but as strong in her affections as weak in her nerves. In a word she resembles Chaucer's Prioress, who was "all conscience and tender heart." To this character she owes most of her travelling adventures, one of which I must now describe,—but under the seal of secrecy, for it is as sore a subject, with her, as the victorious *phoca* to Hector M'Intyre in the "Antiquary." Next to her standing regret for "poor George," it is one of her stock troubles that she is not a mother, and like some hens in the same predicament, she is sure to cluck and cover the first chick that comes in her way. To her great delight, therefore, she discovered amongst the company a smart, dapper, brisk, well-favoured little fellow, with long flaxen ringlets, curling down his back, —a boy apparently about eight years old,—a great deal too young, in her opinion, to be sent travelling, and especially by water, under nobody's care but his own. Such a shameful neglect, as she called it, appealed directly to her pity, and made her resolve to be quite a parent to the forlorn little *foreigner.* Accordingly, she lavished on him a thousand *motherly attentions,* which at first seemed to amuse and

gratify her *protégé*, though he afterwards received them with an ill grace enough. Still she persevered, womanlike, in bestowing her tenderness on its object, however ungrateful the return—indulging, from time to time, in strictures on Dutch fathers and mothers, and their management of children, in a language which, fortunately, was not the current one of the place. At last, to raise her indignation to the climax, she saw her adopted urchin betake himself to practices which she scarcely tolerated in children of a larger growth. "It was quite folly enough," she said, "to have dressed up a boy like a man, without teaching him or at least allowing him to imitate grown-up habits:—for instance, smoking tobacco—and, as I live," she almost screamed, "the little wretch is going to drink a glass of Dutch gin!" Such a sight upset all her patience—

"To be precocious
In schnapps she reckoned was a sin atrocious."

But as a temperance exhortation in an unknown tongue could be of no possible use, she appealed at once, like some of our Chartists, to physical force, and made a determined snatch at the devoted dram. This was a mortal affront to the long-haired manikin, who resisted with all his might and *mane*, and being wonderfully strong for his age, there ensued a protracted struggle, that afforded infinite amusement to the company on deck. My aunt tugged, and hauled, and scolded in hissing English—the little fellow scuffled and kicked, and spluttered abundance of guttural German, proving, amongst his other accomplishments, that he was not at all backward in his swearing. Temperance, however, gained her point, by spilling the obnoxious liquor; and in revenge, the manikin vented his spleen by throwing the *empty glass into the* Rhine. So far all was well. My aunt

had fought triumphantly for what she considered her duty, and a great principle; but her satisfaction was doomed to be short-lived. My uncle, who had watched the fray with unequivocal signs and sounds of amazement, could not help congratulating the victorious party on such an unusual exertion of spirit, and its signal success, for the defeated urchin had rushed off to digest his discomfiture in the fore-cabin. "Not," said my uncle, "that I'm one of your wishy-washy tea-totallers; but a colt's a colt, and what is fit drink for a strong man may be a bad draught for a boy." "I ax pardon, sare," interposed our conducteur, who had been one of the heartiest laughers, at the skirmish, "bot de leetle gentleman is not von boy—he is ein zwerg—vat you call von kleines mannchen."—"I suppose," cried my uncle, "you mean a dwarf?"—"Ja! ja! von dwarf," answered the conducteur, "he have nine-und-zwanzig jahrs of old." Imagine, dear Gerard, the effect of such an announcement on a shrinking delicate female, with sensitive feelings, nearly akin to prudishness, like my poor aunt! I confess I felt some anxiety as to the direction of her first impulse. Providentially, however, instead of urging her to jump overboard, it only impelled her to rush down below, where we found her in the pavilion, struggling, by Martha's help, with the hysterics, and fervently wishing, between her sobs, that she had never—never—never left Woodlands. She had not only let herself down, she considered, but all her sex; and especially her own countrywomen. "What could the foreigners think," she asked, "of an English lady, and above all, a widow, scuffling like a great masculine romp or hoyden with a strange man, no matter for his littleness—what can they say of me—oh! what *can* they say?"—"Why, as for that matter, Kate," answered my uncle, playing the comforter, "whatever they say of you will be said in a foreign lingo, so

you are sure to hear nothing disagreeable." "But it's what they will think," persisted the afflicted fair one. "Phoo! phoo!" said my uncle, "they will only think that you fought very like a woman, or you would have chosen a fairer match." But the mourner was not to be soothed with words; nor, indeed, by any thing short of engaging the pavilion for her, as a *locus penitentiæ*, where she could bewail her error, and her shame, under lock and key. "I'll tell you what it is, Frank," said my uncle, after we had enjoyed a hearty laugh together, out of my aunt's hearing, "it must never be named to poor Kate,—but from this time forward I shall think that little Gulliver and his nurse Glumdalstitch was not such an out-of-the-way story after all!"

I subsequently learned, that the little manikin in the steamer was a great man at Elberfield, in the cotton line; and our conducteur forewarned me, that I should probably meet with several copies of this pocket edition of the human species in the Rhenish provinces, and particularly two brothers, born at Coblenz. It is singular that the empire has been equally prolific in natural and supernatural dwarfs. To Germany our show caravans and Lilliputian exhibitions have been indebted for many of their most remarkable pigmies; whilst imps, elfins, little gray men, "and such small deer," literally swarm in its romantic mythology;—a coincidence I humbly submit to the speculations of our philosophers.

At Lobith we reached the frontier, and passed from the guardianship of the Triton, or John Dory, or Stock-fish, or whatever else is the Dutch tutelary Emblem, under the protecting wings of the Black Eagle, which we soon saw displayed, in the attitude of a bird of prey on a barn-door. Our passports were consequently in requisition at Emmerich, the first Prussian town, and led to a scene on the part of

our Hypochondriac, which he had already rehearsed at Nimeguen. Accordingly, to the request for the document, he quietly answered that there was no need. "But, sare, you shall go to Cologne," said the conducteur. "Sir, I shall do no such thing," retorted my uncle with some asperity, as if arguing the point with old Truby himself. "Sare, as you please," returned the conducteur, with the national shrug and grimace; "but you must not go by de Preussich frontière wizzout de visé." "My good fellow," said my uncle, smiling gravely, "I am going beyond the great frontier of all, and where your King of Prussia can't stop me, with all his police, and his army to boot." "Teufel! vere is dat?" exclaimed the German, astounded by this apparent denial of the power of an absolute monarch. "It's another and a better world," said my uncle, solemnly, and with a shake of the head that, like Lord Burleigh's, was a homily in itself: "and mark my words, sir, I shall be there before night." It was now time to interfere; and, by dint of expostulation, I obtained the paper. "Well, Frank, there it is,—but, mind, it's a dead letter. Do what you like with it, only don't let me be troubled with any such worldly formalities again."

Apropos de bottes—our conducteur, a shrewd fellow, with a taste for humour, told me he had seen a passport the day before, wherein the bearer described himself as a "man of property," and, by way of giving weight to the document, it was indorsed by the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London, and one or two of the Aldermen. What a characteristic trait of a moneyed Cit on his travels!

Whilst our papers were under the inspection of the police, the familiars of another inquisition boarded the vessel, and commenced their function. They conducted themselves very civilly; but it would be bad policy indeed, at the threshold

of a grand and profitable exhibition—and such is the Rhine —to allow vistors to be disgusted by any official rudeness at the threshold. The search, therefore, was politely strict, but nothing objectionable was discovered, except a certain bale of Dutch linen, at which the officers made a dead set. I was about to interpose on behalf of the owner, when her maid resolutely undertook the defence. The holland, she said, was honestly come by and paid for, and belonged to her mistress. "Bot it is goods for a tax," said the officer. "It's no such thing," said Martha, positively, and becoming unconsciously an advocate for free trade; "the Dutch charged no taxes on it, and it stands to reason it can't be taxed in Germany." "You shall see de boke," said the officer,—"you know vat is a tariff?" "It's a fiddlestick," retorted Martha, waxing angry. "It is de Yarman Commercial Leg," said the douanier. "Leg or no leg," replied the championess, "it's not going to walk off with my missis's property." "Why for, den, you not declare it?" asked the officer; whereupon the maid declared she knew nothing about declarations. "If you seize the linen, you shall seize me," said she, and suiting the action to the word, she seated herself on the bale with the dignity of a Lord Chancellor, the fountain of all equity, on his woolsack. The officers looked puzzled and undecided how to act, when they were fortunately relieved from the dilemma by a personage who had hitherto taken no more notice of the matter than if he had literally done with the things of this world. "Martha, ask my sister to step here." Up jumped the unconscious maid to perform this errand; but her back was no sooner turned, than, pointing to the linen, my uncle addressed the douaniers; "Take it, gentlemen, and welcome. It is heartily at your service, to make into shirts or towelling, or whatever you or your wives think proper." The officers stared and seemed to doubt the purport of this speech, till I

translated it into the best German I could muster. Then they stared still more, as if thinking, not without reason, that Englishmen are very droll people; but suddenly recollecting themselves, they made a low bow, first to my uncle, then another to me, and then, without a word, handed the bale over the side, and took their departure. "I'll tell you what it is, Frank," said my uncle, "many persons in such a case would have stood out, but in the first place we have got rid of a great incumbrance, and in the second place, before it got to Woodlands, the Dutch linen would have cost more than double its worth. Above all, its being seized will be a comfort to your aunt. Yes, you may laugh, but there's nothing in life so good for a fretful person as a real vexation. That's my remark; and take my word for it, for a week to come, Kate will be far more angry with the King of Prussia, than troubled about poor George."

But, however right in his theory, my uncle found himself mistaken as to the conductor that was to carry off the shock. The moment Martha returned, and discovered that she had been robbed, like a hen off her eggs, she set up a clamour that could only be silenced by her master's acknowledgment of his own share in the transaction. Big with this fact, she ran back to her mistress, and when we afterwards dined in the pavilion, for my aunt declined appearing at the *table-d'hôte*, she did not fail to bring her Dutch cloth on the table. "It was hard enough," she said, "to be disappointed, in what she did for the best, without the pain of owing it to her own brother's cruel connivance." Her own brother looked a little foolish at this remark, and had she been content with her advantage, would have probably been worsted, but when she went on to charge him with ingratitude, seeing that the beautiful Dutch linen was intended for a new set of shirts for himself, his constitutional infirmity supplied him with a

defence. "Well, well, Kate, let bygones be bygones. What is done is done, and it's no use taking it to heart. And besides, Kate," he added, quite seriously, "you have one comfort, and that is, if the Dutch linen was to be made into shirts for me, I should never, you know, have lived to wear 'em."

To borrow a phrase that fell from the Cockney, "the steam-boat passes a night on board" between Nimeguen and Cologne, and in the interim the passengers sleep as they may or can, without any accommodation for the purpose. In default of a berth, a *corner* is the best resting-place; but to obtain such a nook I had to dispossess a score of German pipes. Here I dozed, sitting, till towards morning, when methought a bell began to ring, the paddles stopped, and the vessel brought up with a jolt against something hard. Some dozen of outlandish figures, in fancy caps, immediately roused up, and, each selecting a pipe, groped their way out of the dingy atmosphere of the cabin, where as many other shapes, some still more foreign, and every one armed with a meerschaum, as speedily filled their places. The bell rang a second time, the paddles revolved, the vibration recommenced, my eyes closed again, and when they opened to the daylight I was told that we had stopped and exchanged some of our live stock at Düsseldorf.

A few of the bipeds we had obtained by this transaction were, as to costume, extremely grotesque. One of them, a short, squat, vulgar-looking personage, particularly attracted my uncle's notice. "In the name of wonder, Frank, what can that long-haired fellow be?—the one yonder in the black velvet cap, with a notch cut out of the brim, like a barber's basin." "I suspect," said I, "he is a painter, or would-be painter, from Düsseldorf; that cap is an imitation of Raphael's, and the great hat near it is a copy of Rubens's."

My uncle received this intelligence with a "Humph." All kinds of foppery are his especial aversion, and he did not conceal his disgust. "Painters, indeed! Take my word for it, Frank, they are rank daubers. It's my notion that people who are so full of themselves are always empty of everything else. As for their Raffaele and Rubens hats, I'd back a common London house-painter agin them in his paper cap. No, no, Frank; a man that makes such an exhibition of himself will never cut a figure at Somerset House."

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That vented me; and now, Gerard, for fear of mistakes, please to turn to the noble work on Modern German Art, by the Count Athanasius Raczynski, and there you will find that Düsseldorf can turn out painters, and good ones too, as well as lay figures.

Now, then, methinks you cry, for Cologne;—but my hand is tired, and my pen is worn out, and I must reserve that ancient city (it smells high, but it will keep) for another letter. All love to Emily, from, dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P.S.—You remember Grundy, not the celebrated old lady of that name, but our school-fellow at Harrow. He has just put up at our hotel on his way homewards, full of grumbling and grievances, and anathematising the Rhinelanders for having "extorted" him. Right or wrong, his indignation has turned his complaint into verse, and here follows a copy of what Mr. Grundy says of the natives :—

Ye Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine—
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap, and smock-frock it,
But if you speak English, or look it, why then—
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds,
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads,—
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll see old Cologne,—not the sweetest of towns,—
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it ;
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns,—
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll count seven Mountains, and see Roland's Eck,
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett ;
But oh ! to the tone of romance what a check,—
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

Old Castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill,—
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—
Once haunts of Baronial Banditti, and still—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll stop at Coblenz, with its beautiful views,
But make no long stay with your money to stock it,
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

A Fortress you'll see, which, as people report,
Can never be captured, save famine should block it—
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but that's not their *forte*,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it;
But think that the words of the echo thus run,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the Vine!
Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock it—
P'raps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim wine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths—
Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it;
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And Friendships you'll swear, most eternal of pacts,
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;
But still, in the most sentimental of acts—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

In short, if you visit that stream or its shore,
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it,
And where Schinderhannes was Robber of yore,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

TO REBECCA PAGE, AT THE WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM, KENT.

Dear Becky,

This is to say we ar all safe and well, tho' it's a wunder, for forrin traveling is like a deceatful luvver, witch don't improve on acquaintance. Wat haven't I gone thro since my last faver! Fust morbust by bad Dutch warter, and then frited to deth at Nim Again with a false alarm of the Frentch, besides a dredful could, ketched by leaving my warm bed, and no time to clap on a varsal thing, xcept my best cap. Well, I've give three warnins, and the next, as master says, will be for good, even if I have to advertize for a plaice, but ketch me sayin no objexshuns to go abroad. Not but Missis have had her own trials, but that's between our two selves, for she wouldn't like it to git about that she have had a pitcht battel with a dwarft for a glass of gin. Then there's the batterd brass pale, and the Holland—only think, Becky, of the bewtiful Dutch linnin being confisticated by the Custom-house Cæsars! It was took up for dutis at the Garman outskirts. But, as I tould the officers, the King of Garmany ortn't to think only of the dutis dew to himself, but of his dutis towards his nabers. The Prushian customs is very bad customs, that's certin. Everything that's xported into the country must pay by wait, witch naterally falls most heviest on the litest pusses. There's dress. Rich fokes can go in spidder nets and gossumers, and fine gorses, but pore

pepie must ware thick stuffs and gingums, and all sorts of curse and doreable texters, and so the hard workin class cum to be more taxt than the upper orders, with their flimsy habbits. The same with other yuseful artikels. Wat's a silver tooth-pick in wait compared with a kitching poker, or a filligre goold watch to an 8 day clock. Howsumever, the Dutch linnin was confisticated in spite of my teeth, for Master chose to giv up the pint, and he desarves to go without a Shurt for his panes.

Amung other discomfits, there's no beds in the vessles up the Rind. So, for too hole days, we have been damp shifted as they call it, without taking off our close, and, as you may supose, I am tired of steeming. Our present stop is at Colon. They say its a verry old citty, and bilt by the Romans, and sure enuff Roman noses didn't easily turn up. The natives must have verry strong oilfactories, that's certin. O, Becky, sich sniffs and guffs, in spite of my stuft hed! This mornin it raind cats and dogs, but the heviest showrs cant pourify the place. It's enuff to fumigate a pleg. Won thing is the bad smells obleege strangers to buy the O de [illegible], and praps the stenchis is encouraged on that account. The wurst is, wen you want a bottel of the rite sort, theres so meany Farinacious impostors, and Johns and Marias, you don't know witch is him or her.

Colon is full of Sites. The principle is the Cathedrul, and by rites theres a Crane pearcht on the tiptop, like the Storks in Holland; but I was out of luck, or he was off a feeding, for he wasnt there. So we went into the Interium witch was performing Ill Mass, that's to say, me and one of the hottel [illegible] who is playing the civel, and I can onely say its enuff [illegible]'s hed. Wat with the lofty pillers, and the picters [illegible]ing and the calving, I felt perfeckly dizzy, but [illegible]in came rainbowin thro the panted glass winders,

and the organ played up, and the Quire of singers with their hevinly v'ices, and the Priest was insensed with the perfumery, down I went, willy nilly, on both nees, and was amost controverted into a Cathlick afore I knowed were I was! Luckly, I rekollected Transmigration, witch I cant nor wont believe in, and that jumpt me up agin on my legs. Next, we see a prodigus chest, all of sollid Goold, and when you look through a little grating, you see the empty skulls of the wise kings. They're as brown as mogany, with crowns on, and their christian names ritten in rubbies, if so be it ant red glass. For they do say, wen the Munks run away from the Frentch they took the goold chest, and the three wunderful wise heds, along with them, and sackreligiously pickt out the best part of the volubles and jowls. As another piece of profannity, the hart of Mary de Medicine is left under a grave stone, in the church pavement—but where the rest of her boddy have been boddy snatcht to noboddy nose.

The next site was certinly an uncommon one—a church chock full of the relicks of morality. I over heard Mr. Frank say, its praps the chastist stile of arkitecter in the world. Howsomver, its full of the Skellitons of Saint Ursulus and Elevin Thowsend Old Maids. Their bones are stuck in the sealing, and into the walls, and under the flore, and into glass cases, — its nuthin but bones, bones, bones. But no wunder there was so menny spinsters afore time, considering that now-a-days they're tied down to won chance, namely, a Cathlick sweat-hart. Wat do you think, Becky, of three hundred yung wimmin, onely the tother day, binding their selves, by a solum act and deed, in black and wite, never to marry any yung man as is Reformed? Theres a pretty way to cause everlastin seperations, instead of mattermony, between the male and female sects! And as for the marrid alreddy, theyre to take an affidavid that every Babby th—

have shall be brought up a Pappist! Wat can cum of such a derangement but unlegitimit constructions and domestic squabblings. If anny thing can interdeuce discomfiture betwixt man and wife, its religus biggamy—I shuld have said Biggotry, but they boath sound the same. For my own parts, insted of objectin to a Cathlic, I should feel my Christian deuty to embrace him, as praps the happy Instrument under Grace of making him a convict. But enuff of Saints Ursulus and her Elevin Thowsend Old Maids. Onely among other curosities, there was the identicle stone jarr as held the warter as was turned into wine at the marridge in Galilee—an odd thing, thinks I, to show up a Weddin Relict along with so menny marters to Single blessidness. But arter all, the real mirakle, praps, is to see so menny single peple in a mob.

Next to fine sites, Colon swarms with raggid misrable objects, but I'm sorry I can't stop to shock you with them, being wanted to pack up. You know what that is with a figitty Missis, who is never happy xcept she's corded up over night, and on a porter's back in the morning. To-morrow youl find us on the map of Coblense. I did hope we had dun with steeming, and were to go Dilligently by land; but after seeing the Male cum in, Master declined. Sure enuff, the coatch is divided into three cages, and catch me travelin, says he, in a wild Beast carrivan. Besides, says he, if the leaders chuse to be misleaders, we are shure to be over a precipus, for its a deal esier, says he, for the horsis to pull us down, then for the Postylion to pull 'em up, But sich is forrin traveling—as regards sarvants—if you an't drownded, yure broken neckt, without any advantage to yureself. But I've fully maid up my mind, that the fust axident shall be a thurow split and a rupter, and a break off of evry thing between me and Missis. Lord nose I'm willin

to live and die for her, but not to have a put out sholder or a fractious leg.

Give my love to Cook, and to Peggy, and to John Futman, not forgettin Mister Butler up at the Hall—and tell them my Hart is in its old place, in spite of a change of sitivation. With the same sentimint towards yureself, I remane, dear Becky, yure luving Frend,

MARTHA PENNY.

Poscrip.—Don't go to supose any think partickler betwixt me and the Vally de Sham de place. To be shure, he did try to talk luve nonsinse in broken English, and asked me how I shud like a Germin man. Man means husband in their languidge. But as I tould him there was two grate objekshuns. Praps youre a Lutherin, says he. No, says I, I'm a Cristian, but it an't that—my scruples is irreligious. What's them, says he. Why, then, says I, its backer and garlick. And it ant pleasent to have a sweathart as can't come nigh won without yure being fumigatid. So my gentilman took miff—but wheres the true luve if a luver won't give up a nasty puffy habbit?

TO DOCTOR TRUBY, BECKENHAM, KENT.

DEAR DOCTOR,

As the post-mark will show, we are at Cologne, whereby you have won the Hock wine, and I think I see you on the broad grin, and cracking your finger joints. Well, let those laugh that win. It was a very near thing, and you all but lost ten times over. Not to name other warnings by land and sea, there was Nimeguen, so near a finish, that I

was dead and gone up to the knees. But that you won't believe, or at least you won't own to it. But I am no Methuselah for all that. It's my firm belief I shall never go out of Cologne alive. What signifies a man's eating, and drinking, and sleeping? All one's nourishment goes for nothing, if once sudden death has got insidiously into the system. My stamina is gone. My constitution broke up a matter of six years ago; and as for my organs and functions they're not worth a straw. You know that as well as I do but because I haven't exactly got apoplexy or epilepsy, or atrophy, or any of your regulation diseases, you won't allow me to have anything at all. Mayhap, it's a new case, or complication of all the old ones, and beyond medical skil That's my own impression, but I needn't repeat the symptom for you never could or would enter into my inward feeling We shall see which is right. There was poor Bromley, wit much such a complaint as mine—nobody believed *he* w going till he was gone, and it's my notion some people h their doubts even then.

Regarding our foreign travels, you will hear all about the from Bagster, excepting the night-bolt, which is at t bottom of the river Rhine. The very first time I tried there was a night alarm in the hotel, and between a ne fangled article and the dark, I might have been burnt suffocated in my bed-chamber before I could unscrew my out. So much for what, by your leave, I call your Infer Machine.

As yet, I have not seen much of Cologne. I did try or two strolls by myself, with one of the church-steeples a guide; but what with the loftiness of the houses, and narrowness and crookedness of the streets, I soon lost landmark, and came to so many faults and checks, th never went out but I lost myself like a Babe in the W

and had to be showed home by a little boy. That has put an end to my rambles for the present, for I can't bring my mind to the foreign fashion of going about with a lacquey-de-place at my heels, like a mad gentleman and his keeper. But I learned from my walks that Cologne has no Paving Board, nor Commissioners of Sewers. Every yard you go is like winding a pole-cat, and the roads are paved with rough stones, where the horses skate and slip about, on shoes as high-heeled as Queen Bess's. I happened to see one going to be shod in the Beast Market, and it was a sight to draw old Joe Bradley's eyes out of his head. By what I've seen of the German cattle, they are far from remarkable for spirit or vice, though, to judge by the blacksmith's contrivances, you would suppose the whole breed was by Beelzebub, out of the Devil's Dam. There was the horse, what you or I should call a Quaker's nag, shut in a cage like a wild beast, with a wooden bar to keep his head up, and another to keep it down, and a bar over his back, in case of his rearing, and one under his belly, to prevent his lying down, and a bar or chain behind him, to hinder his lashing out. If all that ceremony is fit and proper, thought I, — for one of our English farriers to take a horse's hoof into his lap, mayhap a young spicy colt, without a bar, or a chain, or anything, can be nothing else but a tempting of Providence.

I have seen the famous Cathedral, which is a fine building, but not half finished, and as such, an uncomfortable sight, for it looks like a broken promise to God. But they do say the King of Prussia is very anxious to complete it, which, being a Protestant, is a liberal feeling on his part, and deserved a better return from the Catholic Archbishop of Cologne than flying in the face of his Majesty, who, by what I hear, gives fair play to both religions. The more pity he was led to act harshly by his Jewish subjects, and point them out by law for

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Now, then, methinks you cry, for Cologne;—but my hand is tired, and my pen is worn out, and I must reserve that ancient city (it smells high, but it will keep) for another letter. All love to Emily, from, dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P.S.—You remember Grundy, not the celebrated old lady of that name, but our school-fellow at Harrow. He has just put up at our hotel on his way homewards, full of grumbling and grievances, and anathematising the Rhinelanders for having "extorted" him. Right or wrong, his indignation has turned his complaint into verse, and here follows a copy of what Mr. Grundy says of the natives:—

Ye Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap, and smock-frock it,
But if you speak English, or look it, why then—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds,
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see old Cologne,—not the sweetest of towns,—
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it;
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll count seven Mountains, and see Roland's Eck,
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett;
But oh! to the tone of romance what a check,—
Take *care of your* pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Old Castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill,—
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—
Once haunts of Baronial Banditti, and still—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll stop at Coblenz, with its beautiful views,
But make no long stay with your money to stock it,
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

A Fortress you'll see, which, as people report,
Can never be captured, save famine should block it—
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but that's not their *forte*,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it;
But think that the words of the echo thus run,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the Vine!
Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock it—
P'raps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim wine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths—
Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it;
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And Friendships you'll swear, most eternal of pacts,
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;
But still, in the most sentimental of acts—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

In short, if you visit that stream or its shore,
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it,
And where Schinderhannes was Robber of yore,—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

TO REBECCA PAGE, AT THE WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM, KENT.

DEAR BECKY,

This is to say we ar all safe and well, tho' it's a wunder, for forrin traveling is like a deceatful luvver, witch don't improve on acquaintance. Wat haven't I gone thro since my last faver! Fust morbust by bad Dutch warter, and then frited to deth at Nim Again with a false alarm of the Frentch, besides a dredful could, ketched by leaving my warm bed, and no time to clap on a varsal thing, xcept my best cap. Well, I've give three warnins, and the next, as master says, will be for good, even if I have to advertize for a plaice, but ketch me sayin no objexshuns to go abroad. Not but Missis have had her own trials, but that's between our two selves, for she wouldn't like it to git about that she have had a pitcht battel with a dwarft for a glass of gin. Then there's the batterd brass pale, and the Holland—only think, Becky, of the bewtiful Dutch linnin being confisticated by the Custom-house Cæsars! It was took up for dutis at the Garman outskirts. But, as I tould the officers, the King of Garmany ortn't to think only of the dutis dew to himself, but of his dutis towards his nabers. The Prushian customs is very bad customs, that's certin. Everything that's xported into the country must pay by wait, witch naterally falls most heviest on the litest pusses. There's dress. Rich fokes can *go in spidder nets* and gossumers, and fine gorses, but pore

peple must ware thick stuffs and gingums, and all sorts of corse and doreable texters, and so the hard workin class cum to be more taxt than the upper orders, with their flimsy habbits. The same with other yuseful artikels. Wat's a silvur tooth-pick in wait compared with a kitching poker, or a filligre goold watch to an 8 day clock. Howsumever, the Dutch linnin was confisticated in spite of my teeth, for Master chose to giv up the pint, and he desarves to go without a Shurt for his panes.

Amung other discomfits, there's no beds in the vessles up the Rind. So, for too hole days, we have been damp shifted as they call it, without taking off our close, and, as you may supose, I am tired of steeming. Our present stop is at Colon. They say its a verry old citty, and bilt by the Romans, and sure enuff Roman noses didn't easily turn up. The natives must have verry strong oilfactories, that's certin. O, Becky, sich sniffs and guffs, in spite of my stuft hed! This mornin it raind cats and dogs, but the heviest showrs cant pourify the place. It's enuff to fumigate a pleg. Won thing is the bad smells obleege strangers to buy the O de Colon, and praps the stenchis is encouraged on that account. The wust is, wen you want a bottel of the rite sort, theres so menny Farinacious impostors, and Johns and Marias, you don't know witch is him or her.

Colon is full of Sites. The principle is the Cathedrul, and by rites theres a Crane pearcht on the tiptop, like the Storks in Holland; but I was out of luck, or he was off a feeding, for he wasnt there. So we went into the Interium witch was performing Hi Mass, that's to say, me and one of the hottel waiters, who is playing the civel, and I can onely say its enuff to turn one's hed. Wat with the lofty pillers, and the picters and the gelding and the calving, I felt perfeckly dizzy, but wen the sushin came rainbowin thro the panted glass winders,

and the organ played up, and the Quire of singers with their hevinly v'ices, and the Priest was insensed with the perfumery, down I went, willy nilly, on both nees, and was amost controverted into a Cathlick afore I knowed were I was! Luckly, I rekollected Transmigration, witch I cant nor wont believe in, and that jumpt me up agin on my legs. Next, we see a prodigus chest, all of sollid Goold, and when you look through a little grating, you see the empty skulls of the wise kings. They're as brown as mogany, with crowns on, and their christian names ritten in rubbies, if so be it ant red glass. For they do say, wen the Munks run away from the Frentch they took the goold chest, and the three wunderful wise heds, along with them, and sackreligiously pickt out the best part of the volubles and jowls. As another piece of profannity, the hart of Mary de Medicine is left under a grave stone, in the church pavement—but where the rest of her boddy have been boddy snatcht to noboddy nose.

The next site was certinly an uncommon one—a church chock full of the relicks of morality. I over heard Mr. Frank say, its praps the chastist stile of arkitecter in the world. Howsomver, its full of the Skellitons of Saint Ursulus and Elevin Thowsend Old Maids. Their bones are stuck in the sealing, and into the walls, and under the flore, and into glass cases, — its nuthin but bones, bones, bones. But no wunder there was so menny spinsters afore time, considering that now-a-days they're tied down to won chance, namely, a Cathlick sweat-hart. Wat do you think, Becky, of three hundred yung wimmin, onely the tother day, binding their selves, by a solum act and deed, in black and wite, never to marry any yung man as is Reformed? Theres a pretty way to cause everlastin seperations, instead of mattermony, between the male and female sects! And as for the marrid alreddy, theyre to take an affidavid that every Babby they

have shall be brought up a Pappist! Wat can cum of such a derangement but unlegitimit constructions and domestic squabblings. If anny thing can interdeuce discomfiture betwixt man and wife, its religus biggamy—I shuld have said Biggotry, but they boath sound the same. For my own parts, insted of objectin to a Cathlic, I should feel my Christian deuty to embrace him, as praps the happy Instrument under Grace of making him a convict. But enuff of Saints Ursulus and her Elevin Thowsend Old Maids. Onely among other curosities, there was the identicle stone jarr as held the warter as was turned into wine at the marridge in Galilee—an odd thing, thinks I, to show up a Weddin Relict along with so menny marters to Single blessidness. But arter all, the real mirakle, praps, is to see so menny single peple in a mob.

Next to fine sites, Colon swarms with raggid misrable objects, but I'm sorry I can't stop to shock you with them, being wanted to pack up. You know what that is with a figitty Missis, who is never happy xcept she's corded up over night, and on a porter's back in the morning. To-morrow youl find us on the map of Coblense. I did hope we had dun with steeming, and were to go Dilligently by land; but after seeing the Male cum in, Master declined. Sure enuff, the coatch is divided into three cages, and catch me travelin, says he, in a wild Beast carrivan. Besides, says he, if the leaders chuse to be misleaders, we are shure to be over a precipus, for its a deal esier, says he, for the horsis to pull us down, then for the Postylion to pull 'em up, But sich is forrin traveling—as regards sarvants—if you an't drownded, yure broken neckt, without any advantage to yureself. But I've fully maid up my mind, that the fust axident shall be a thurow split and a rupter, and a break off *of evry thing between* me and Missis. Lord nose I'm willin

to live and die for her, but not to have a put out sholder or a fractious leg.

Give my love to Cook, and to Peggy, and to John Futman, not forgettin Mister Butler up at the Hall—and tell them my Hart is in its old place, in spite of a change of sitivation. With the same sentimint towards yureself, I remane, dear Becky, yure luving Frend,

MARTHA PENNY.

Poscrip.—Don't go to supose any think partickler betwixt me and the Vally de Sham de place. To be shure, he did try to talk luve nonsinse in broken English, and asked me how I shud like a Germin man. Man means husband in their languidge. But as I tould him there was two grate objekshuns. Praps youre a Lutherin, says he. No, says I, I'm a Cristian, but it an't that—my scruples is irreligious. What's them, says he. Why, then, says I, its backer and garlick. And it ant pleasent to have a sweathart as can't come nigh won without yure being fumigatid. So my gentilman took miff—but wheres the true luve if a luver won't give up a nasty puffy habbit?

TO DOCTOR TRUBY, BECKENHAM, KENT.

DEAR DOCTOR,

As the post-mark will show, we are at Cologne, whereby you have won the Hock wine, and I think I see you on the broad grin, and cracking your finger joints. Well, let those laugh that win. It was a very near thing, and you all but lost ten times over. Not to name other warnings by *land and sea*, there was Nimeguen, so near a finish, that I

was dead and gone up to the knees. But that you won't believe, or at least you won't own to it. But I am no Methuselah for all that. It's my firm belief I shall never go out of Cologne alive. What signifies a man's eating, and drinking, and sleeping? All one's nourishment goes for nothing, if once sudden death has got insidiously into the system. My stamina is gone. My constitution broke up a matter of six years ago; and as for my organs and functions, they're not worth a straw. You know that as well as I do, but because I haven't exactly got apoplexy or epilepsy, or atrophy, or any of your regulation diseases, you won't allow me to have anything at all. Mayhap, it's a new case, or a complication of all the old ones, and beyond medical skill. That's my own impression, but I needn't repeat the symptoms, for you never could or would enter into my inward feelings. We shall see which is right. There was poor Bromley, with much such a complaint as mine—nobody believed *he* was going till he was gone, and it's my notion some people had their doubts even then.

Regarding our foreign travels, you will hear all about them from Bagster, excepting the night-bolt, which is at the bottom of the river Rhine. The very first time I tried it, there was a night alarm in the hotel, and between a new-fangled article and the dark, I might have been burnt or suffocated in my bed-chamber before I could unscrew myself out. So much for what, by your leave, I call your Infernal Machine.

As yet, I have not seen much of Cologne. I did try one or two strolls by myself, with one of the church-steeples for a guide; but what with the loftiness of the houses, and the narrowness and crookedness of the streets, I soon lost my landmark, and came to so many faults and checks, that I *never went out but I lost* myself like a Babe in the Wood,

and had to be showed home by a little boy. That has put an end to my rambles for the present, for I can't bring my mind to the foreign fashion of going about with a lacquey-de-place at my heels, like a mad gentleman and his keeper. But I learned from my walks that Cologne has no Paving Board, nor Commissioners of Sewers. Every yard you go is like winding a pole-cat, and the roads are paved with rough stones, where the horses skate and slip about, on shoes as high-heeled as Queen Bess's. I happened to see one going to be shod in the Beast Market, and it was a sight to draw old Joe Bradley's eyes out of his head. By what I've seen of the German cattle, they are far from remarkable for spirit or vice, though, to judge by the blacksmith's contrivances, you would suppose the whole breed was by Beelzebub, out of the Devil's Dam. There was the horse, what you or I should call a Quaker's nag, shut in a cage like a wild beast, with a wooden bar to keep his head up, and another to keep it down, and a bar over his back, in case of his rearing, and one under his belly, to prevent his lying down, and a bar or chain behind him, to hinder his lashing out. If all that ceremony is fit and proper, thought I, — for one of our English farriers to take a horse's hoof into his lap, mayhap a young spicy colt, without a bar, or a chain, or anything, can be nothing else but a tempting of Providence.

I have seen the famous Cathedral, which is a fine building, but not half finished, and as such, an uncomfortable sight, for it looks like a broken promise to God. But they do say the King of Prussia is very anxious to complete it, which, being a Protestant, is a liberal feeling on his part, and deserved a better return from the Catholic Archbishop of Cologne than flying in the face of his Majesty, who, by what I hear, gives fair play to both religions. The more pity he was led to act harshly *by his Jewish* subjects, and point them out by law for

gone up to the knees. But that you won't least you won't own to it. But I am no all that. It's my firm belief I shall never go alive. What signifies a man's eating, and sleeping? All one's nourishment goes for e sudden death has got insidiously into the tamina is gone. My constitution broke up a ears ago; and as for my organs and functions, th a straw. You know that as well as I do, haven't exactly got apoplexy or epilepsy, or of your regulation diseases, you won't allow thing at all. Mayhap, it's a new case, or a all the old ones, and beyond medical skill. impression, but I needn't repeat the symptoms, ould or would enter into my inward feelings. hich is right. There was poor Bromley, with omplaint as mine—nobody believed *he* was s gone, and it's my notion some people had en then.

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mockery and ill-usage, even to forbidding them the use of Christian names; for, as I was told by a Jewish gentleman from Coblence, they were obliged to call their children after the Heathens and Pagans—Diana, and Flora, and Cerberus, and so forth, just like so many hounds. The very worst way in the world to make a Jewish father or mother say as Agrippa did, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

From the Cathedral we went to St. Peter's Church, where I had a warning. But on that subject, as I said before, I shall hold hard, though it was a serious one for all that, and decidedly apoplectic. On my way home I looked in at several Catholic places of worship. In most of them service was going on, in which I joined, for although it was a foreign tongue, I felt it was in praise of the Almighty, just as well as I knew that the music was a psalm tune and not a jig. Thank God, Popery is none of my bugbears. I am not like old Mrs. Twisleton of Beckenham, who never closed her eyes for a week after Catholic Emancipation, for fear of being converted in her sleep. To my thinking, it's too late in the day for a Guy Faux or a Bloody Mary. If we ever see a bonfire in Smithfield, it will be to roast an ox whole, and not a martyr. On the contrary, it's my firm belief that an *auto da fé* now-a-days would be called a burning shame by the Papists themselves. Roasting martyrs has gone by, as well as drowning of witches; and when one fashion is expected to turn up again, it's time for our old women to quake in their shoes for fear of the other. However, some folks think otherwise, and are as panic-struck by their own fancies as old Farmer Phillpotts, who was well-nigh scared to death, one moonshiny night, by a scarecrow made out of his own old clothes. So in one of the churches here I met with a fellow-traveller who came over by the Lord Melville, a hot-tempered man, with a face as *red all over as Carbuncle's* nose, and a mighty broil he was in

when the priests and singing-boys came past us in procession, with their candle-sticks and banners—"There," said he; "there's pomps and vanities, as we say in our Catechism; there's mummery! there's a gabble for you," when the priest began his Latin prayers. By-and-by a bell rang, and that sent him into a fresh tantrum. "What on earth has a little muffin-bell to do with religion?" Next, the priest held up the glory, or whatever it is called, which set the red-face pulling as many wry mouths as if it had been a bottle of horse physic. At last I fairly expected to see him go into convulsions like a mad dog, for he got a sprinkle of the holy water on his coat sleeve, but he brushed it off in as great a hurry as if it had been drops of vitriol. "Renounce me," says he, "if I can put up with it!" and off he flounced into the aisle, which only made matters worse. "Here's more of their humbug," says he pointing up at a black board that was hung to a pillar, and covered all over with little legs, and arms, and hands, and feet, in wax-work. "All miraculous cures, of course," says he; "but mayhap, sir, you believe in miracles? I don't, and no more did my father before me; and what's more, sir, he wouldn't have knelt down with a Papist on the same pavement—he wouldn't to save his soul." As that was a lash out at me, I spoke up, and made bold to ask if he approved of family worship? "I hope I do," said he, "we have it at home every night of our lives." "Because," said I, "it's my notion that all Christians are of one family, and as such, I can't understand how a friend to family worship can want to narrow the circle by shutting out any of his relations. To my mind Christianity was meant to be represented by our good old Christmas dinners, where we tried to assemble all that belonged to us round one hospitable board, down to our nineteenth cousins. Mayhap, I'm not quite orthodox," *said I,* "but I'm sincere, for they're the sentiments

of a dying man." Well, it will be a laugh against me down at Beckenham, but you must have the end of the story. At last, from one thing to another, we got to high words in a whisper, when up comes a beadle, or verger, or policeman, or somebody in authority, and, not understanding English, takes quite the wrong side of the case. It's my belief, that, finding the other party the warmest of the two in his looks, and the highest in his voice, he thought he was defending instead of attacking the Catholic religion,—whereby showing the red-faced fellow into a seat right in front of the altar, he civilly beckoned, and signed, and wheedled me down the aisle, and then fairly bowed and scraped me out of the church-door.

To tell the truth, Doctor, standing, as one may say, on the brink of the grave, and only comforted by a firm belief in my own persuasion, it shocks me to find men putting so little faith in the steadfastness and durability of their own church. It's surely a melancholy thing, but, as we see at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, those that most cry up Protestantism, and its truth, and beauty, and reasonableness, and excellence, and its being built of the solidest of all foundations, the rock of the Gospel itself, are the most down-hearted and desponding about its case. Instead of trusting to its own nature, or to Providence to support it, they go about crying that Protestantism is in danger, and, forsooth! give it over, just because, by their own accounts, it has the best constitution, namely, a divine one,—the best climate, namely, England,—the best diet, namely, the reading of the Bible,—the best exercise, namely, missionaries and itineranting,—the best physicians, namely, Archbishops and Bishops,—the best apothecaries, namely, poor curates,—the best nurses, namely, the speechifiers themselves,—and the blessing of God to boot. Now, in my humble opinion, a Christian man ought to put some *confidence in the virtue* of his religion, as well as in his wife's;

for it's paying but a sorry compliment to either to be always expecting them to be corrupted and seduced—and what's worse, corrupted and seduced by an ill-favoured, misbegotten monster, as the speechifiers themselves paint his portrait, as ugly as Buckhorse.

To return to ourselves, in my own state of health there is no amendment, but, as you know in your own heart, there was none to be looked for. I have only been sent up the river Rhine, as other patients in a desperate way are packed off to Madeira, that their funerals may not rise up against their Doctors. My sister Kate, as usual, talks of not surviving poor George; but as yet, I am glad to say, shows no constitutional symptoms of going after him. As for my Nephew, he is well and hearty, and enjoys his foreign travelling so much, I am quite grieved for his sake, poor fellow, to reflect how soon and suddenly it may be brought to a close. But after all, our life below is only a tour that ends by returning to the earth from whence we came. As such, I have reached my own last resting place, and whenever you hear of the city of Cologne, I feel sure, dear Doctor, you will remember your old and very faithful friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P.S—.The medicine-chest you took such a spite at was left behind in a hurry at Rotterdam, and never missed till last night, when I wanted a tea-spoonful of magnesia. I hope and trust I shall be able to get medicine in Germany; but Frank says, if their physics are like their metaphysics, a horse oughn't to take them without good advice.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,

To borrow the appropriate style of a bulletin of health, "our Hypochondriac has passed a bad night, but is free from fever, and hopes are entertained of his speedy convalescence."

The truth is, this morning we were rather alarmed by the prolonged absence of the head of the family. The breakfast appeared—the tea was made, and stood till it was cold—but no uncle. As he is naturally an early riser, this circumstance excited, first surprise, then anxiety, and then apprehension. My aunt looked astonished, serious, and at last terrified, lest her brother fulfilling his own prophecy, should have really departed in earnest. In the end, I became nervous myself, and took the liberty of entering the bed-chamber of the absentee, when a sight presented itself which I cannot now recall without laughing.

Imagine my worthy uncle lying broad awake, on his back, in a true German bedstead—a sort of wooden box or trough, so much too short for him, that his legs extended half-a-yard beyond it on either side of the foot-board. Above him, on his chest and stomach, from his chin to his knees, lay a huge squab or cushion, covered with a gay-patterned chintz, and ornamented at each corner with a fine tassel,—looking equally handsome, glossy, cold, and uncomfortable. For fear of deranging this article, he could only turn his eyes towards me as I entered, and when he spoke, it was with a voice that seemed weak and broken from exhaustion. "Frank, I've passed a miserable night," Not a doubt of it, thought I, *with a glance at his accommodations.* "I haven't—slept—a

wink." Of course not (mentally). "Did you ever see such a thing as that?" with a slight nod and roll of his eyes towards the cushion. I shook my head. "If I moved—it fell off; and if I didn't, I got—the cramp." Here a sort of suppressed groan. "Frank,—I've only turned once—all night long." I ventured to suggest that he would have done well to kick off the incumbrance on purpose, and the words had hardly left my lips when off flew the variegated cushion to the floor. The action seemed to relieve him, as if it had actually removed a weight from his bosom: he drew a long breath, and raised himself up on his elbow. "You're right, Frank; I've been a fool, sure enough—but that comes of foreign customs one never met with before; I suppose poor Kate was scared by my not coming down?" I nodded assent. "Yes—I shall go that way, some day, no doubt. Why, these beds are enough to kill one. It's impossible to sleep in 'em —but it's my suspicion the Germans sit up smoking all night. Anyhow, I'll stake my head there's not such a thing as a slug-a-bed in the whole country."

As he now showed an inclination to rise, I left him for the breakfast-table, where he soon joined us; and when he was seated, and had buttered his roll, he returned to the subject. "Frank, I've been thinking over the sleeping business, and my mind's made up. Take my word for it the German beds are at the bottom of the German stories. They're all full of hobgoblin work and devilry, as if a man had written them after bad dreams. Since last night I think I could make up a German romancical story myself, like 'the Devil and Dr. Faustus.' I'm convinced I should have had the horrors, and no need to eat a raw-pork supper neither, like Mr. What's-his-name, the painter;—that's to say, provided I could only have gone to sleep. There's that *outlandish cushion* on your stomach—to my mind it's

have shall be brought up a Pappist! Wat can cum of such a derangement but unlegitimit constructions and domestic squabblings. If anny thing can interdeuce discomfiture betwixt man and wife, its religus biggamy—I shuld have said Biggotry, but they boath sound the same. For my own parts, insted of objectin to a Cathlic, I should feel my Christian deuty to embrace him, as praps the happy Instrument under Grace of making him a convict. But enuff of Saints Ursulus and her Elevin Thowsend Old Maids. Onely among other curosities, there was the identicle stone jarr as held the warter as was turned into wine at the marridge in Galilee—an odd thing, thinks I, to show up a Weddin Relict along with so menny marters to Single blessidness. But arter all, the real mirakle, praps, is to see so menny single peple in a mob.

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MARTHA PENNY.

Poscrip.—Don't go to supose any think partickler betwixt me and the Vally de Sham de place. To be shure, he did try to talk luve nonsinse in broken English, and asked me how I shud like a Germin man. Man means husband in their languidge. But as I tould him there was two grate objekshuns. Praps youre a Lutherin, says he. No, says I, I'm a Cristian, but it an't that—my scruples is irreligious. What's them, says he. Why, then, says I, its backer and garlick. And it ant pleasent to have a sweathart as can't come nigh won without yure being fumigatid. So my gentilman took miff—but wheres the true luve if a luver won't give up a nasty puffy habbit?

TO DOCTOR TRUBY, BECKENHAM, KENT.

DEAR DOCTOR,

As the post-mark will show, we are at Cologne, whereby you have won the Hock wine, and I think I see you on the broad grin, and cracking your finger joints. Well, let those laugh that win. It was a very near thing, and you all but lost ten times over. Not to name other warnings by *land and sea*, there was Nimeguen, so near a finish, that I

was dead and gone up to the knees. But that you won't believe, or at least you won't own to it. But I am no Methuselah for all that. It's my firm belief I shall never go out of Cologne alive. What signifies a man's eating, and drinking, and sleeping? All one's nourishment goes for nothing, if once sudden death has got insidiously into the system. My stamina is gone. My constitution broke up a matter of six years ago; and as for my organs and functions, they're not worth a straw. You know that as well as I do, but because I haven't exactly got apoplexy or epilepsy, or atrophy, or any of your regulation diseases, you won't allow me to have anything at all. Mayhap, it's a new case, or a complication of all the old ones, and beyond medical skill. That's my own impression, but I needn't repeat the symptoms, for you never could or would enter into my inward feelings. We shall see which is right. There was poor Bromley, with much such a complaint as mine—nobody believed *he* was going till he was gone, and it's my notion some people had their doubts even then.

Regarding our foreign travels, you will hear all about them from Bagster, excepting the night-bolt, which is at the bottom of the river Rhine. The very first time I tried it, there was a night alarm in the hotel, and between a new-fangled article and the dark, I might have been burnt or suffocated in my bed-chamber before I could unscrew myself out. So much for what, by your leave, I call your Infernal Machine.

As yet, I have not seen much of Cologne. I did try one or two strolls by myself, with one of the church-steeples for a guide; but what with the loftiness of the houses, and the narrowness and crookedness of the streets, I soon lost my landmark, and came to so many faults and checks, that I *never went out but I lost* myself like a Babe in the Wood,

and had to be showed home by a little boy. That has put an end to my rambles for the present, for I can't bring my mind to the foreign fashion of going about with a lacquey-de-place at my heels, like a mad gentleman and his keeper. But I learned from my walks that Cologne has no Paving Board, nor Commissioners of Sewers. Every yard you go is like winding a pole-cat, and the roads are paved with rough stones, where the horses skate and slip about, on shoes as high-heeled as Queen Bess's. I happened to see one going to be shod in the Beast Market, and it was a sight to draw old Joe Bradley's eyes out of his head. By what I've seen of the German cattle, they are far from remarkable for spirit or vice, though, to judge by the blacksmith's contrivances, you would suppose the whole breed was by Beelzebub, out of the Devil's Dam. There was the horse, what you or I should call a Quaker's nag, shut in a cage like a wild beast, with a wooden bar to keep his head up, and another to keep it down, and a bar over his back, in case of his rearing, and one under his belly, to prevent his lying down, and a bar or chain behind him, to hinder his lashing out. If all that ceremony is fit and proper, thought I, — for one of our English farriers to take a horse's hoof into his lap, mayhap a young spicy colt, without a bar, or a chain, or anything, can be nothing else but a tempting of Providence.

I have seen the famous Cathedral, which is a fine building, but not half finished, and as such, an uncomfortable sight, for it looks like a broken promise to God. But they do say the King of Prussia is very anxious to complete it, which, being a Protestant, is a liberal feeling on his part, and deserved a better return from the Catholic Archbishop of Cologne than flying in the face of his Majesty, who, by what I hear, gives fair play to both religions. The more pity he was led to act harshly *by his Jewish* subjects, and point them out by law for

mockery and ill-usage, even to forbidding them the use of Christian names; for, as I was told by a Jewish gentleman from Coblence, they were obliged to call their children after the Heathens and Pagans—Diana, and Flora, and Cerberus, and so forth, just like so many hounds. The very worst way in the world to make a Jewish father or mother say as Agrippa did, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

From the Cathedral we went to St. Peter's Church, where I had a warning. But on that subject, as I said before, I shall hold hard, though it was a serious one for all that, and decidedly apoplectic. On my way home I looked in at several Catholic places of worship. In most of them service was going on, in which I joined, for although it was a foreign tongue, I felt it was in praise of the Almighty, just as well as I knew that the music was a psalm tune and not a jig. Thank God, Popery is none of my bugbears. I am not like old Mrs. Twisleton of Beckenham, who never closed her eyes for a week after Catholic Emancipation, for fear of being converted in her sleep. To my thinking, it's too late in the day for a Guy Faux or a Bloody Mary. If we ever see a bonfire in Smithfield, it will be to roast an ox whole, and not a martyr. On the contrary, it's my firm belief that an *auto da fé* now-a-days would be called a burning shame by the Papists themselves. Roasting martyrs has gone by, as well as drowning of witches; and when one fashion is expected to turn up again, it's time for our old women to quake in their shoes for fear of the other. However, some folks think otherwise, and are as panic-struck by their own fancies as old Farmer Phillpotts, who was well-nigh scared to death, one moonshiny night, by a scarecrow made out of his own old clothes. So in one of the churches here I met with a fellow-traveller who came over by the Lord Melville, a hot-tempered man, with a face as *red all over as Carb*uncle's nose, and a mighty broil he was in

when the priests and singing-boys came past us in procession, with their candle-sticks and banners—"There," said he; "there's pomps and vanities, as we say in our Catechism; there's mummery! there's a gabble for you," when the priest began his Latin prayers. By-and-by a bell rang, and that sent him into a fresh tantrum. "What on earth has a little muffin-bell to do with religion?" Next, the priest held up the glory, or whatever it is called, which set the red-face pulling as many wry mouths as if it had been a bottle of horse physic. At last I fairly expected to see him go into convulsions like a mad dog, for he got a sprinkle of the holy water on his coat sleeve, but he brushed it off in as great a hurry as if it had been drops of vitriol. "Renounce me," says he, "if I can put up with it!" and off he flounced into the aisle, which only made matters worse. "Here's more of their humbug," says he pointing up at a black board that was hung to a pillar, and covered all over with little legs, and arms, and hands, and feet, in wax-work. "All miraculous cures, of course," says he; "but mayhap, sir, you believe in miracles? I don't, and no more did my father before me; and what's more, sir, he wouldn't have knelt down with a Papist on the same pavement—he wouldn't to save his soul." As that was a lash out at me, I spoke up, and made bold to ask if he approved of family worship? "I hope I do," said he, "we have it at home every night of our lives." "Because," said I, "it's my notion that all Christians are of one family, and as such, I can't understand how a friend to family worship can want to narrow the circle by shutting out any of his relations. To my mind Christianity was meant to be represented by our good old Christmas dinners, where we tried to assemble all that belonged to us round one hospitable board, down to our nineteenth cousins. Mayhap, I'm not quite orthodox," *said I,* "but I'm sincere, for they're the sentiments

of a dying man." Well, it will be a laugh against me down at Beckenham, but you must have the end of the story. At last, from one thing to another, we got to high words in a whisper, when up comes a beadle, or verger, or policeman, or somebody in authority, and, not understanding English, takes quite the wrong side of the case. It's my belief, that, finding the other party the warmest of the two in his looks, and the highest in his voice, he thought he was defending instead of attacking the Catholic religion,—whereby showing the red-faced fellow into a seat right in front of the altar, he civilly beckoned, and signed, and wheedled me down the aisle, and then fairly bowed and scraped me out of the church-door.

To tell the truth, Doctor, standing, as one may say, on the brink of the grave, and only comforted by a firm belief in my own persuasion, it shocks me to find men putting so little faith in the steadfastness and durability of their own church. It's surely a melancholy thing, but, as we see at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, those that most cry up Protestantism, and its truth, and beauty, and reasonableness, and excellence, and its being built of the solidest of all foundations, the rock of the Gospel itself, are the most down-hearted and desponding about its case. Instead of trusting tc its own nature, or to Providence to support it, they go about crying that Protestantism is in danger, and, forsooth! give it over, just because, by their own accounts, it has the best constitution, namely, a divine one,—the best climate, namely, England,—the best diet, namely, the reading of the Bible,—the best exercise, namely, missionaries and itineranting,—the best physicians, namely, Archbishops and Bishops,—the best apothecaries, namely, poor curates,—the best nurses, namely, the speechifiers themselves,—and the blessing of God to boot. Now, in my humble opinion, a Christian man ought to put some confidence in the virtue of his religion, as well as in his wife's;

for it's paying but a sorry compliment to either to be always expecting them to be corrupted and seduced—and what's worse, corrupted and seduced by an ill-favoured, misbegotten monster, as the speechifiers themselves paint his portrait, as ugly as Buckhorse.

To return to ourselves, in my own state of health there is no amendment, but, as you know in your own heart, there was none to be looked for. I have only been sent up the river Rhine, as other patients in a desperate way are packed off to Madeira, that their funerals may not rise up against their Doctors. My sister Kate, as usual, talks of not surviving poor George; but as yet, I am glad to say, shows no constitutional symptoms of going after him. As for my Nephew, he is well and hearty, and enjoys his foreign travelling so much, I am quite grieved for his sake, poor fellow, to reflect how soon and suddenly it may be brought to a close. But after all, our life below is only a tour that ends by returning to the earth from whence we came. As such, I have reached my own last resting place, and whenever you hear of the city of Cologne, I feel sure, dear Doctor, you will remember your old and very faithful friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P.S—.The medicine-chest you took such a spite at was left behind in a hurry at Rotterdam, and never missed till last night, when I wanted a tea-spoonful of magnesia. I hope and trust I shall be able to get medicine in Germany; but Frank says, if their physics are like their metaphysics, a horse oughn't to take them without good advice.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

To borrow the appropriate style of a bulletin of health, "our Hypochondriac has passed a bad night, but is free from fever, and hopes are entertained of his speedy convalescence."

The truth is, this morning we were rather alarmed by the prolonged absence of the head of the family. The breakfast appeared—the tea was made, and stood till it was cold—but no uncle. As he is naturally an early riser, this circumstance excited, first surprise, then anxiety, and then apprehension. My aunt looked astonished, serious, and at last terrified, lest her brother fulfilling his own prophecy, should have really departed in earnest. In the end, I became nervous myself, and took the liberty of entering the bed-chamber of the absentee, when a sight presented itself which I cannot now recall without laughing.

Imagine my worthy uncle lying broad awake, on his back, in a true German bedstead—a sort of wooden box or trough, so much too short for him, that his legs extended half-a-yard beyond it on either side of the foot-board. Above him, on his chest and stomach, from his chin to his knees, lay a huge squab or cushion, covered with a gay-patterned chintz, and ornamented at each corner with a fine tassel,—looking equally handsome, glossy, cold, and uncomfortable. For fear of deranging this article, he could only turn his eyes towards me as I entered, and when he spoke, it was with a voice that seemed weak and broken from exhaustion. "Frank, I've passed a miserable night," Not a doubt of it, thought I, *with a glance at his* accommodations. "I haven't—slept—a

wink." Of course not (mentally). "Did you ever see such a thing as that?" with a slight nod and roll of his eyes towards the cushion. I shook my head. "If I moved—it fell off; and if I didn't, I got—the cramp." Here a sort of suppressed groan. "Frank,—I've only turned once—all night long." I ventured to suggest that he would have done well to kick off the incumbrance on purpose, and the words had hardly left my lips when off flew the variegated cushion to the floor. The action seemed to relieve him, as if it had actually removed a weight from his bosom: he drew a long breath, and raised himself up on his elbow. "You're right, Frank; I've been a fool, sure enough—but that comes of foreign customs one never met with before; I suppose poor Kate was scared by my not coming down?" I nodded assent. "Yes—I shall go that way, some day, no doubt. Why, these beds are enough to kill one. It's impossible to sleep in 'em—but it's my suspicion the Germans sit up smoking all night. Anyhow, I'll stake my head there's not such a thing as a slug-a-bed in the whole country."

As he now showed an inclination to rise, I left him for the breakfast-table, where he soon joined us; and when he was seated, and had buttered his roll, he returned to the subject. "Frank, I've been thinking over the sleeping business, and my mind's made up. Take my word for it, the German beds are at the bottom of the German stories. They're all full of hobgoblin work and devilry, as if a man had written them after bad dreams. Since last night I think I could make up a German romancical story myself, like 'the Devil and Dr. Faustus.' I'm convinced I should have had the horrors, and no need to eat a raw-pork supper neither, like Mr. What's-his-name, the painter;—that's to say, provided I could only have gone to sleep. There's that *outlandish cushion* on your stomach—to my mind it's

a pillion—it's nothing but a pillion for the nightmare to sit upon." "And then," chimed in my aunt, "the foreign bedsteads are so very short—to stretch yourself is out of the question. Besides, mine was quite a new one, with a disagreeable smell I could never account for till this morning." "As how, Kate?" asked my uncle. "Why, it's an unpleasant thing to mention," said my aunt, "but when I awoke, I found myself sticking with both my soles to the foot-board, by the varnish."

So much for our sleeping accommodations at Cologne. Perhaps, Gerard, as you are of a speculative turn, you will think my uncle's theory of diablerie worth working out. To my own fancy, sundry passages of the "Faust,"—read aloud in the original language,—sound suspiciously like a certain noise produced by uneasy lying; indeed, I think it very possible to trace all the horrible phantasmagoria of the Walpurgis Night to the inspiration of a German bed, and its "nightmare's pillion."

The rest of the day was spent in seeing the Lions—and first, the Cathedral, the mere sight of which did me good, both morally and physically. Gerard, 'tis a miracle of art,—a splendid illustration of transcendentalism; never perhaps was there a better attempt, for it is but a fragment, to imitate a temple made without hands. I speak especially of the interior. Your first impression on entering the building is of its exquisite lightness; to speak after the style of the Apostle Paul, it seems not "of the earth earthy," but of heaven heavenly, as if it could take to itself wings and soar upwards. And surely if angelic porters ever undertake to carry Cathedrals instead of Chapels, (as we have seen a promise below of "messuages carefully delivered,") the Dom Kirche of Cologne will be their first burden to Loretto. The name *of its original architect* is unknown in the civic archives, but

assuredly it is enrolled in letters of gold in some masonic record of Christian faith. If from impression ariseth expression, its glorious builder must have had a true sense of the holy nature of his task. The very materials seem to have lost their materialism in his hands, in conformity with the design of a great genius spiritualised by its fervent homage to the Divine Spirit. In looking upward along the tall slender columns which seem to have sprung spontaneously from the earth like so many reeds, and afterwards to have been petrified, for only nature herself seemed capable of combining so much lightness with durability, I almost felt, as the architect must have done, that I had cast off the burden of the flesh, and had a tendency to mount skywards. In this particular it presented a remarkable contrast to the feelings excited by any other Gothic edifice with which I am acquainted. In Westminster Abbey, for instance, whose more solid architecture is chiefly visible by a "dim religious light," I was always overcome with an awe amounting to gloom; whereas at Cologne, the state of my mind rose somewhat above serenity. Lofty, aspiring, cheerful, the light of heaven more abundantly admitted than excluded, and streaming through painted panes, with all the varied colours of the first promise, the distant roof seemed to re-echo with any other strains than those of that awful hymn the "Dies Iræ." In opposition to the Temple of Religious Fear, I should call it the Temple of Pious Hope. And now, Gerard, having described to you my own feelings, I will not give you the mere description of objects to be found in the guide-books. From my hints you will be, perhaps, able to pick out a suggestion that might prove valuable in the erection of our new churches. Under the Pagan mythology, a temple had its specific purpose; it was devoted to some particular worship, or dedicated to some peculiar attribute of

cover the walls and ceiling are supposed to effervesce. The idea, however, is better than the execution—the intent surpasses the deed. The designs display a good deal of dull pantomime and trite allegory, such as a heart put up to auction, and the like. But the Germans, even of Cologne, on the strength of a Roman origin, ought not to attempt a Carnival. The Italian Genius and the Teutonic are widely asunder—as different as macaroni and sausage. Polichinello is quite another being to Hans Wurst—he is as puff paste to solid pudding. The national spirit is not sufficiently volatile, airy, or mercurial. The wit of the Germans is not feather-heeled; their humour is somewhat sedate. The serious fantastic, the grave grotesque, is their *forte*, rather than the comic. In short, their animal spirits, like their animal frames, are somewhat solid; and I could not help fancying that the frolics of their Saturnalia must resemble the ponderous fun described by Milton:—

> "The unwieldy Elephant,
> To make them mirth used all his might, and wreathed
> His lithe proboscis."

In my way homeward I was struck by a voice that seemed familiar to my ear, and looking in at a shop-door I saw what would be a subject for a picture of domestic interest. On one side of the counter stood my aunt, looking wonderfully blank and discomposed; on the other, was a grave broad-faced German, with his shoulders up to his ears, his eyebrows up to his crown, and the corners of his mouth down to his chin. On the counter itself, nearest my aunt, lay a small parcel of her purchases, with a sovereign intended to pay for them, while, next to the opposite party, were arranged three or four Prussian dollars and some smaller coins; the *difficulty*, whatever it might be, had evidently come to a

dead-lock. My aunt cast her eyes upward, as if the case was beyond mortal arrangement. The shopkeeper gravely shook his head, and had recourse to his snuff-box. A glance towards your humble servant made my aunt look in the same direction, and in an instant I was clutched by the arm and hauled into the shop. "I'm so glad you're come, Frank; I was never so served in my life." And hastily gathering up the Prussian dollars, she banged them singly down again, each after each, on the counter, with a vehemence little in keeping with her character. "There," said she, when the operation was finished, "one can't be deceived in that; there's no more ring in them than in so many leaden dumps." Of course I guessed the matter at a glance, but having met with somebody that could understand her language, my aunt was more disposed to talk than to listen. "But my dear aunt, it's the case with all the currency." "I know it is. I have rung the small pieces too, and they're no better than brass farthings. Mr. Grundy was quite right, they all cheat the English if they can." "Pooh, pooh, it's the proper currency of the country." "Nonsense, Frank! look here, they're only washed over like bad sixpences, anybody can see that! The man must have taken me for a perfect fool." All this time the German had kept looking alternately in our faces as each happened to be talking, but now he inquired if I could speak his language, and without waiting my answer, began anxiously explaining his own share in the transaction. The change he said, was correct, he had counted it ten times over with the lady, but still she was dissatisfied; and as for the money, it was the standard coin of the country. All of which I duly interpreted to my aunt, who, at last, was prevailed upon to exchange her good sovereign for the bad dollars; and catching up her purchases she departed, compelled *but unconvinced*. Her secret opinion, indeed, tran-

spired as she stepped from the threshold :—"Well, I must say, Frank, it's the first time I ever heard of a King being a common coiner of bad money, and what's worse, obliging all his own subjects to pass it off!"

By a curious coincidence, on entering the Hotel, we found my uncle engaged in precisely similar speculations. "Here Frank," said he, holding out to me a small document, "look at that. Talk of rag-money! I wish old Cobbett was alive again, or that his ghost would come up the river Rhine, just to hear what he'd say on the subject. Why, here's Mercury, and the Royal Arms, and the Spread Eagle, and Hercules, and all sorts of engine-turning, and filagree-work, and crinkum-crankums, and the value in three different languages, French, English, and High Dutch, and after all it's nothing but a three-shilling note!" "It's about as good as their German silver," murmured my aunt, as if talking to herself. "At least the Prussian money," said I, "has one convenience?" "And what's that?" asked my aunt, rather tartly; "it's both bad and heavy, as I know by my bag." "I alluded," said I, "to its almost infinite sub-division: no small consideration to your amateurs of cheap charity. In England, for instance, there are plenty of professedly benevolent persons who would, no doubt, contribute their '*mite*,' as it is called, to any charitable object, provided there were any real coin of that denomination." "Cologne swarms with objects sure enough," said my good aunt, with a very sincere sigh for the multitudinous miseries she was unable to relieve. "You have the comfort," said I, "my dear aunt, that with twelve pfennings to a groschen, you may give to nine beggars out of the dozen at the cost of an English penny."

Of course this was only banter, but the subject set me *thinking of the comparative* misery of being poor in a rich

country. For example, to give a pauper in England a farthing, which in Germany would purchase *something*, is literally to give him nothing at all. I am not aware of any article to be obtained at the price; what used to be, and is called a farthing candle, fetches a halfpenny. Still, I am not quite convinced but that the cheapest country may prove generally the dearest one; the difficulty of spending money alone must not be taken into account, but also the difficulty of obtaining it. Hence, it seems to me that the real dearness or cheapness of a country can only be properly weighed by a native. But I am no political economist, and besides, I think it as well to defer my local conclusions till I have had some experience of the premises. So, lest you should think my letter as long as an Eau de Cologne bottle without its spirit, I shall here close. The verses are for Emily, the sketch for yourself, with all loving remembrances from, dear Gerard,

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO * * * * *

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

The old Catholic City was still,
In the Minster the vespers were sung,
And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,
The last call of the trumpet had rung;
While, across the broad stream of the Rhine,
The full Moon cast a silvery zone;
And, methought, as I gazed on its shine,
"Surely *that is* the Eau de Cologne."

I inquired not the place of its source,
If it ran to the east or the west;
But my heart took a note of its course,
That it flow'd towards Her I love best—
That it flow'd towards Her I love best,
Like those wandering thoughts of my own,
And the fancy such sweetness possess'd,
That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne!

TO MISS WILMOT.

My dear Margaret,

Since my last, we have passed from Holland into Prussia, but, alas! a change of country has only brought a change of troubles. As I foretold, there was a plot against the Dutch linen, which, by my brother's and nephew's contrivance, was seized at the German frontier. I suspect they thought it would be an incumbrance; but, if so, it would have fallen only on my unfortunate self. It's so different to poor George, who never cared, in travelling, how he was loaded. Heaven knows the packages, and boxes, and bundles, we have taken only on a thirty miles' journey, without a murmur on his part, or an objection. Indeed my course from Rotterdam to Cologne has been marked by a series of misfortunes: and, in particular, a most mortifying adventure on board the steam-boat, which I do not like to trust on paper,—but you shall hear it when we meet.

Only this very morning, I met with something that hurt me very much, not merely on my own account, but for the sake of human nature. It always shocks one to meet with ingratitude, *selfishness, and* hard-heartedness in any body, but especially

in one of our own sex, and above all, a lady of birth and breeding, who ought to possess more refined and delicate feelings. I allude to Lady de Farringdon, who came over with us in the Lord Melville, and was nearly washed away whilst sitting in her own carriage on the deck. Providentially she was released from her perilous situation, and carried down to the ladies' cabin, but in a most deplorable state. She was drenched from head to foot, and so terrified and sick, it made me forget my own distresses to see her, and particularly when one reflected on the delicate nature of her bringing up, and all the elegant comforts and luxuries, and the devoted attention she had been accustomed to from her infancy. Her own maid and the stewardess being quite incapable, from fright and sickness, I felt it my duty to try to alleviate the poor sufferer's afflictions, and can only say she could not have received more assistance from me had she been my own sister. To do her ladyship justice, she expressed herself in the most handsome and grateful terms —indeed, in such warm and affectionate language, and her manner was so winning and friendly, even to kissing me, that I felt as if we had known and loved each other for years instead of only a day's acquaintance. In short, I quite grieved at parting with her, on the quay at Rotterdam, perhaps never to meet again in this world. You may fancy my delight, then, at recognising the carriage and liveries at a milliner's door in Cologne; and seeing her ladyship in the shop, I went in, and endeavoured to recall myself to her remembrance. But, instead of the warm reception I expected, after taking what I must call a rude stare at me through her glass, all she said was, "O, I suppose you are one of the persons who came over in the Lord Melville?" I told her I was, and hoped she had recovered from the effects of that awful storm. "O, of course," she said, very

coolly; "we soon get over those things on shore;" and then, turning away from me to the shopwoman, went on bargaining for a piece of lace. I was so shocked and hurt I hardly know how I got out of the shop, or if I even wished her ladyship a good morning. But it was really too much;—to think that the same woman who had clung to me, and rested her head on my shoulder; who had received my best assistance, even in undressing, for she was as helpless as a child; who had begged me to hold her hands, to feel for her, and even to pray with her—could treat me in so cruel a manner! I confess I could not help shedding tears and almost made a vow never to attach myself to any one again. Indeed, my brother warned me from the beginning and told me, in his style, that I was "hooking on to the wrong train." But oh, Margaret! what is this world worth if we cannot trust to our first impressions? But I must not repine; for, at all events, I was not deceived in poor George. As for Frank, he only laughs, and reminds me of the saying of Mr. Grundy, which I took at that time for ill-nature. "When you are abroad," said he, "you will meet with great folks, or would-be great folks, on their travels, who will suck all the information they can out of you, make use of you in every possible way, and then cut you dead in the street the next morning."

To-day I dined, for the first time, after the foreign fashion, at a table-d'hôte; it was entirely by Frank's persuasion, as I am not fond of eating in public, and to any one in spirits it would, no doubt, have been an amusing scene. The master of the Hotel took the head of the table, which accommodated about fifty persons. As I had stipulated beforehand, my brother sat on one side of me and my nephew on the other. Directly opposite was a Prussian officer in a blue and red *uniform*, and nearly a dozen little crosses and medals hanging

from the breast of his coat. Next to him was a fellow-traveller from London; Frank calls him a Cockney, who dreadfully alarmed us at Nimeguen by letting off pistols in the night; on the other side of the officer was an empty chair, with its back turned to the table to show that the place was bespoke. The rest of the company was made up of foreign ladies and gentlemen, and at the bottom of the table a person so very outlandish that I must try to describe him. Personally he was a large man, but from the breadth of his face and the size of his head, which looked all the bigger from a great quantity of hair that fell over his shoulders, he ought to have been a giant. His features were rather coarse and vulgar,—they could never have been handsome, and yet could never look ugly, with such an expression of good-humour. But to my fancy it was the good-humour of one who had never had anything to try it. He seemed always ready to smile at something or nothing,—but not as if from having cheerful thoughts, but from having no thoughts whatever to trouble him, good, bad, or indifferent. The only idea he seemed to entertain was of his dinner, in expectation of which he had hold of his fork rather awkwardly, with his third and fourth fingers over the handle, and the others under it, so that the prongs came out beyond his little finger. As for his dress, it set at defiance all rules as to colours that go well together. His coat was chocolate brown, with a pompadour velvet collar,—his waistcoat so gay with all the hues of the rainbow, that it resembled a bed of tulips—and then plum-coloured pantaloons. Across his bosom he wore several gold or gilt chains, to one of which hung a very large watch-key in the shape of a pistol; and his shirt was fastened with mosaic studs, besides a complicated sort of brooch, that looked like two hearts united together by little chains. Besides *these ornaments*, his hands were covered with rings,

his right forefinger always sticking straight out like that on a hand-post, as the joint could not bend for an immense ring, with an amethyst as big as a shilling. Frank whispered that he was travelling for Rundell and Bridge, but I suspect that was only a quiz.

In the meantime a dinner-bell kept ringing by way of invitation to all the town, but as no more guests appeared, the ceremony began. First came the soup, very like barley broth (supposing rice instead of barley) and then the beef which had been boiled in it, of course very insipid. It reminded me of the patent Pimlico bread I once tasted, when, as poor George said, they had extracted all the spirit and left nothing behind but the corpse of a loaf. I was obliged to leave it on my plate, where, as it got cold, it turned almost as white as a piece of wood. But you would have admired the dexterity of the waiters. One of them brought a large pile of clean plates, holding one between each finger, and dealt them out to us as if they had been cards. The worst is, the plates and dishes are all stone cold, and as, instead of a bill of fare, every course is put on the table to show you what you are to expect, and is then taken off again to be carved, the hottest of their hot dinners is only like a hasty attempt in warm weather at a cold collation. But what most surprised me was the order of the eatables, so different to any established by Mrs. Glasse or Mrs. Rundell. After the soup, &c., came in a monstrous dish of asparagus, with a sauce made of oiled butter and hard-boiled eggs. Next appeared a capon and salad, then a very sweet pudding, and then some very sour krout. The next dish that went its rounds, like a novel in a circulating library, was of very small, very waxy, kidney potatoes (Frank called them "Murphy's thumbs"), and then followed some unknown vegetable, with *a very unpleasant* smell, in a brown sauce, looking, according

to Frank, like "sailors' fingers stewed in tar." Next we had salmon and perch, in jelly, and cold, and last, and certainly not least, a great solid piece of roast veal. My brother, who partook of everything, was amused at this putting the cart before the horse. "Egad! Kate," he whispered, "I have eaten the wrong end of my dinner first, and suppose, to digest it properly, I must stand on my head." Indeed, I came in for my own share of novelties, for what seemed a pickled walnut was so sweet, that the mere surprise made me return it rather hastily to my plate. I was provoked enough, and especially as the Londoner thought proper to notice it, "Just like them Germans, ma'am," said he, "they arn't even up to pickled walnuts!" But what followed was worse, for after helping himself to what looked like preserved plums, but proved to be sour, he spluttered one out again without any ceremony, calling out loud enough for the whole room to hear him, "Pickled bullises, by jingo!" As you may suppose, I made up my mind to dine no more at a table-d'hôte, and especially as I did not know in what tavern doings it might end, for, on asking Frank the meaning of something painted up in large letters on the wall at one end of the room, he told me it was that gentlemen were requested not to smoke during dinner! In fact, when dinner was nearly over, who should walk in, and seat himself in the vacant chair just opposite me but, *a common soldier!* Of course such an occurrence is usual, for no one objected to his company; on the contrary, the officer conversed, and even hobnobbed with the new-comer. But as trifles serve to show low breeding, I was not surprised to observe the private helping himself first to the wine: it was only after partly filling his own glass that he recollected himself and helped his superior. Every moment I grew more uncomfortable, for this young fellow showed a great inclination to address me, and the Londoner

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I have said nothing of Cologne Cathedral, and the Sepulchre of the Three Kings; but to *me* tombs only bring painful reflections; and instead of the Cathedral, I would rather have seen a certain village spire, rising above the trees, like a poplar turned into a steeple. But a broken spirit always yearns towards home. As to health, we are in our usual way; except Martha, who has low crying fits that I cannot, and she will not, account for. Adieu. My Brother and Nephew unite in love to you, with, dear Margaret, your affectionate Sister,

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P.S.—There is a great stir here about a religious agreement that some hundreds of young Catholic females have signed, binding themselves not to marry unless to one of their own persuasion. A very tragical affair has happened in consequence, which Frank has made into a poem. I enclose a copy. To my taste it is rather pretty; but my Brother says it is not good poetry, for it does not sing well to any tune that he knows.

'Tis midnight—and the moonbeam, cold and wan,
On bower and river quietly is sleeping,
And o'er the corse of a self-murdered man
The Maiden fair is weeping.

In vain she looks into his glassy eyes,
No pressure answers to her hand so pressing;
In her fond arms impassively he lies,
Clay-cold to her caressing.

Despairing, stunn'd by her eternal loss,
She flies to succour that may best beseem her;
But, lo! a frowning Figure veils the Cross,
And hides the blest Redeemer!

With stern right hand it stretches forth a scroll,
Wherein she reads in melancholy letters,
The cruel fatal pact that placed her soul
And her young heart in fetters.

"Wretch! Sinner! Renegade! to truth and God,
Thy holy faith for human love to barter!"
No more she hears, but on the bloody sod
Sinks, Bigotry's last Martyr!

And side by side the hapless Lovers lie:
Tell me, harsh priest! by yonder tragic token,
What part hath God in such a Bond, whereby
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TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,

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town, you see a great part of the population collected on the shore, ready to perform this courtesy. One or two, like fuglemen, go through the manœuvre by anticipation, as if saluting the figure-head; then the vessel ranges alongside, and off goes the covering of every head—hats and caps of all shapes and colours, are flourishing in the air. Wet, or dry, or scorching sun, every male, from six years old to sixty, is uncovered. Some seize their caps by the top, others by the spout in front; this gives his hat a wave to and fro, that saws with it up and down; the very baker plucks off his white night-cap, and holds it shaking at arm's length. Meanwhile, their countrymen on board vigorously return the salute; the town is passed, and the ceremony is over. But, no!—a man comes running at full speed down a gateway, or round the corner of a street, looks eagerly for the boat, now 100 yards distant, gives a wave with his hat or cap, and then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, returns deliberately up the street, or gateway, as if he had acquitted himself of an indispensable moral duty.

Remarking on this subject to an English gentleman on board, he told me the following anecdote in point:—"During a temporary residence," said he, "at Mayence, I made a slight acquaintance with one of the inhabitants, of the name of Klopp. He had much of the honesty and conscientiousness attributed to his countrymen, and though in practice a plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact person, was nevertheless addicted, like Germans in general, to abstruse studies. Subsequently, for the sake of the baths, I shifted my quarters to Ems, and was one morning sitting at breakfast, when a rapping at the door announced a visitor, and in walked Herr Klopp. After the usual compliments, I inquired whether he had come to Ems for pleasure merely, or on account of his health? 'For neither,' replied the honest German, 'my

errand is to you, and I shall return home directly I have paid off a little debt.' I was not aware, I told him, that we had had any pecuniary transactions whatever. 'No,' replied Herr Klopp, 'not in money; but if you remember, on such a day (giving me the day and date) we passed each other on the Mayence Bridge. I had recently been reading Fichte, and my head was full of speculations; so that, though conscious of your bowing to me, I omitted to return your salute. It is true that I recollected myself in the cattle-market, and indeed pulled off my hat, but that hardly satisfied my conscience. So the end is, I have come to acquit myself of the debt; and here it is'——And, will you believe it, sir? with all the gravity of a Prussian sentry presenting arms, the scrupulous German paid me up the salute in arrear!"

To reward our patience, the blue crests of the Siebengebirge at length loomed over the low land, to the left, and assured us that our Pilgrim's Progress had brought us in sight of the Delectable Mountains. We had been advised to stop at Bonn, for the sake of some excursions in the neighbourhood, and that ancient and learned city soon made its appearance. Its aspect was quaint and inviting. As we neared the shore it was crowded with spectators, amongst whom those *Bonny* Laddies, the students, were gaily conspicuous. A great many were dressed as Tyrolese, with ribbons and flowers in their high-crowned hats; and whatever a Quaker might have thought of such vanities, a painter would assuredly have been grateful for such very picturesque accessories to the foreground. You may form some notion of their appearance from the remark of my uncle—"Frank, they must have made a long night at the masquerade, to be in their fancy dresses so late in the morning." When I told him they were the students, he made one of his wry faces. "Students! What do they *study?—Private theatricals!* Yes—there's a youngster

dressed up like Macready in William Tell; and yonder's another with a parasol straw hat, a nankeen jacket, and a long pipe in his mouth, like the Planter in Paul and Virginia!"

The moment the "Princess" came abreast of the pier, a party of the Burschen sprang on board, of course with an equal number of pipes, and formed a group on the deck. Most of them were in costume "marvellously imaginative;" some seemed to have sought their Journal des Modes, or Mirror of Fashion, in the pictures of Vandyke or Salvator Rosa; others appeared to have been clothed, in a fit of enthusiasm, by a romantic tailor. Indeed one of them presented so very *outré* a figure, that I was not at all surprised to hear the Cockney's exclamation of "What a Guy!" No small portion of care and culture had been bestowed upon their hair, moustaches, and beards, which strongly reminded me of the Dutch hedges, that are trained and trimmed into all sorts of grotesque and fanciful shapes. But in the midst of these speculations the bell warned us to provide for our own departure; and winding in Indian file through the motley crowd, we made the best of our way to the hotel.

After establishing ourselves in comfortable quarters we strolled about the town, first taking a long gaze from the Altezoll, across the broad Rhine, at the grand group of Seven Mountains. We then scanned the façade of the University, took a peep in at a church or two, and discussed a flask of Ahrbleichart in the Vinea Domini. During this ramble, we saw, of course, a number of the students, and it was amusing to hear Nuncle guessing at the historical personages they had selected for their models;—for instance, Peter the Wild Boy —Van Butchell—Don Quixote—Samson—Absalom—Esau —Blackbeard the Pirate—Confucius—Henri Quatre—and Bampfylde *Moore Carew*. One very dissimilar pair he chris-

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THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE.

'Tis even—on the pleasant banks of Rhine
The thrush is singing, and the dove is cooing,
A youth and maiden on the turf recline
Alone—And he is wooing.

Yet woos in vain, for to the voice of love
No kindly sympathy the Maid discovers,
Though round them both, and in the air above,
The tender Spirit hovers!

Untouch'd by lovely Nature and her laws,
The more he pleads, more coyly she represses;—
Her lips denies, and now her hand withdraws,
Rejecting his caresses.

Fair is she as the dreams young poets weave,
Bright eyes, and dainty lips, and tresses curly;
In outward loveliness a child of Eve,
But cold as Nymph of Lurley!

The more Love tries her pity to engross,
The more she chills him with a strange behaviour;
Now tells her beads, now gazes on the Cross
And Image of the Saviour.

Forth goes the Lover with a farewell moan,
As from the presence of a thing inhuman;—
Oh! what unholy spell hath turn'd to stone
The young warm heart of Woman!

* * * * *

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On bower and river quietly is sleeping,
And o'er the corse of a self-murdered man
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In vain she looks into his glassy eyes,
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Remarking on this subject to an English gentleman on board, he told me the following anecdote in point:—"During a temporary residence," said he, "at Mayence, I made a slight acquaintance with one of the inhabitants, of the name of Klopp. He had much of the honesty and conscientiousness attributed to his countrymen, and though in practice a plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact person, was nevertheless addicted, like Germans in general, to abstruse studies. Subsequently, for the sake of the baths, I shifted my quarters to Ems, and was one morning sitting at breakfast, when a rapping at the door announced a visitor, and in walked Herr Klopp. After the usual compliments, I inquired whether he had come to Ems for pleasure merely, or on account of his health? '*For neither*,' replied the honest German; 'my

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But now, Gerard, good night. Fatigued and drowsy from our breezy rambles, a resolution has been moved and seconded, for retiring early, that I am too heavy-headed to oppose. "God bless the man who invented sleep!" cries honest Sancho Panza, and Heaven be praised that he did not take out a patent, and keep the discovery to himself. My best love to Emily.

I am, my dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P.S.—Past one o'clock, and here I am, not couchant but rampant! Yet have I been between sheets, and all but into the soft arms of Mr. Morpheus,—but oh! Gerard, a night at Bonn is anything but a bonne nuit!

Never did I throw myself with such sweet abandonment into that blessed luxury, a bed. Sleep, the dear Eiderduck, was beginning to brood me with her downy breast and shadowy wings,—I was already swooning away into the

delicious semi-oblivion that precedes the total forgetfulness, when crash! I was startled broad awake by the compound rattle of a vehicle that seemed to have twelve wheels, with four-and-twenty loose spokes in each, and a cast-iron horse! Students, of course, from their revels at Godesberg! Another and another followed—then a street squabble—and then "Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" arranged for any number of voices. Doze again—but no—another scrambling shandry-dan,—and then a duo—no, a trio,—no, a quart—no, a quint —no, a sext—zounds! a dozen were chiming in at the top-most pitch of their lungs! Partial as I am to music, I could not relish these outbreaks, nor did it comfort me a whit, that all who met, or overtook these wassailers joined most skilfully and scientifically in the tune!

> "I like your German singers well,
> But hate them too, and for this reason,
> Although they always sing in time,
> They often sing quite out of season."

In short, finding that it was impossible to sleep, I got up —rang for candles—cigars—and brandy and water, and then amused myself with the tale of *diablerie* I inclose. Meanwhile the students have subsided—the streets are quiet—and once more, good night.

THE FATAL WORD.

A ROMANCE OF BONN.

THANKS to the merry company, and the good Ahrbleichart wine, at his Cousin Rudolph's, it was midnight ere Peter Krauss, the little tailor of Bonn, set out on his road home. Now Peter was a pious and a tender-hearted man, who would *not* hurt a dog, much less a fellow-creature; but he had one

master-failing, which at last brought him into a horrible scrape, and that was curiosity. Such was his itch for meddling and prying, that whatever business went forward, he was sure to look and listen with all his might. Let a word or two be pronounced in a corner, and you could fancy his ears pricking towards the sound, like the ears of a horse. Perhaps, if he had ever perused the tragical story of Blue Beard, he would have learned more prudence; but, unhappily, he never read Fairy Tales, nor indeed anything of the kind, except some of the old Legends of the Saints.

Thus Peter Krauss, pipe in mouth, was trudging silently homeward, through the pleasant valley between Rœttchen and Poppelsdorf, when all at once he heard something that brought him to a full stop. Yes,—there certainly was a talking on the other side of the bushes; so giving loose to his propensity, he drew near, and listened the more eagerly as he recognised one of the voices as that of Ferdinand Wenzel, the wildest and wickedest of all the students at Bonn. The other voice he did not know, nor indeed had he ever heard one at all like it; its tone was deep and metallic like the tolling of a great bell.

"Ask, and it shall be granted, if within my compass."

Peter, trembling, peeped through the thick foliage at the last speaker, and to his unutterable horror, descried a dreadful figure, which could only belong to one fearful personage —the Enemy of Mankind. Krauss could nearly see his full face, which was ten thousand times uglier than that of Judas in the old paintings. The Fiend was grinning, and dismally the moonlight gleamed on his huge hard cheek-bones, and thence downward to his mouth, where it gleamed awfully on his set teeth, which shone not with the bright bony whiteness of ivory, but with the flash of polished steel. Opposite to the Evil One, and as much at his ease as if he had only

errand is to you, and I shall return home directly I have paid off a little debt.' I was not aware, I told him, that we had had any pecuniary transactions whatever. 'No,' replied Herr Klopp, 'not in money; but if you remember, on such a day (giving me the day and date) we passed each other on the Mayence Bridge. I had recently been reading Fichte, and my head was full of speculations; so that, though conscious of your bowing to me, I omitted to return your salute. It is true that I recollected myself in the cattle-market, and indeed pulled off my hat, but that hardly satisfied my conscience. So the end is, I have come to acquit myself of the debt; and here it is'——And, will you believe it, sir? with all the gravity of a Prussian sentry presenting arms, the scrupulous German paid me up the salute in arrear!"

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The moment the "Princess" came abreast of the pier, a party of the Burschen sprang on board, of course with an equal number of pipes, and formed a group on the deck. Most of them were in costume "marvellously imaginative;" some seemed to have sought their Journal des Modes, or Mirror of Fashion, in the pictures of Vandyke or Salvator Rosa; others appeared to have been clothed, in a fit of enthusiasm, by a romantic tailor. Indeed one of them presented so very *outré* a figure, that I was not at all surprised to hear the Cockney's exclamation of "What a Guy!" No small portion of care and culture had been bestowed upon their hair, moustaches, and beards, which strongly reminded me of the Dutch hedges, that are trained and trimmed into all sorts of grotesque and fanciful shapes. But in the midst of these speculations the bell warned us to provide for our own departure; and winding in Indian file through the motley crowd, we made the best of our way to the hotel.

After establishing ourselves in comfortable quarters we strolled about the town, first taking a long gaze from the Altezoll, across the broad Rhine, at the grand group of Seven Mountains. We then scanned the façade of the University, took a peep in at a church or two, and discussed a flask of Ahrbleichart in the Vinea Domini. During this ramble, we saw, of course, a number of the students, and it was amusing to hear Nuncle guessing at the historical personages they had selected for their models;—for instance, Peter the Wild Boy —Van Butchell—Don Quixote—Samson—Absalom—Esau —Blackbeard the Pirate—Confucius—Henri Quatre—and Bampfylde Moore Carew. One very dissimilar pair he chris-

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I am, my dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P.S.—Past one o'clock, and here I am, not couchant but rampant! Yet have I been between sheets, and all but into the soft arms of Mr. Morpheus,—but oh! Gerard, a night at Bonn is anything but a bonne nuit!

Never did I throw myself with such sweet abandonment into that blessed luxury, a bed. Sleep, the dear Eiderduck, was beginning to brood me with her downy breast and shadowy wings,—I was already swooning away into the

delicious semi-oblivion that precedes the total forgetfulness, when crash! I was startled broad awake by the compound rattle of a vehicle that seemed to have twelve wheels, with four-and-twenty loose spokes in each, and a cast-iron horse! Students, of course, from their revels at Godesberg! Another and another followed—then a street squabble—and then "Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" arranged for any number of voices. Doze again—but no—another scrambling shandry-dan,—and then a duo—no, a trio,—no, a quart—no, a quint—no, a sext—zounds! a dozen were chiming in at the top-most pitch of their lungs! Partial as I am to music, I could not relish these outbreaks, nor did it comfort me a whit, that all who met, or overtook these wassailers joined most skilfully and scientifically in the tune!

> "I like your German singers well,
> But hate them too, and for this reason,
> Although they always sing in time,
> They often sing quite out of season."

In short, finding that it was impossible to sleep, I got up—rang for candles—cigars—and brandy and water, and then amused myself with the tale of *diablerie* I inclose. Meanwhile the students have subsided—the streets are quiet—and once more, good night.

THE FATAL WORD.

A ROMANCE OF BONN.

THANKS to the merry company, and the good Ahrbleichart wine, at his Cousin Rudolph's, it was midnight ere Peter Krauss, the little tailor of Bonn, set out on his road home. Now Peter was a pious and a tender-hearted man, who would *not hurt* a dog, much less a fellow-creature; but he had one

master-failing, which at last brought him into a horrible scrape, and that was curiosity. Such was his itch for meddling and prying, that whatever business went forward, he was sure to look and listen with all his might. Let a word or two be pronounced in a corner, and you could fancy his ears pricking towards the sound, like the ears of a horse. Perhaps, if he had ever perused the tragical story of Blue Beard, he would have learned more prudence; but, unhappily, he never read Fairy Tales, nor indeed anything of the kind, except some of the old Legends of the Saints.

Thus Peter Krauss, pipe in mouth, was trudging silently homeward, through the pleasant valley between Rœttchen and Poppelsdorf, when all at once he heard something that brought him to a full stop. Yes,—there certainly was a talking on the other side of the bushes; so giving loose to his propensity, he drew near, and listened the more eagerly as he recognised one of the voices as that of Ferdinand Wenzel, the wildest and wickedest of all the students at Bonn. The other voice he did not know, nor indeed had he ever heard one at all like it; its tone was deep and metallic like the tolling of a great bell.

"Ask, and it shall be granted, if within my compass."

Peter, trembling, peeped through the thick foliage at the last speaker, and to his unutterable horror, descried a dreadful figure, which could only belong to one fearful personage —the Enemy of Mankind. Krauss could nearly see his full face, which was ten thousand times uglier than that of Judas in the old paintings. The Fiend was grinning, and dismally the moonlight gleamed on his huge hard cheek-bones, and thence downward to his mouth, where it gleamed awfully on his set teeth, which shone not with the bright bony whiteness of ivory, but with the flash of polished steel. Opposite to the Evil One, and as much at his ease as if he had only

been in company with a bosom crony, sat the reckless, daring, Ferdinand Wenzel, considering intently what infernal boon he had best demand. At last he seemed to have make up his mind;—Krauss pricked up his ears.

"Give me," said the Wild Student, "the power of life and death over others."

"I can grant thee only the half," said the Fiend. "I have power to shorten human life, but there is only one who may prolong it."

"Be it so," said the Student; "only let those whom I may doom die suddenly before my face."

"All the blessed saints and martyrs forbid!" prayed Krauss in his soul, at the same time crossing himself as fast as he could. "In that case, I'm a dead man to a certainty! He will make away with all that is Philister—namely, with all that is good, or religious, or sober, or peaceable, or decent, in the whole city of Bonn!"

In the meantime the Evil One seemed to deliberate, and at length told the Wild Student that he should have his wish. "Listen, Ferdinand Wenzel. I will teach thee a mortal word, which if thou pronounce aloud to any human being, man, woman, or child, they shall drop down, stone-dead, as by a stroke of apoplexy, at thy very feet."

"Enough," said the Wild Student. "Bravo!" and he waved his arms exultingly above his head. "I am now one of the Fates. I hold the lives of my enemies in my hand. I am no more Ferdinand Wenzel, but Azrael, the Angel of Death. Come, the word—the mighty word!"

We have said that the topmost failing of Peter Krauss was curiosity,—it was rather his besetting sin, and was now about to meet with its due punishment. Where other men would have shut their eyes, he opened them; where they *would have* stopped their ears, he put up a trumpet. O

Peter, Peter! better hadst thou been born deaf as the adder than have heard the three dreadful syllables that made up that tremendous WORD. But Peter was wilful, and stretched out his neck like a crane's towards the sound, and as the Fiend, at Wenzel's request, repeated the fatal spell nine times over, it was impressed on the listener's memory, never to be forgotten.

"I have got it by heart," said the Wild Student, "and I know right well who shall hear it the first."

"Bravo!" said the voice that sounded like the toll of a death-bell.

The hair, long as it was, rose erect on Krauss's devoted head; every lock felt alive, and crawling and writhing like a serpent. He considered himself the doomed man. Wenzel owed him money, and debtors are apt to get weary of their creditors. Yes; his days were numbered, like those of the pig at the butcher's door. Full of these terrible thoughts, he got away as hastily as he could, without making an alarm, and as soon as he dared, set off at a run towards his home. On he scampered, wishing that his very arms were legs, to help him go at a double rate. On, on, on, he gallopped through Poppelsdorf, but without seeing it, like a blind horse that knows its way by instinct,—on, on; but at last he was compelled to halt, not for want of breath, for his lungs seemed locked up in his bosom; nor yet from fatigue, for his feet never felt the hard ground they bounded from; but because a party of students, linked arm in arm, occupied the whole breadth of the road. As soon as they heard footsteps behind them they stopped, and recognising the little tailor, began to jeer and banter him, and at length proceeded to push and hustle him about rather roughly. For some time he bore this rude treatment with patience, but in the end, even his good-humour gave way, and turned to bitterness.

"Ay, young and strong as ye be," thought he, "I know that, my masters, which could stiffen your limbs and still your saucy tongues in a moment." And why not pronounce the WORD then?" said something so like a whisper, that Krauss started, expecting to see the Fiend himself at his elbow. But it was only the evil suggestion of his own mind, which, with some difficulty, he subdued, till the Burschen, tired of the present amusement, let go of their victim, and joining in a jovial chorus, allowed the tormented tailor to resume his race. "St. Remi be with me," murmured the frightened man, "and help me to restrain my tongue! Oh that awful word, how nearly it slipped from me in my rage! I shall do a murder, I know I shall—I shall be cursed and branded like bloody Cain!" and he groaned and smote his forehead as he ran. In this mood he arrived at his own door, where he let himself in with his private key. It was late; his good wife Trudchen had retired to rest, and was in so sound a sleep that he forebore to awaken her. But that very sight, as she lay so still and so calm, only excited the most distressing fancies. "One word," thought he, "three little syllables, would make that sleep eternal!" Shuddering throughout his frame, he undressed and crept into his own bed, which was beside the other—but, alas! not to rest. He dared not close his eyes, even for a wink. "If I sleep," thought he, "I shall dream, and as people always dream of what is uppermost in their minds, and moreover, as I am apt to talk in my sleep"—the mere idea of what might follow threw him into such an agony, that no opiate short of a fatal dose could have induced him to slumber for an instant. A miserable night he passed, now looking forward with terror, and then backward with self-reproach. A thousand times he cursed his fatal curiosity that had *brought him to such a pass*. "Fool, dolt, idiot, ass, long-

eared ass that I was, to listen to what did not concern me, and to turn eaves-dropper to the Devil! I am lost, body and soul! Oh that I had been born deaf and dumb!—Oh that my dear mother, now in heaven,—Oh that my good nurse, now in Munich,—had never taught me to speak! Oh that I had died in cutting my first teeth! That detestable word—if I could only get rid of it, but it is ever present, in my mind and in my mind's eye! in the dark it seemed written on the wall in letters of fire; and now the daylight comes, they have turned into letters of pitch black!" Thus he tossed and tumbled all night in his bed, with suppressed moans, and groans, and sighings, and inward prayers, till it was time to rise. Then he got up and opened his shop, and afterwards sat down to breakfast; but he could not eat. If he tried to swallow, the accursed word seemed sticking at the bottom of his throat—sometimes it rose to the very tip of his tongue, and then to taste anything was quite out of the question. Life itself had lost its relish, like food with a diseased palate. Conjugal and parental love, which had been his greatest comforts, were now his uttermost torments. When he looked at his good Trudchen, it was with a shudder; and he dared not play with his own little Peterkin. "If I open my lips to him," thought the father, "my child is dead—in the midst of some nursery nonsense the WORD will slip out, for it keeps ringing in my ears like a bell." In the meantime his wife did not fail to notice his altered appearance, but it gave her little concern. The good Trudchen was very fat and very philosophic, which some people call phlegmatic, and she took the most violent troubles rather softly and quietly, as feather-beds receive cannon-balls. "Tush," said she, in her own full bosom, "he looks as if he had not rested well, but he will sleep all the better to-night; and as *for his appetite, that* will come-to in time." But the

contrast only served to aggravate the sufferings of poor Krauss. To see his wife, the partner of his fortune, the sharer of his heart, his other self, so calm, so cool, so placid, grated on his very soul. There was something even offensive in it, like a fine sunny day to the mourners when there is a funeral in the house. His first impulse was to seek for sympathy, which generally implies making somebody else as miserable and unhappy as yourself; in fact, he was on the point of beginning the story to his wife, when one of those second thoughts, which are always the best, clapped a seal upon his lips. "No, no," he reflected, "tell a woman a secret? why, she'll blab it to the very first of her leaky gossips that drops in." In sheer despair, he resolved to bury himself over head and ears in his business, and accordingly hurried into his shop. But do whatever he would, his trouble still haunted him—he dreaded to see a customer walk in. "I am liable," said he, "as all the world knows, to fits of absence, and if I do not say the awful Word to somebody to his face, I shall perchance write it at the head of his bill." In the midst of this soliloquy, the little door-bell rang, as the door was thrown violently open, and in stalked the abominable Wenzel!

The devoted tailor turned as pale as marble, his teeth chattered, his knees knocked together till the kneepans clattered like a pair of castanets, whilst his hair again rose erect, like the corn after the wind has passed over it. But for once his fears were mistaken; his unwelcome patron only came to order some new garments. "Heaven help me," thought the afflicted tradesman, "he is too deep already in my books, and yet if I make the least shadow of an objection, I am a dead man."

After turning over all the goods in the shop, the Wild *Student selected* a mulberry-coloured cloth, and then for the

first time addressed himself to the proprietor. "Harkye, Peter Krauss, they tell me thou art a most notable listener."

The tailor's blood ran cold in his veins, and he gasped for breath; beyond doubt his eaves-dropping the night before had been discovered, if not known at the time by the Evil One himself. He was on the point of dropping on his knees to beg his life, when the next speech reassured him.

"You will please, therefore, to listen most attentively to my instructions."

The trembling Peter breathed again, whilst his customer went into a minute description of the frogs, and lace, and embroidery, with which the new garment was to be most elaborately and expensively trimmed. To all of which poor Krauss answered submissively, "Yes," and "Yes, certainly," in the plaintive tone of a well-whipped child. In the midst of this scene, two more students, inferior only to the first in bad repute, came swaggering into the shop, who, on the matter being referred to them, approved so highly of the mulberry-coloured cloth, that Wenzel at once bespoke the whole piece. "And now, Krauss," said the Wild Student, drawing his victim a little aside, "I have *one word* to say in your ear." At so ominous a speech, the little tailor broke out all over in a cold dew; that "one word" he guessed was his death-warrant; the ground he stood upon seemed opening under his feet like a grave. By a natural instinct he clapped both his hands to his ears; but they were almost instantly removed by the more vigorous arms of his enemy; he then, as a last resource, set up a sort of bull-like bellowing in order to drown the dreaded sounds, but the noise was as promptly stifled by the thrusting of his own nightcap into his open mouth. "Hist, thou listener," said the Wild Student, in an angry whisper, "those two gentlemen yonder are *my most* intimate friends; you will give them

credit for whatever they may choose to order, and I, Ferdinand Wenzel, will be answerable for the amount."

This was bad enough, but it might have been worse; and the little tailor was glad to assent, though he was now past speaking, and could only bow and bow again, with the tears in his eyes. Accordingly, his two new customers, thus powerfully recommended, began to select such articles as they thought proper, and gave ample directions for their making up. They then departed, Wenzel the last. "Remember," said he, significantly, holding up a warning finger, "remember—or else"—"I know, I know," murmured the terrified tailor, who felt as if relieved from an incubus, as the back of the Wild Student disappeared behind the closing door. But his grief soon returned. "I'm lost," he cried, in a doleful voice, "the more I'm patronised, the more I'm undone! They never will, they never can, pay me for it all. I'm a bankrupt—I must needs be a bankrupt—I'm a ruined man!" "Who is ruined?" inquired the comfortable Trudchen, just entering in time to catch the last words. "It's me," said the sorrowful tailor. "As how, Peter?" "How? Trudchen!—here has been that dare-devil, Ferdinand Wenzel, and brought two other scape-graces almost as bad as himself; and, besides heaven knows what else, he has ordered the whole piece of mulberry cloth." "He shall as soon have the mulberry-tree out of the garden," said the quiet Trudchen. "But he must have it," said the husband, with great agitation. "But he shan't," said the wife, quite collected. "I tell thee, Trudchen, he *must*," said the little tailor. "Well, we shall see," said the great tailoress, with the composed tone of a woman who felt sure of her own way.

Here was a new dilemma. Poor Peter Krauss plainly foresaw his own catastrophe; but to be pushed on to it, post *haste, by the wife* of his bosom, the mother of his sole

child, was more than he could bear. "I tell thee, Trudchen, he *must* have it," repeated the doomed man. "You always try," said the phlegmatic Trudchen, "to have the last word." "And if I chose, I could make sure of it," retorted the now angry Peter. "Say the WORD to her at once," said the old whisper, which the affrighted husband no longer doubted was a suggestion from Satan in person. He was cool—nay, cold—in a moment; and not daring to trust himself in his wife's presence, ran up to the little bed-chamber. The fat Trudchen stared awhile at this manœuvre, but as she reflected that persons, who go up stairs will, some time or other, come down again, she placidly resumed her knitting.

"Wretch! miserable wretch that I am!" sighed the disconsolate tailor, throwing himself on the bed with his face downwards. "I have been within an ace of murdering my own dear wife, the mother of my precious Peterkin! Oh! St. Mark! St. Remi! what mortal sin have I committed, to draw upon me such a visitation? Me, too, who could never keep a secret in my life! Then, again, if I take a glass extra of good wine, it is sure to set my tongue running. O what hundreds, thousands, of deaths will lie at my door! I shall be a Monster,—a Vampyre! Oh! I shall run mad—and then my head will wander—and I shall pronounce *it* in my ravings! It is sure to come out! Cursed be the year, and the day, and the hour, and the minute, oh Peter Krauss! that thou wast born!"

"Alas!" (thus he continued) "the misfortune of a strong memory! The harder I try to forget it, the more it comes into my mind. If it had only been a long sentence—but a single word, that drops out like a loose tooth before one is aware. Ah! there is no being on my guard!" Having thus lamented, with many tears, by degrees he became more composed, *and resolved* to refresh his spirits by a walk in the

open air. But the tyrannical idea still pursued him with its diabolical suggestions. For instance, he could not help saying to himself, as a passenger passed by—"There's a tall swaggering fellow, but I could strike him stone dead in an instant. One WORD from me, and that flaunting maiden is a corse." Moreover, the very demon, Curiosity, that first led him to his guilty knowledge, now began to tempt him to its abuse. "I wonder," thought he, "if it be true, or only a juggle. Suppose I were to try it,—just one syllable,—on that soldier, or that miller, or on his dog!" But remorse soon followed. "Woe is me! I must fly the faces of my kind! I must turn hermit,—or live like Roland on a bleak rock, beyond speech with man, woman, or child!" As he said this, he was run against by some one, blind with haste, whom he caught by the arm. It was the maid-servant of his old friend and neighbour, Hermann Liederbach. "Let me go," cried the breathless female, struggling to get free. "I am running to fetch the doctor to my poor master, who has dropped down in a fit, if he is not dead."—"That's very sudden," said Peter, as if musing. "Oh, like a gun!" answered the maiden; "he was quite well and merry only the minute before, talking and laughing with that Wild Student, Ferdinand Wenzel."

Poor Krauss was ready to drop down himself. However, he contrived to get home, where he threw himself on his knees behind the counter, and hid his face amongst the bales of cloth. The horrid work was begun—but where would it end? Nor were his fears in vain. On a sudden his attention was excited by the trampling of numerous feet, and going to the shop door, he saw a crowd following four men, who carried a dead body on a board. "Hollo! what have you there?" shouted an opposite neighbour from his upper *window.* "*It's* poor Stephen Asbeck," answered several

voices; "he dropped down dead in the Market-place whilst squabbling with one of the students." Krauss stood rooted to the spot, till the whole procession had passed by. "It's dreadful work," said Mrs. Krauss, just entering from the back-parlour. "What is?" asked the startled tailor, with all the tremor of a guilty man. "To be cut off so suddenly in the prime of youth and beauty." "Beauty!" repeated Krauss, with a bewildered look, for in truth neither Liederbach nor Asbeck had any pretence to good looks. "Yes, beauty," replied Mrs. Krauss; "but I forgot that the news came while you were absent. Poor Dorothy has died suddenly—the handsome girl who rejected that good-for-nothing Ferdinand Wenzel." Krauss dropped into a chair as if shot. His fat wife wondered a little at such excessive emotion, but remembering that her husband was very tender-hearted, went quietly on with her knitting.

Poor Peter's brain was spinning round. He who would not willingly hurt a dog, to be privy to, if not accomplice in three such atrocious and deliberate murders! His first impulse was to discover the whole affair to the Police: but who would believe so extraordinary a story? Where were his witnesses? Wenzel, of course, would confess nothing; and it would be difficult to call the Devil into court. Still his knowledge invested him with a very awful responsibility, and called upon him to put an end to the diabolical system. But how? Perhaps—and he shuddered at the thought—it was his dreadful duty to avert this wholesale assassination by the death of the assassin. As if to sanction the suggestion, even as it passed through the tailor's mind, the detestable Wenzel came into the shop to add some new item to his instructions. "Have you heard the news?" asked the Wild Student carelessly; "Death is wondrous busy in Bonn." Krauss only answered *with a mournful* shake of the head. "Poor dear

Dorothy!" sighed Mrs. Krauss; "so young, and so beautiful." The Wild Student burst into a sneering laugh—"There will be more yet," said he; "they will keep drop, drop, dropping, like over-ripe plums from the tree?"

So fiendish an announcement was too much for even the milky nature of Peter Krauss. His resolution was taken on the spot. "Wretch! Monster! Were-Wolf!" he said to himself, "thou wert never of woman born. It can be no more sin to slay thee than the savage tiger! Yes,—thou shalt hear the WORD of doom thyself!" But the moment he attempted to utter it, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; his throat seemed to collapse; and when he had regained the power of speech, the fatal word, that hitherto had never ceased ringing in his inward ear, had vanished completely from his memory! However, such an oblivion was in itself a blessing, as it removed any temptation to actual guilt; but alas! no sooner had the Wild Student departed, than back came the hateful syllables, clear and distinct on the tablets of Krauss's mind, like a writing in sympathetic ink.

As the vile Wenzel had predicted, the number of sudden deaths rapidly increased. One after another, the most respectable of the inhabitants fell down in the street, and were carried home. All Bonn was filled with lamentations and dismay. "It's the plague," said one. "It's the Black Death," cried another. Some advised a consultation of physicians; others proposed a penitential procession to the Kreutzberg.

In the meantime the unfortunate tailor again took refuge in the bed-room, desperately closing his eyes and stopping his ears, against the melancholy sights and sounds that were constantly occurring in the street. But the mortality had become too frightful for even the apathetic temper of the *stout Trudchen,* who for once, thrown into a state of violent

agitation, felt the necessity of comfort and companionship. Accordingly she sought eagerly for her husband, who, sitting as we have said, with closed eyes and ears, was of course unconscious of her entrance. Besides, he was grieving aloud, and his wife bent over him to catch the words.—"Miserable mortals," he groaned, "miserable frail mortals that we are! —wretched candles,—blown out at a breath! Who would have thought that such a cause could produce such a calamity?—Who could have dreamed it?—to think that such a hearty man as poor Liederbach, or poor Asbeck, could be destroyed by a sound—nay, that half a town should perish through simply saying ——" and the unconscious Peter pronounced the fatal WORD. It had scarcely passed his lips when something fell so heavily as to shake the whole house, and hastily opening his eyes, he beheld the comely Trudchen, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his darling Peterkin, in the last death-quiver at his feet!

The horrified Peter Krauss was stunned—stupified—bewildered! With his eyes fixed on the victim of his fatal curiosity, he sat motionless in his chair. It was the shock of a moral earthquake, that shook his very soul to its foundations. He could neither think nor feel. His brain was burning hot, but his heart seemed turned to solid ice. It was long before he was even sensible of outward impressions; but at last he became aware of a continued tugging at the tail of his coat. A glance sufficed—it was little Peterkin. "He will be the next!" shrieked the frantic father; and tossing his arms aloft, he threw himself down the stairs and rushed out of the house. At the top of his speed, as if pursued by the unrelenting Fiend, he raced through the streets and out of the gates, into the open country, where he kept running to and fro like a mad creature, tormented by the stings *of conscience*. Over rocks, amongst thickets,

through water, he leaped and crashed, and struggled; his flesh was torn and bleeding, but he cared not—he wanted to die. At one time his course lay towards the Eifel, as if to end his misery in that scene of volcanic desolation, so similar to his own; but suddenly turning round, he scoured back to his native town, through the gates, along the streets, and dashing into the church of St. Remi, threw himself on his knees beside the confessional. The venerable Father Ambrose was in the chair, and with infinite difficulty extracted the horrible story from the distracted man. When it was ended, the priest desired to know the awful WORD which acted with such tremendous energy. "But, your reverence," sobbed Krauss, with a thrill of natural horror, "it kills those who but hear it pronounced."

"True, my son," replied the aged priest, "but all unholy spells will lose their power within these sacred walls."

"But your reverence ——"

"Peter Krauss!" said the priest, in a loud angry tone, "I insist on it, if you hope for absolution."

"Then, if I must ——"

"Speak, my son, speak."

'I will."

"Now!"

"Yes!"

"Come."

"Ah! ——"

"What is it?"

"Sancta Maria!"

"The word! the word!"

"POTZTAUSEND!" murmured Krauss, in a low tremulous voice, with a shudder throughout his frame, and a terrified look all round him. And lo! the ghostly father *was a ghost indeed*—the church of St. Remi had tumbled

into fragments, and instead of the holy tapers, a few strange lights were gleaming mysteriously in the distance. "Potztausend!" repeated Peter Krauss, giving himself a shake, and rubbing his eyes, "it's all the fault of the good Ahrbleichart; but I've certainly been sleeping and dreaming on the wrong side of the town-gate!"

TO REBECCA PAGE.

Dear Becky,

Missis being gone off to bed betimes, I take the oportunity to set up to rite to you how we get on. At this present we are at Bon, an old town with very good prospex, but dredful uproarus by reason of its Collidge, and so menny Schollards, witch as I've experenst at Oxford, always make more desturbans and hubbub then the ignorent and unlarned. To be sure wen the Germin ones are not making a noys, they sing bewtiful, witch is sum amends. Its been like a vocle consort all the evening in the streets. But then such figgers! It seems every won's studdy by dressing up and transmogrifying, to make himself as partickler as he can. Sum have square beerds, sum have triangle ones, sum have two mustaches, and sum contrive to have three, by sticking another on their chins. Thinks I, wen the hollydis cum, it must be a wise Father as nose his hone son!

But its the same in Garmany with the brute beastasses witch are no more left to natur than the human creturs. I mean the canine specious. One fine day, all at once, as if by command of the Lord Mare, lo and behold there was every Dog little or big, as had any hare, long or short on the scruff of his neck, *mettimorfust* into a Lion!

This arternoon we made a carridge incursion to a place called the Krook's Burge. After passing seven crosses, before hand, you cum to a very holy Church on the top of a hill, with the identicle flite of stares as led up to Ponshus Pilot's seat, and the drops of blud that fell from our Savior. As such its the hite of wickedness to walk up them xcept on your nees. And oh Becky what do you think—I wouldn't have had it happen to me, for pounds upon pounds, but Missis was so thoghtless as stand upon the top stare, whereby the parish clark called out quite horrifide, witch scard her so, she scuttled a full half-way down. Howsumever, it was husht up, and she got over it—but if so be it had been *my* case, I think my feet would often fly in my face. Besides, I have sinse heard a story that made my verry blud run could. One day an Inglish lady stood on purpus on the top stare to show her unbeleaf. But a judgment fell upon her. Afore she could get back to Bon, her feet begun to ake and swell as big as elifants, and partickly the soles as had sinned the wust turned cole black and begun to mortify. All the Dockters in the place couldn't stop it, and she must 'have died in tormints here and hereafter wen sumbody advized to go up the holy stares on her bendid nees. Accordingly witch she did, and no sooner got to the tip-top wen lo and behold her feet in a moment was as well and as sound as ever! In course she turnd Cathlick direckly, and in the gratefulness of her hart she offered up too littel moddles of feet in ivery, with the toe nails of goold. Thats wat I call a mirakel, tho sum pepel may chuse to dout. But as a Party you dont know says, what's faith? As for beleavin whats only plain and probberble, and nateral, says he, its no beleaf at all. But wen you beleave in things totaly unpossible and unconsistent and uncomprensible, and direct contrary to *natur, that is real true* down-rite faith, and to be sure so it is.

And now, Becky, it must never go furder, but be kep a religus secret betwixt our two selves, but ever sinse Colon Cathedrul I have been dredful unsettled in my mind with spirituous pints. It seemed as if I had a call to turn into a Roman. Besides the voice in my hone inward parts, I've been prodigusly urged and advised by the Party you don't know, to becum a prostelyte, and decant all my errors, and throw meself into the buzzum of Rome. Cander compels to say, its a very cumfittable religun, and then such splendid Churchis and alters and grand cerimonis, and such a bewtiful musicle service, and so many mirakles and wunderful relicts besides, plain Church of England going, partickly in the country parts, do look pore and mean and pokey after it, that's the truth. To be sure theres transmigration, but even that I might get over in time, for we can beleave anything if we really wish to. Its a grate temptation, and provided I felt quite certin of bettering meself, I would convert meself at once. But Lord nose, praps its all the work of Satan at bottom awanting me to deny my Catkism and throw off the Minester I've set under so menny years. Oh, Becky, its terribel hard wurk to argufy yureself out of yure own persuasion! You may supose with such contrary scrupples and inward feelings pulling two ways at once, what trubbles and tribbleation I go thro! The wust is, my low fits and cryings cant be hid from Missis, who have questioned me very closely, but if she once thoght I was agoing to turn and alter my religun, it wood soon be, Martha, sute yureself, witch to be throne out of place in a forrin land would be very awkwurd; and as such praps would be most advizable to put off my beleaving in anything at all, till our return to Kent. Besides, Becky, you may feel inclind, on propper talking to, to give up yure own convixions too, and in that case we can both embrace *the Pope at the* same time. As yet no sole suspex

xcept Mr. Frank, who ketched me crossing meself by way of practis before the glass. Goodness nose what he ment, but ho, ho, Martha, says he, so you've got into the clutchis of the Proper Gander.

Besides the holy stares, theres another mirakel in the Volt under the Krooks burge Church, namely, abuv a skore of ded Munks, sum of them as old as fore hundred sentries, yet perfickly fresh and sweet. They say its the sanktimoniousness of the place that has preserved them so long, witch is like enuff. But oh, Becky, its an awful site, and will set me dreeming of Ghostesses and Could Munks for a munth to cum. Our next stop was at Poplar's Dorf, where there is a British Museum full of all sorts of curiosities, such as oars from the Minors, wooden timber trees made of cole, and partickly sum peterfried frogs, witch I was told had been pelted till they turned into stone. The poor frogs do get sadly pelted that's certin.

After the museum we driv home, and a rare frite and narro escape we had by the way as you may judg. It was getting rather duskish, wen all of a sudden out jumpt a very ill lookin yung man from behind a tree, and begun running behind the carridge. He was drest xactly like a Banditty, such as you see in a play in Drewry Lane or Common Garden; but besides, I overherd yung Master say he suposed he was one of Shiller's gang of Robbers. A pretty hearing for us females! Howsumever as Missis didn't screech no more did I—but you may be shure I set and quacked all the way till we got safe into Bon.

The family is all in their ordnary way. Master as yushal talks of dying tho without goin off—but human natur will cling to this wurld like a pudden when you haven't butterd the dish. If anything, Missis takes on less than she used to *about her poor dear late*: and as for Mr. Frank, he's so

harty he's quite a picter. Wishing you the same, and with luv to all enquiering frends, I remane, dear Becky, your luving frend till deth,

MARTHA PENNY.

P.S.—The fair sects have a hard place in Garmany. I forgot to say in our incursion we saw plenty of wimmin, a toilin and moilin at mens labers in the roads and fields. But thats not the wust, theyre made beasts of. Wat do you think, Becky, of a grate hulkin feller, a lolluping and smoking in his boat on the Rind, with his pore Wife a pullyhawling him along by a rope, like a towin horse on the banks of the Tems!

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,

After the postscript of my last letter, you will not be surprised to hear, that a longer stay at Bonn was strongly objected to by my uncle, who, having "not many days to live," sets a peculiar value on his nights. Like myself, he had been annoyed by the nocturnal rattling and singing,—and indeed he declared in the morning that he would as lief reside "next door to Vauxhall."

The arrival of the first steamboat was therefore the signal for our departure; and bidding adieu to Bonn with an emphatic "*Peace* be with you," we embarked in the Prince William. It had brought a tolerable assortment of tourists from Cologne, and amongst the rest our old acquaintance the Red-faced man. For some reason he fought particularly *shy of my* uncle,—but with myself he was as communicative *and complaining as* usual. He gave me to understand that

he had been prodigiously disgusted by the high Catholic mummeries at Cologne, and still more annoyed by the companionship of the "Yellow-faced Yankee," who, of course, to plague him, had taken up his quarters at the same hotel. "Renounce me," said he, "if I could get rid of him—for as we two were the only persons that spoke English in the house he *would* converse with me, whether I answered or not. Consume his yellow body! he stuck to me like a mustard plaster, and kept drawing my feelings into blisters;—however, I've got a good start of him, for he talked of staying a whole week at Cologne." But alas! for the pleasant anticipations of Mr. John Bowker! He had barely uttered them, when the turmeric-coloured American appeared running at full speed towards the steamboat, followed by a leash of porters! "Say I told you so!" exclaimed the petrified citizen—"he'll haunt me up to Schaffhausen—he will, by all that's detestable—yes, there he comes on board"—and even as he spoke the abhorred personage sprang into the vessel, followed by his three attendants. The Red-face could not smother a grunt of dissatisfaction at the sight, but what was his horror, when, after a few words with the conducteur, his old enemy walked straight up to him, and puffed a whiff of tobacco smoke into his very face! "It's an unpleasant sort of a fix," said he, "and in course only a mistake, but you've walked off with all my traps and notions instead of your own." "I've what?" gobbled the Red-face, its crimson instantly becoming shot with blue. "You've got my luggage, I guess," replied the Yellow-face, "and if it's all the same to you, I'll just take it ashore." The perplexed Bowker was too much agitated to speak; but hurrying off to the huge pile of bags and boxes, in front of the funnel, began eagerly hunting for his baggage. To his unutterable dismay he could not *recognise a single* article as his own. In the meantime

the American appeared to enjoy the confusion, and in a dry way began to "poke his fun" at the unfortunate traveller. "Mister Broker, is that 'ere your leather trunk?" "No," growled the other. "In that case it's mine, I reckon." "Mister Broker, is that 'ere your carpet-bag?"—and in the same provoking style he went through nine or ten packages *seriatim*. "And where—where the devil is my luggage then?" asked the bewildered Bowker. "The last time I see it," said the Yellow-face, "it was in the passage of the Mainzer Hof; and there it is still, I calculate, provided it hasn't been shipped downwards to Rotterdam." "To Rotterdam!" shouted the Red-face, literally dancing with excitement: "Gracious powers! what shall I do?" and then hastily turning round to appeal to the nearest bystander, who happened to be my aunt, "Renounce me, madam, if I have even got a clean shirt!" "It's all right," said the American, as the porters shouldered the last of his properties;—"it's an ugly job, that's the truth; but it might have been a considerable deal worse, and so I wish you a regular pleasant voyage up the rest of the Rhine."

"Say I told you so!" repeated the discomfited Bowker, after a long hyena-like grin at the receding object of his aversion—"it was all as true as gospel—he *is* my evil genius and nothing else!—If it hadn't been for his yellow face—(here, you Sir, in the green apron—a glass of brandy and water—hot, and strong!) if it hadn't been for his infernal yellow face, I say, I should have looked after my luggage! But he's my evil genius, sir—I know it: renounce me if I don't believe he's the Devil himself! Why else don't his jaundice kill him—I should like to know that—why don't it kill him, as it would any one else?" Luckily his eloquence *was here* interrupted by the hot brandy and water; and the *conducteur* undertaking to forward the missing baggage to

Coblenz, the crimson face gradually grew paler, whilst his temper cooled down in proportion, from the red heat of Cayenne pepper to that of the common sort.

The bell now rang, forewarning the passengers and their friends that it was time to separate; whereupon, to the infinite surprise of my aunt, two remarkably corpulent old gentlemen tumbled into each other's arms, and exchanged such salutes as are only current in England amongst females, or between parties of opposite sexes. To our notions there is something repulsive in this kissing amongst men; but when two weather-beaten veterans, "bearded like the pard," or like Blücher, indulge in these labial courtesies, there is also something ludicrous in the picture. It is, however, a national propensity, like the bowing; and to the same gentleman who told me the anecdote of Herr Klopp, I am indebted for a similar illustration.

"On the last New Year's Eve," said he, "being at Coblenz, I took it into my head to go to an occasional grand ball that was given at the civil Casino. The price of the tickets was very moderate; and the company was far more numerous than select. Indeed a Frenchman of the time of the republic might have supposed that it was a fête given in honour of the famous principle of Egalité—there was such a commixture of all ranks. At one step I encountered the master tailor who had supplied the coat on my back; at another, I confronted the haberdasher of whom I had purchased my gloves and my stock;—the next moment I was brushed by a German baron—and then I exchanged bows with his Excellency the Commander of the Rhenish Provinces. There was, however, a sort of West-end to the room, where the fashionables and the Vons seemed instinctively to congregate; whilst the bulk of the bourgeoisie clustered more towards the door. *Dancing began* early, and by help of relays of per-

formers, one incessant whirl of gown-skirts and coat-tails was kept up until midnight, when, exactly at twelve o'clock, the advent of another year was announced by the report of some little cannons in an adjoining room. The waltz immediately broke up, and in an instant the whole crowd was in motion, males and females, running to and fro, here and there, in and out, like a swarm of ants, when you invade their nest. Whenever any two individuals encountered, who were friends or acquaintance, they directly embraced, with a mutual exclamation of 'Prosit Neue Jahr!' Bald, pursy old gentlemen trotted about crony-hunting—and sentimentally falling on each other's waistcoats, hugged, bussed, and renewed their eternal friendships for twelve months to come. Mature dowagers bustled through the moving maze on the same affectionate errands; whilst their blooming marriageable daughters, seeking out their she-favourites, languished into each other's fair arms, and kissed lips, cheeks, necks, and shoulders,—none the less fondly that young, gay, and gallant officers, and tantalized bachelors were looking on. I stumbled on my tailor, and he was kissing—I came across my linen-draper, and he was being kissed:—I glanced up at the musicians, and they were kissing in concert! It was a curious and characteristic scene; but remembering that I was neither saluting nor saluted, and not liking to be particular, I soon caught up my hat, and passing the doorkeeper, who was kissing the housekeeper, I kissed my own hand to the Coblenz casino, and its New Year's Ball."

And now, Gerard, could I but write scenery as Stanfield paints it, what a rare dioramic sketch you should have of the thick-coming beauties of the abounding river:—the Romantic Rolandseck—the Religious Nonnenwerth—the Picturesque Drachenfels! But "Views on the Rhine" are little better *than shadows even* in engravings, and would fare still worse

in the black and white of a letter. Can the best japan fluid give a notion of the shifting lights and shades, the variegated tints of the thronging mountains—of the blooming blue of the Sieben Gebirge? Besides, there is not a river or a village but has been done in pen and ink ten times over by former tourists. Let it be understood then, once for all, that I shall not attempt to turn prospects into prospectuses,

"And do all the gentlemen's seats by the way."

I must say a few words, however, on a peculiarity which seems to have escaped the notice of other travellers: the extraordinary transparency of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the Rhine. The rapidity of the current, always racing in the same direction, probably creates a draught which carries off the mists that are so apt to hang about more sluggish streams—or to float lazily to and fro with the ebb and flow of such tide rivers as the Thames: certainly it is, that the lovely scenery of the "arrowy Rhine" is viewed through an extremely pure medium. To one like myself, not particularly lynx-sighted, the effect is as if some fairy euphrasy had conferred a supernatural *clairvoyance* on the organs of vision. Trees and shrubs, on the crests of the hills, seem made out, in the artist phrase, to their very twigs; and the whole landscape appears with the same distinctness of detail as if seen through an opera-glass or spectacles. To mention one remarkable instance: some miners were at work on the face of a high precipitous mountain near Unkel;—the distance from the steamer was considerable, so that the blows of their sledges and pickaxes were quite unheard; yet there were the little figures, plying their tiny tools, so plainly, so apparently close to the eye, that it was difficult to believe that they were of the common dimensions of the human race. Had those dwarf *miners, the Gnomes* of German romance, a material as

well as a fabulous existence? Of course not: but I could not help thinking that I saw before me the source whence tradition had derived the Lilliputian mine-hunting elfins of the Wisperthal, who constructed the Devil's Ladder.

I was rather disappointed at Bonn, by the first sight of what sounds so poetically, a vineyard. The stunted vines, near at hand, are almost as prosaical as so many well-grown gooseberry bushes—indeed a hop-ground beats a vineyard all to sticks, or more properly, all to poles—as a picturesque object: but in some degree the graperies have since redeemed themselves. They serve to clothe the hills with a pleasant verdure; and at a distance give a *granulated* appearance to a blue mountain, which has something artistic about it, like the tint on a rough drawing-paper compared with the sleekness of the same tint on a smooth Bristol card-board. In the autumn, when the leaves change colour, the vines become still more pictorially valuable to the eye, as during the season of their blossoming they are peculiarly grateful to another sense by their rich fragrance. Besides, there is occasionally something morally interesting in the mode of their culture: for instance, at the Erpeler Ley, where the vines literally grow from baskets filled with earth, which are carried up and planted in all practicable holes and corners of the barren rock. In other places, the precarious soil in terrace under terrace, is secured from sliding down the shelving mountain by dwarf walls of loose stones, which, at a distance, look like petty fortifications. Considering these toilsome expedients, and their vinous product, one may truly exclaim,

"Hic, labor, *Hock* opus est!"

As you leave the open country around Bonn, the towns and villages become more retired in their habits, the natives *creeping like earwigs* and cockroaches into the cracks and

crevices of the land, where their habitations are crowded into such narrow gorges and gulleys as to be only visible when you are right abreast of these ravines. You then discover a huddle of houses, with dark high-pitched roofs, pierced with two or three rows of port-holes—such dwellings presenting a very quaint and picturesque but Doubly Hazardous appearance,—whole villages having, seemingly, been built by some speculating timber-merchant, who found his staple was quite a drug in the market. Accordingly every front, back, or gable is profusely interlaced with beams and rafters, not in conformity with any architectural rules, but stuck in as uprights, cross-pieces, and diagonals, by mere chance or caprice. Imagine this intricate wood-work, either painted or of sundry natural hues,—that the wall between is white-washed (Hibernicé) with bluish, yellowish, reddish, or verdant tints—pale pinks, lilac, salmon colour, bleu-de-ciel, pea-green, and you may form some idea of the striped and motley aspect of a Rhenish village. A church spire generally rises above the dark-clustered roofs; and a number of little chapels, like religious outposts, are perched on the neighbouring heights.

Amongst the churches, there is a steeple of common occurrence, which, from a particular point of view, reminds one of the roofs in certain pictures that are rather older than the rules of perspective.*

A comfortable life the inhabitants of the Rhenish towns and villages must have had under the sway of the Knight-Hawks, whose strongholds invariably frowned on some adjacent crag! Can you imagine a timid female, with weak nerves, or a mild gentlemanly sort of person, living at all in the Middle Ages? One of these noble robbers, the Count Henry of Sayn mortally fractured the skull of a young boy by what was only

meant for a paternal pat of the head; it is easy to suppose, then, how heavily fell the gauntleted hand, when it was laid on in anger. What atrocious acts of perfidy, barbarity, and debauchery were openly or secretly perpetrated within those dilapidated castles! What fiendish contrivances for executing "wild justice!" The cruel Virgin-Effigy, whose embrace was certain and bloody death! The treacherous Oubliette, with its trap, whereon to tread was to step, like Amy Robsart, from Time into Eternity! But the Freebooters are extinct, and their strongholds are now mere crumbling ruins; not the less beautiful for their decay to the painter or to the moralist. It must wholesomely stagger the prejudices of a *laudator temporis acti* to muse on those shattered monuments and their historical associations; nor would the spectacle be less salutary to a certain class of political theorists— as was hinted by my uncle. "I'll tell you what, Frank, I do wish our physical-force men would hire a steamer and take a trip up the river Rhine; if it was only that they might see and reflect on these tumble-down castles. To my mind every one of them i like a gravestone, set up at the death and burial of Brute Force."

Verily, these are but sorry Pleasures of Memory to be illustrated by such enchanting natural scenery as Rolandseck, the Nonnenworth, and the Drachenfels! *Apropos* to which last, you will find enclosed a new version of "Der Kampf mit dem Drachen." It may have less romance than the indigenous legends, but, perchance, all the more reality.

Along with these souvenirs of the "good old times," it was our fortune to have a sample of the good new ones. My uncle had been alluding to some rumoured insubordination amongst the Landwehr, encamped in readiness for the Autumnal Grand Manœuvres at Coblenz—when he was accosted by a stranger, who, apologising for the liberty, begged to caution him against *touching on such subjects*. "It may bring you, sir," said he,

"into serious trouble—and you might be required to produce the parties, from whom you had the report." My uncle of course thanked his informant, but with a wry face, and soon fell into audible soliloquy: "Humph!—I thought it was written, 'He that hath an ear let him hear'—but I suppose even the Scriptures are forbidden in such despotical countries. Well, it's all one to a dying man—or for my part I wouldn't live under such a suspicious government for a week!" I afterwards took occasion to inquire of the stranger if there was really any ground for apprehension, or such a system of espionage as his warning would seem to imply? "Ask Von Raumer," was his answer,—"or rather his book. He will tell you that the Prussian Police has been too busy in what he calls *fly-catching*, and has even driven patient people—and who so patient as the Germans?—to impatience. He will tell you that the folly of a day, the error of youth, is recorded in voluminous documents, as *character indelibilis;* and that the long list of sins is sent to Presidents and Ambassadors, that they may keep a sharp look-out after the guilty. Fly-catching may sound like a mild term, sir, but not when you remember that the greatest of all fly-catchers are Butchers." "And pray, sir," I asked, "did any instance come under your own observation?" "Yes,—the very night of my first visit to Coblenz there was an arrest, and the Blue-bottle, the son of a President, was carried off in a cart, escorted by gens-d'armes, for Berlin. He has recently been pardoned, but under conditions, and after two long years of suspense—a tolerable punishment in itself, sir, for a little buzzing!"

Nothing further of interest (scenery excepted) occurred in our progress. Passing ancient Andernach, Hoche's obelisk, —and liberal thriving Neuwied, a standing refutation of all intolerant theories, we at last approached the end of our voyage. *The sun was* setting behind Ehrenbreitstein, and

whilst the massy rock and its fortress slept in solid shade, the opposite city of Coblenz, encircled by its yellow and loop-holed walls, shone out in radiant contrast,

"With glittering spires and pinnacles adorn'd."

The view is magnificent, especially when you command that "Meeting of the Waters," whence the city derives its name. The junction, indeed, is rather like an ill-assorted marriage, for the two rivers, in spite of their nominal union, seem mutually inclined to keep themselves to themselves. But so it is in life. I could name more than one couple, where, like the Rhine and the Moselle, the lady is rather yellow and the gentleman looks blue.

In a very few minutes the steamer brought up at the little wooden pier just outside of the town-gates; and in as many more we were installed in the Grand Hotel de Belle Vue. You will smile to learn that our hypochondriac has conceived such a love at first sight for Coblenz, that, forgetting his "warnings," he talks of spending a month here! Love to Emily from,

Dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P.S.—I have found here a letter for me, *poste restante*, that has thrown the head of the family into an unusual tantrum. It seems that, by previous arrangement between the parties, in default of my uncle's writing from Rotterdam it was to be taken for granted that he was defunct, in which case his old crony and attorney at Canterbury had full instructions how to proceed. The lawyer, not hearing from Rotterdam, has chosen to consider his client as "very dead indeed,"—and thereupon writes to advise me that he has proved the will, &c., &c., in conformity with the last wishes of my late and *respected uncle*. *Between* ourselves, I suspect it is a plot got

up between Bagster and Doctor Truby, by way of physic to a mind diseased; if so, the dose promises to work wholesomely, for our hypochondriac is most unreasonably indignant, and inconsistently amazed at having his own dying injunctions so very punctually fulfilled!

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

In the famous old times,
(Famed for chivalrous crimes)
As the legends of Rhineland deliver,
Once there flourished a Knight,
Who Sir Otto was hight,
On the banks of the rapid green river!

On the Drachenfels' crest
He had built a stone nest,
From which he pounced down like a vulture,
And with talons of steel
Out of every man's meal
Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame,
With a nobleman's name,
As "Your High-and-well-born" address'd daily—
Though Judge Park in his wig
Would have deemed him a prig,
Or a cracksman, if tried at th' Old Bailey.

It is strange—very strange!
How opinions will change!—

How antiquity blazons and hallows
Both the man, and the crime,
That a less lapse of time
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows!

Thus enthrall'd by Romance,
In a mystified trance,
E'en a young, mild, and merciful woman
Will recal with delight
The wild keep, and its Knight,
Who was quite as much tiger as human!

Now it chanced on a day,
In the sweet month of May,
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,
With his sword in the sheath,
At that prospect beneath,
Which our tourists declare so amazing!

Yes—he gazed on the Rhine,
And its banks, so divine;
Yet with no admiration or wonder,
But the *goût* of a thief,
As a more modern chief
Looked on London, and cried "What a plunder!"

From that river so fast,
From that champaign so vast,
He collected rare tribute and presents;
Water-rates from ships' loads,
Highway-rates on the roads,
And hard poor-rates from all the poor peasants!

When behold! round the base
Of his strong dwelling-place,
Only gained by most toilsome progression,
He perceived a full score
Of the rustics, or more,
Winding up in a sort of procession!

"Keep them out!" the Knight cried,
To the warders outside—
But the hound at his feet gave a grumble!
And in scrambled the knaves,
Like feudality's slaves,
With all forms that are servile and humble.

"Now for boorish complaints!
Grant me patience, ye Saints!"
Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet;
When the baldest old man
Thus his story began,
With a guttural croak in his gullet!

"Lord supreme of our lives,
Of our daughters, our wives,
Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,
Of our sisters and aunts,
Of the babies God grants,
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses!

"Mighty master of all
We possess, great or small,
Of *our cattle*, our sows, and their farrows;

Of our mares and their colts,
Of our crofts, and our holts,
Of our ploughs, of our wains, and our harrows!

"Noble Lord of the soil,
Of its corn and its oil,
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles!
Of our cream and sour-kraut,
Of our carp and our trout,
Our black bread, and black puddings, and lentils!

"Sovran Lord of our cheese,
And whatever you please—
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,
Of our backs and our polls,
Of our bodies and souls—
O give ear to the woes that we utter!

"We are truly perplex'd,
We are frighted and vex'd,
Till the strings of our hearts are all twisted;
We are ruined and curst
By the fiercest and worst
Of all robbers that ever existed!"

"Now by Heav'n and this light!"
In a rage cried the Knight,
"For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen!
What! by Peasants miscall'd!"
Quoth the man that was bald,
"*Not your Honour* we mean, but a Griffin.

"For our herds and our flocks
He lays wait in the rocks,
And jumps forth without giving us warning;
Two poor wethers, right fat,
And four lambs after that,
Did he swallow this very May morning!"

Then the High-and-well-born
Gave a laugh as in scorn,
"Is the Griffin indeed such a glutton?
Let him eat up the rams,
And the lambs, and theirs dams—
If I hate any meat, it is mutton!"

"Nay, your Worship," said then
The most bald of old men,
"For a sheep we would hardly thus cavil,
If the merciless Beast
Did not oftentimes feast
On the Pilgrims, and people that travel."

"Feast on what," cried the Knight,
Whilst his eye glisten'd bright
With the most diabolical flashes—
"Does the Beast dare to prey
On the road and highway?
With our proper diversion that clashes!"

"Yea, 'tis so, and far worse,"
Said the Clown, "to our curse;
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,

Every week in the year
Sure as Sundays appear,
A young virgin is thrown to the Griffin ! '

" Ha ! Saint Peter ! Saint Mark ! "
Roar d the Knight, frowning dark,
With an oath that was awful and bitter :
" A young maid to his dish !
Why, what more could he wish,
If the Beast were High-born, and a Ritter !

" Now, by this our good brand,
And by this our right hand,
By the badge that is borne on our banners,
If we can but once meet
With the monster's retreat,
We will teach him to poach on our manors ! "

Quite content with this vow,
With a scrape and a bow,
The glad peasants went home to their flagons,
Where they tippled so deep,
That each clown in his sleep
Dreamt of killing a legion of dragons !

Thus engaged, the bold Knight
Soon prepared for the fight
With the wily and scaly marauder ;
But, ere battle began,
Like a good Christian man,
First he put all his household in order.

"Double bolted and barr'd
Let each gate have a guard"—
(Thus his rugged Lieutenant was bidden)
"And be sure, without fault,
No one enters the vault
Where the Church's gold vessels are hidden.

"In the dark oubliette
Let yon merchant forget
That he e'er had a bark richly laden—
And that desperate youth,
Our own rival forsooth!
Just indulge with a kiss of the Maiden!

"Crush the thumbs of the Jew
With the vice and the screw,
Till he tells where he buried his treasure;
And deliver our word
To yon sullen caged bird,
That to-night she must sing for our pleasure!"

Thereupon, *cap-à-pie*,
As a champion should be,
With the bald-headed peasant to guide him,
On his war-horse he bounds,
And then, whistling his hounds,
Prances off to what fate may betide him!

Nor too long do they seek,
Ere a horrible reek,
Like *the fumes* from some villanous tavern,

Set the dogs on the snuff,
For they scent well enough
The foul monster coil'd up in his cavern!

Then alighting with speed
From his terrified steed,
Which he ties to a tree for the present,
With his sword ready drawn,
Strides the Ritter High-born,
And along with him drags the scared peasant!

"O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight!
I am near enough quite—
I have shown you the beast and his grotto:"
But before he can reach
Any farther in speech,
He is stricken stone-dead by Sir Otto!

Who withdrawing himself
To a high rocky shelf,
Sees the monster his tail disentangle
From each tortuous coil,
With a sudden turmoil,
And rush forth the dead peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,
And his horrible jaws,
He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly;
Which he quickly sucks in
To his own wicked skin
And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes
On the tips of his toes
To the greedy and slumbering savage,
And with one hearty stroke
Of his sword, and a poke,
Kills the beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,
Without motion or strength,
That gorged serpent they call the constrictor,
After dinner, while deep
In lethargical sleep,
Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

"'Twas too easy by half!"
Said the Knight with a laugh;
"But as nobody witness'd the slaughter,
I will swear, knock and knock,
By Saint Winifred's clock,
We were at it three hours and a quarter!"

Then he chopped off the head
Of the monster so dread,
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy;
And, with hounds, by the same
Ragged path that he came,
Home he jogg'd proud as Sultan or Sophi!

Blessed Saints! what a rout
When the news flew about,
And the carcase was fetch'd in a waggon;

What an outcry rose wild
From man, woman, and child—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!

All that night the thick walls
Of the Knight's feudal halls
Rang with shouts for the wine-cup and flagon;
Whilst the vassals stood by,
And repeated the cry—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

The next night, and the next,
Still the fight was the text,
'Twas a theme for the minstrels to brag on!
And the vassals' hoarse throats
Still re-echoed the notes—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

There was never such work
Since the days of King Stork,
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters;
Not to name the invites
That were sent down of nights,
To the villagers' wives and their daughters!

It was feast upon feast,
For good cheer never ceased,
And a foray replenish'd the flagon;
And the vassals stood by,
But more weak was the cry—
"*Live Sir Otto,* who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

Down again sank the sun,
Nor were revels yet done—
But as if ev'ry mouth had a gag on,
Though the vassals stood round,
Deuce a word or a sound
Of "Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

There was feasting aloft,
But through pillage so oft
Down below there was wailing and hunger;
And affection ran cold,
And the food of the old,
It was wolfishly snatch'd by the younger!

Mad with troubles so vast,
Where's the wonder at last
If the peasants quite alter'd their motto?—
And with one loud accord
Cried out "Would to the Lord,
That the Dragon had vanquish'd Sir Otto!"

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., CANTERBURY.

My dear Peter,

I am not a man to be easily shocked, but I don't know when I've been more struck of a heap, since my pitch off Jupiter into the gravel-pit, than by your precious letter to my nephew. Suppose you did not hear from me, what then? A hundred things might turn up to prevent my taking pen in hand—but no,—dead I was to be, and dead I *am, and I suppose* stuck into all the newspapers, with a

flourish about my Xtian fortitude and resignation. I know I named Rotterdam, but why didn't you wait for my letter from Nimeguen? I cannot help thinking that, as an old friend, you might have stayed a post or two, and hoped for the best, instead of taking a flying leap to such a melancholy conclusion. Even as an old sportsman you ought to have known better than to cry who-oop before I was fairly run into. God knows I am but too likely to die every day and hour of my life, without being killed before my time. If it had been a first warning, there was some excuse for giving me over—but you know as well as any one how many fatal attacks I have pulled through in the most miraculous manner. Go I must, and suddenly, but owing to a wonderful original constitution, as you are well aware of, I die particularly hard. Besides, you and Truby were always incredulous, and even if you had seen me laid out in my coffin, it's my belief you would both have sworn it was all sham Abram. I must say, Peter, it has gone to my heart. Five-and-twenty years have we been hand and glove, more like born brothers than old friends, and here you knock me on the head with as little ceremony as a penny-a-line fellow would kill the Grand Turk or the king of France. Hang me, Peter, if I can believe you are your own man. As for proving the Will, and so forth, it's the first time I ever knew you to be prompt in law business instead of quite the reverse; for, asking your pardon, you did not get the nickname of "Lord Eldon" for nothing amongst your clients in Kent. Then to put the whole house into mourning! I don't mind expense; but it goes against the grain to be made ridiculous and a laughing-stock, which I shall be whenever I get back to Woodlands after being made a ghost of to my own servants. A rare joke it will be amongst them for John to be sent by a dead and gone master for a jug of

ale! Besides, who knows but I may be run after by all the fools in the parish, and kissed and sung hymns to, and made a prophet of, for coming back out of my own grave, as you know your idiots down at Canterbury expected about Mad Thom!

But that is not the worst. You not only kill me out of hand, but, forsooth, you must take away my character to my own nephew. In your Burking letter to him you say, "and so, those gloomy forebodings which, amongst your late worthy uncle's friends, were looked upon as mere nervous fancies and vapourish croakings, have, alas! been sadly fulfilled." Croakings indeed! I always knew I should die suddenly, and I always said so, and proved it by my symptoms and inward feelings; but is a man for that to be made out a complete hypochondriac, which I never was in my life! I don't wish to be harsh, but if anything *could* frighten and flurry such a poor hypped croaking creature as you have made of me, out of this world into the other, it would be just such an undertaker's black pall as you have chucked over me in the shape of a condoling letter! Luckily my own nerves are of a tougher texture, but poor Kate cried and sobbed over your infernal black-edged funeral sermon with its comfortings and sympathisings, as if I had been fairly dead and buried in the family vault. However, I shall now drop the uncomfortable subject, hoping you will not take amiss a few words of serious advice, namely, not to treat an old friend like a defunct one, just because he don't write by every post that he is alive.

This plaguy business has so put me off the hooks, that you must excuse particulars as to our foreign travels. But I writ to Truby from Cologne, and what's better, I sent the Hock wine I bet him, and if you ride over, mayhap he will let you *look at a bottle* and the letter at the same time.

At this present we are at Coblenz, where we have taken lodgings for a month. The truth is, it is all on poor Kate's account, for foreign travelling is harder work than in England for females—and I shall not be sorry myself to fetch up my sleep, for between shipboard and outlandish short beds, and strange bedding, and the musical disturbances at Bonn, I have never had one good night's rest since I left the Tower Stairs.

But you must not go to suppose, old friend, from the month's lodgings, that I have better hopes of myself, or of a longer run; but there were no apartments to be had for a shorter time, and I was sick of the bustle of the hotel. If I was foolish enough to try to forget my dispensation, I should have been reminded by two German funerals that passed this very morning to the parish church of St. Castor's, hard by. As you may like to know the ceremony—the hearse, very like a deer-cart, was covered by a black pall with a large white cross, and the letters B.S., which I suppose meant Burial Society; for, besides a cross-bearer and a flag-bearer, there were about a score of regular attendants, all carrying lighted tapers and singing a hymn, though the solemnity of the thing was a little put out of sorts by the jerking antics of one man who kept rolling his head about like a harlequin with St. Vitus's dance. The mourners walked behind the hearse, with a prodigious long train of friends and towns-folk; but after the service, they all dispersed at the church door, whereby, the ground being a good mile out of town, the poor old gentleman went to his grave with only a boy with a cross before him and nobody at all behind him; just as if he had gone off in a huff, or been sent to Coventry by all that belonged to him. The same, to our English notions looking rather neglectful and disrespectful, and to my mind not in character with such a

romantical, feeling, and sentimental people as the Germans, —whereby I have made Frank promise to go to the ground and see the last of me till I am fairly earthed. And it won't be long, poor fellow, before he is called to his sad duties. I feel sensibly worse since beginning this letter, and as such, old friend, your card of condolement was only wrong in point of date, and by the time this comes to hand may be a true bill, down to the hatbands and gloves.

* * * * *

Since the above there has been another guess-sort of procession to old St. Castor's Church—namely, a marriage. Having lived single so long, without enlarging on my opinions of wedlock, you may guess their nature by what I may call my silent vote on the subject. But to judge by the young fellow who played bridegroom I must have been wrong all my days, for there must be as great difference of quality between single blessedness and the other, as between single Gloster and Stilton. Frank has sketched him off with his "tail,"—but blacklead pencil can give no notion of his action and moveable airs. Zounds! you would have thought a Benedict was as much above a bachelor as a thorough-bred to a cart-horse. And mayhap so he is; but for my part, as Frank said, I could not make myself such a walking object in public for the best of women. What's more, I cannot even guess how a bashful young fellow could get over a German courtship if it's at all such a before-folk affair as is described by the Old Man in his Book of Bubbles—namely, a lover taking a romantic country walk with his intended, and eight or ten of her she-cronies singing, laughing, and waltzing after her heels. Without being particularly sheepish or shame-faced as a young man, I don't think I could have gone sweet-hearting *with* half a score of bouncing girls ballad-

singing and whirligigging along with me, all agog, of course, to see how love was made, giggling at my tender sentiments, and mayhap scoring every kiss like a notch at cricket, provided one could have the face to kiss at all in such a company. But foreign love-making is like foreign cookery; an egg is an egg all the world over, but there are a hundred ways of dishing it up.

And now, old friend, God bless you and all your family, by way of a last farewell from your old and faithful friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

I wish you could see the breed of pigs in these parts. They are terribly long in the legs, and thin in the flanks, and would cut a far better figure at a Coursing Meeting than a Cattle Show. Some of them quite run lean enough for greyhounds.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

You will not be sorry to receive tidings of a person whose mysterious disappearance, some two or three years back, cost us both some speculation. Yesterday, whilst looking at the monument of Cuno of Falkenstein, in the venerable church of St. Castor, I was accosted by name, and with some difficulty recognised, under a German cap and kittel, our old friend Markham. In answer to my inquiries, he told me a new edition of the old story—of "becoming security for a friend," &c.; in short, he had come abroad to retrench, and selected this bank of the Rhine for his saving-*bank*. From what I could learn, the experiment had not

answered his expectations. "You remember," said he, "our laughing at a written notice stuck up at the Opera House in London, enforcing certain exclusive regulations, in consequence of the great *affluence* of strangers behind the scenes! In the same sense, the great affluence of strangers up the Rhine has not only had the effect of raising the price of every article, but with its proper meaning, the supposed affluence of the English travellers has generated a proportionate spirit of rapacity and extortion. I reckon, for instance, that I am charged a third more than a native on my whole expenditure, so that you see there is not so much room left for saving."

Of course the opinions of a disappointed man must be received *cum grano salis*,—but in the main Markham's statements agree with those of Grundy, and though his remarks have occasionally a splenetic tone, yet he "gives his reasons." On some topics his outbreaks are rather amusing. Thus, when I asked if he did not find the natives a very good, honest sort of people, he replied to my question by another—"Do you expect that the descendants of our Botany Bay convicts will be remarkable for their strict notions of *meum* and *tuum*?" "Of course not," said I; "but the honesty of the German character has been generally admitted." "Granted," said he, "but there is such a thing as giving a dog a good name as well as a bad one, upon which he lives and thrives as unjustly as another is pitch-forked or shot with slugs. That the Germans are honest as a nation I believe, as regards your Saxons, Bavarians, Austrians, or north-countrymen,—but as for your Coblenzers, and the like, whence were they to derive that virtue? Was the *rara avis* hatched in any of the robbers' nests so numerous in these provinces? Was it inculcated by the ministers of their *religion*? An Archbishop of Cologne, when asked by one of

his retainers how he was to subsist, significantly pointed out, that the Knight's castle overlooked four highways, and hinted to his vassal that, like Macheath, he must take to the road. No, no,—if the Rhinelanders be particularly honest, they were indebted for their education, like Filch in the Beggars' Opera, to very light-fingered schoolmasters. Why, every Baron in the land was a bandit, and half the common people, by a regularly organised system, were either Journeymen Robbers or Apprentices. That's matter of history, my boy! At any rate, if Rhenish honesty be a fact, our prison philanthropists are all wrong; and Mrs. Fry and the sheriffs, who are so anxious to separate the juvenile convicts from the accomplished thieves, ought immediately to take a trip up the Rhine. Instead of classification and moral instruction, the true way would be something like this:—take a clever boy, bring him up like a young Spartan—reward him for successful picking and stealing—strike the eighth commandment out of his catechism—send him to school in Newgate, and let Bill Soames be his private tutor; do all this, and expect eventually to discover him the Honest Man that Diogenes couldn't find with his lantern!" "Do you speak," I asked, "from theory or from experience?" "From both," said he; "and comparing the Middle Ages with the modern ones, I cannot help thinking that an extortion of some 30 per cent. on all foreign travellers on the Rhine, has a strong smack of the old freebooting spirit."

On leaving St. Castor's we saw, directly opposite the porch, the well-known fountain with its celebrated inscriptions:—

"Anno 1812.

"Mémorable par la Campagne contre les Russes, sous la Préfecture de Jules Douzan."

"Vu et approuvé, par nous Commandant Russe de la Ville *de Coblentz, le 1er Janvier*, 1814."

"There!" said Markham, pointing to the graven words, "there are two sentences which have caused far more cackling than they deserved. The adulation of mayors and prefects is too common, for the erection of a monument on any occasion, or no occasion at all, to be a matter of wonder. But the mere undertaking an expedition against Russia, *was* a memorable event in the career of Napoleon, whatever its ultimate result. As for the Russian General, he might naturally be astonished and delighted to find himself in command of a city on the Rhine, and its obelisk; but his comment, if it points any moral at all, chiefly recalls the uncertainty of all human calculations. As a sarcasm it is feeble, with a recoil on himself; for where is St. Priest now, or who hears his name? Whereas, the spirit of the French Emperor still lives and breathes on the banks of the Rhine—aye, in Coblenz itself—in his famous Code!"

Our old acquaintance volunteering to be my guide, we made the round of the sights of the town, which are not very numerous, as the valets-de-place are well aware when they eke out their wonders with an old barrack or a street-pump. So having seen the new Palace, the house that cradled Prince Metternich, the Jesuits' Church with its surprising cellars, and some other local "Lions" and cubs, we adjourned to Markham's lodgings, where, after ascending a dark, dirty, circular staircase, we entered an apartment with a visible air of retrenchment about it; for, with mere apologies for window-curtains, it had given up carpets, and left off fires. The only ornamental piece of furniture, for it certainly was not useful, was the sofa, which on trial afforded as hard and convex a seat as a garden-roller. "Rather different from my old snuggery in Percy Street," said my host with a dubious smile. "There is not, indeed, much sacrifice to show," I replied, "but *perhaps* the more solid comfort." "Comfort,

my dear fellow!" cried Markham, "the Germans don't even know it by name; there's no such word in the language! Look at the construction of their houses! A front door and a back door, with a well staircase in the middle, up which a thorough draught is secured by a roof pierced with a score or two of unglazed windows; the attics by this airy contrivance serving to dry the family linen. Make your sitting-room, therefore, as warm as you please, with that close fuming, unwholesome abomination, a German stove, and the moment you step out of the chamber door, it is like transplanting yourself, in winter, from the hot-house into the open garden. To aggravate these discomforts, you have sashes that won't fit, doors that don't shut, hasps that can't catch, and keys not meant to turn! Then, again, the same openings that let in the cold, admit the noise; and for a musical people, they are the most noisy I ever met with. Next to chorus singing, their greatest delight seems to be in the everlasting sawing and chopping up of fire-wood at their doors; they even contrive to combine music and noise together, and the carters drive along the streets smacking a tune with their whips!"

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Markham, a handsome, but careful-looking personage, to whom I was cordially introduced. Indeed she confessed to trouble, especially a severe illness of her husband soon after their arrival at Coblenz—not to mention all the minor annoyances and inconveniences of living in a foreign country without any knowledge of the language. "But those little trials," she said, "are now things to laugh over, although they were sufficiently harassing at the time." "My chicken, for instance," cried Markham, with a chuckle at the remembrance. "You must know, that Harriet here took it into *her kind head* that, as I was an invalid, I could eat nothing

but a boiled fowl. The only difficulty was how to get at it, for our maid does not understand English, and her mistress cannot speak anything else. However, Gretel was summoned, and the experiment began. It is one of my wife's fancies that the less her words resemble her native tongue, the more they must be like German; so her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a cheeking or a keeking. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head. 'It's to cook,' said her mistress, 'to coke—to put in an iron thing —in a pit—pat—pot.' 'Ish verstand nisht,' said the maid in her Coblenz patois. 'It's a thing to eat,' said her mistress, 'for dinner—for deener—with sauce—soace—sowse.' But the maid still shrugged her shoulders. 'What on earth am I to do?' exclaimed poor Harriet, quite in despair, but still making one last attempt. 'It's a live creature—a bird—a bard—a beard—a hen—a hone—a fowl—a fool—a foal—it's all covered with feathers — fathers — feeders — fedders!' 'Hah, hah!' cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, 'Ja! ja! fedders—ja wohl!' and away went Gretel, and in half an hour returned triumphantly with *a bundle of stationer's quills!*"

The truth of this domestic anecdote was certified by Mrs. M. herself. "But I was more successful," she said, "the next morning; for on Gretel opening her apron, after marketing, out tumbled a long-legged living cock, who began stalking about, and chuckling with surprise to find himself in a drawing-room. At last, on the third day I succeeded, for I did obtain a dead fowl, and reckoned myself fortunate, even though it came in, after all, roasted instead of boiled."

"But now you know something of the language," said I, "you fare sumptuously, of course, for it's a luxuriant country."

"To the *eye*," so replied Markham, "it is lovely indeed;

and, at a first-rate hotel, where you enjoy the choicest of its productions, it may keep its promise. But for a private table, just listen to our bill of fare. Indifferent beef—veal killed at eight days old—good mutton, but at some seasons not to be had—poultry plentiful, but ill-fed—game in moderation. No sea-fish—yes, oysters, as big, shell and all, as a pennypiece, and six shillings a hundred. You hear of salmon-fisheries, but the steamers have frightened away the fish. I have seen about six here in two years, and have been asked two dollars a pound; perch 3*d.* and 4*d.* per pound; and worthless chub and barbel *ad libitum.* No good household bread—it is half rye—and wheaten flour is only to be bought at the pastrycook's; good vegetables, but the staple one, potatoes, small and waxy, such as we should call *chats* in England, and give to the pigs. Fruit abundant, but more remarkable for quantity than quality, and often uneatable from vermin,—for example, cherries, fine to look at, but every one containing a worm. For foreign fruit, you may have indifferent oranges at 4*d.* to 5*d.* each. Coffee reasonable and good—tea as dear and bad. Then for wine, the lower sorts of Rhenish and Moselle are cheap and excellent; but the superior kinds are easier to procure in London than on the Rhine. Foreign wines you may have at pleasure—for your honest Rhinelanders have little to learn in the arts of adulteration and simulation. Thus you have Bavarian beer brewed at Coblenz; Westphalia hams cured in Nassau; Florence oil extracted from Rhenish walnuts; French Cognac, Bordeaux, and Champagne, made from German potatoes and grapes; English gin distilled at Düsseldorf; and Gorgona anchovies caught in the Rhine. Perhaps you are not aware, that in addition, the Germans are the most notorious poison-mongers in Europe?"

I stared, as you may suppose, at such an assertion. "It

is true, however," said Markham; "some of their physicians have detected an active poison in their national blood-sausages;—a little while back there were proclamations in the papers against poisonous-coloured sugar-plums; Mr. Kraus of Düsseldorf found their potato-brandy so poisonous, as to attribute to its use most of the crimes committed in Rhenish Prussia;—and of course you are aware of the experiments in London with the poor finches and the poisonous German candles!"

"Now he is too bad—isn't he?" interposed Mrs. Markham, with a smile. "But it is half a joke and whim. Would you believe it, sir, he has set me against all the beer in the place, on account of an establishment facing the Moselle, inscribed, oddly enough, 'Baths and Beer Brewery.' He will have it, that as hot malt is recommended in some cases by the German doctors, the two businesses are only brought under one roof for the natives to bathe in the beer!"

"And why not?" said Markham. "Does not Head say, that at Schwalbach they bathe in the mulligatawny soup, and at Wiesbaden in the chicken-broth? But to return to our subject, the advantages of living in Coblenz. It may be otherwise, elsewhere in Germany; but as a general principle take my word for it, the grand difference is not in the cost, but in the manner of living. As for retrenchment, on the same plan it might be effected in London. Lodge in a second floor—dispense with a carpet,—have as little and as plain furniture as possible—burn wood in a German stove—keep a cheap country servant—buy inferior meat, chats, and rye-bread—drink Cape and table-beer—see no company—dress how you please—above all go to market, as you must do here, with your ready-money in your hand—then sum up at the year's-end, and I verily believe the utmost saving, by coming *to such a place* as this, would be some 10*l.* or 20*l.* to

set off against all the deprivations and disadvantages of expatriation."

You will perceive a little sub-acid in Markham's statements; but allowing for that ingredient, his remarks seem deserving of consideration. I suspect it would require more philosophy than most persons possess, to reside in London with the indifference as to caste, appearances, and fashion, which his scheme requires; but that persons of limited incomes might live in the provinces, or in Scotland, as cheaply, and more comfortably, than on the Continent in general, appears to me very probable, and on various accounts highly desirable; especially as experience proves that a residence abroad is as injurious, as foreign travelling is beneficial, to the English character.

Wishing to make Markham known to my uncle, I induced him to return with me to my lodgings. In our way we passed through the Place-d'Armes, a small square, surrounded by lime-trees. "Here," said my companion, "is the scene of a recent and successful insurrection!"—"Indeed!" I could not help exclaiming—"then it had but a small theatre, which I presume was the reason why the performance did not get into the English journals."—"May be so," said he, "but here is the play-bill;" and taking a small slip of paper from his pocket-book, he read to me the following manifesto:—

NOTICE.

"The warm weather of spring now returning, it is again a common duty to clear the trees and bushes of caterpillars. Notice is therefore given to all possessors of trees and bushes to clear them from caterpillars and to exterminate these destructive vermin. This clearing of the trees, &c., must be *done thoroughly* until the 10th of April. Any neglect in

this respect will incur the punishment dictated by the laws of the police.

(Signed) "THE OBER-BURGERMEISTER."

"There," said Markham, "there's the proclamation! Now look up at those bare lime-trees, stripped of almost every leaf —was there ever such a practical quiz on a despotic government? It has quelled the Frankfort rioters—it has dispersed the Heidelberg students—it has bridled and curbed young Germany, and tamed the Burschenschaft—but it cannot put down the Raupenschaft! Think of a Prussian Ober-Burgermeister beaten by a blight! Imagine the first magistrate of the capital of the Rhenish provinces foiled by a secret society of grubs! Fancy the powerful prying police defied by an association of maggots,—and absolutism itself set at nought by a swarm of proscribed vermin! Nature at all events will not stand dictation; and so far from the insects being exterminated, they have got so much a-head in some parts of the country, that the proprietors of fruit-trees and bushes have had serious thoughts of cutting them all down!"

"Possibly," said I, "the authorities neglected to enforce their mandate by personal example. A police director might think it beneath his dignity to arrest a maggot; and a mounted gendarme would probably disdain to pursue a creeper."—"Yes," added Markham, "and a ponderous Head-Burgomaster might naturally decline to swarm like 'possum up a gum-tree' after an illegal caterpillar."

This conversation brought us to our lodgings, where we found my uncle just recovering from a "warning," which had been accompanied by rather singular circumstances. It appears at the Civil Casino, to which foreigners are liberally admitted, he had formed an acquaintance with a Mr. Schwärmer, who spoke a little English, and had offered to be

his Cicerone to the Kuhkopf, the highest hill near Coblenz, and celebrated for the splendid view from the top. Probably our hypochondriac was a little blown by the steepness of the ascent, or rendered rather dizzy by the height: however, feeling some unusual sensations on reaching the summit, he immediately took it for granted that he was "going suddenly;" accordingly, deliberately preparing himself for his departure, first by sitting and then by lying down, he "composed his decent head to breathe his last." His calmness and business-like manner, I suppose, gave him an appearance of wilful premeditation to the act; for, according to Nunkle's account, he had no sooner intimated to his companion what was about to happen, than the other, falling into one of those suicidal fits of exultation, so prevalent in Germany, burst out with, "It is one sublime tort!—and here is one sublime place for it! I shall die too!" Whereupon, without more ceremony, he pulled a little phial of Prussic acid or some other mortal compound from his waistcoat pocket, and was proceeding to swallow the contents, when the dying man, jumping up, knocked down the bottle with one hand and Mr. Schwärmer himself with the other, and then, totally forgetting his own extremity, walked off in double quick time, nor ever stopped till he reached his own door. Two full hours had elapsed since the occurrence, but between the walk home and his moral indignation he had hardly cooled down when we arrived. "I'll tell you what, Frank," he said, on ending his story, "I never liked the four cross-roads and the stake through a suicide's body in England; but when I saw Mr. Swarmer going to drink the deadly poison, hang *me* if I wasn't tempted to drive my own walking-stick into his stomach!"

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OUR LADY'S CHAPEL.

A LEGEND OF COBLENZ.

Whoe'er has cross'd the Mósel Bridge,
And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,
Has seen, perchance,
Just on the summit of St. Peter's ridge,
A little open chapel to the right,
Wherein the tapers aye are burning bright;
So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,
At least among the female population,
By night, or at high noon, you see it shine,
A very Missal for *illumination!*

Yet, when you please, at morn or eve, go by
All other Chapels, standing in the fields,
Whose mouldy, wifeless husbandry but yields
Beans, peas, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, rye,
And lo! the Virgin, lonely, dark, and hush,
Without the glimmer of a farthing rush!

But on Saint Peter's Hill
The lights are burning, burning, burning still.
In fact, it is a pretty retail trade
To furnish forth the candles ready made;
And close beside the chapel and the way,
A chandler, at her stall, sits day by day,
And sells, both long and short, the waxen tapers
Smarten'd with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.

To give of the mysterious truth an inkling,
Those who in this bright chapel breathe a prayer
To "Unser Frow," and burn a taper there,
Are said to get a husband "in a twinkling:"
Just as she-glowworms, if it be not scandal,
Catch partners with *their* matrimonial candle.

How kind of blessed saints in heaven—
Where none in marriage, we are told, are given—
To interfere below in making matches,
And help old maidens to connubial catches!
The truth is, that instead of looking smugly
(At least, so whisper wags satirical)
The votaries are all so old and ugly,
No man could fall in love but by a miracle.

However, that such waxen gifts and vows
Are sometimes for the purpose efficacious,
In helping to a spouse,
Is vouch'd for by a story most veracious.

A certain Woman, though in name a wife,
Yet doom'd to lonely life,

Her truant husband having been away
Nine years, two months, a week, and half a day,—
Without remembrances by words or deeds,—
Began to think she had sufficient handle
To talk of widowhood and burn her weeds—
Of course with a wax-candle.
Sick, single-handed with the world to grapple,
Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapours,
Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,
Full-handed with *two* tapers—
And pray'd as she had never pray'd before,
To be a *bonâ fide* wife once more.
"Oh Holy Virgin! listen to my prayer!
And for sweet mercy, and thy sex's sake,
Accept the vows and offerings I make—
Others set up one light, but here's *a pair!*"

Her prayer, it seem'd, was heard;
For in three little weeks, exactly reckon'd,
As blithe as any bird,
She stood before the Priest with Hans the Second;—
A fact that made her gratitude so hearty,
To "Unser Frow," and her propitious shrine,
She sent two waxen candles superfine,
Long enough for a Lapland evening party!

Rich was the Wedding Feast and rare—
What sausages were there!
Of sweets and sours there was a perfect glut:
With plenteous liquors to wash down good cheer
Brantwein, and Rhum, Kirsch-wasser, and Krug Bier,
And wine so sharp that ev'ry one was *cut*.

Rare was the feast—but rarer was the quality
Of mirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast,—
When just in all the middle of their jollity—
With bumpers fill'd to hostess and to host,
And all the unborn branches of their house,
Unwelcome and unask'd, like Banquo's Ghost,
In walk'd the long-lost Spouse!

What pen could ever paint
The hubbub when the Hubs were thus confronted!
The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint;
The bridesmen stared—some whistled and some grunted:
Fierce Hans the First look'd like a boar that's hunted;
Poor Hans the Second like a suckling calf:
Meanwhile, confounded by the double miracle,
The two-fold bride sobb'd out, with tears hysterical,
"Oh Holy Virgin, you're too good—*by half!*"

MORAL.

Ye Cöblenz maids, take warning by the rhyme,
And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy
For fear of bigamy,
Only light up *one* taper at a time.

TO REBECCA PAGE.

DEAR BECKY,

At long and at last here we be at Coblinse. It's a bewtiful Citty and well sekured all round with fortifide stone walls with eyelet holes to shoot thro, besides being under the *purtection of* a grate Castel on the other side of the

river as can batter the town all to bits in a minit. I thoght as well to rite and let you no we have took loggings here for a munth, but by wats to do it will be ni a fortnite afore we are domestically setteld. Missus has hired a Gurmin Maid to assist—her name is Catshins witch stands for Kitty and she can talk bad inglish perfickly. As a feller servent she is companionable and good humerd enuff, but dredful slow and dull headed. Wat do you think she did this blessid morning? Why kivered a panful of skalding hot milk with the plate as held the fresh lump, witch in coarse soon run into meltid butter! But in sich dilemmys she only hunches up her sholders to her ears and says "hish vise nit," and theres an end. Howsumever she's very obleeging and yuseful to me in my new religun, such as teachin me to cross meself the rite way and wat I'm to do when I'm in a high Mess. I have practist fasting a littel by leaving off lunchis but Lord nose wat I'm to do on the Fish Days for theres nothink but stockfish and cabble yaw. But won comfort is if it don't come too hi for my pockit the Bishop will sell me a dispensary.

Between you and me I am going this evening to Virgen Mary's Chapel for if so be you present a wax candle at her, and pray with all yure hart and sole, they do say yure as shure of a Bo as if you had him in yure hone pantry. Any how its wurth the trial; Besides the hole town is chuck full of officers and milentary agin the Grate Sham Fites and Skrimmages, and as Mirakels don't stick at trifles who nose but I may be Missis Capting? But I hear Missus Bell.

Last nite the Germins being very parshal to dancing I went along with Catshins Cosen to a Grand Ball. There was moor than abuv a hundred of us in won Assembly room, *but am sorry to say* smoaking was aloud, witch quite spiled

the genteel. Catshins Cosen asked me to dance and seeing several steddy lookin elderly women, jest such sober boddies as our Cook or Housekeeper standing up I made bold to accept, when all at once the music struck up and my Partner ketching me by the waste, willy nilly, away we went on one leg spinning like pegtops and wirligiggin at such a rate I'm shure if my pore brains had been made of cream they would have turned into butter! All I could do was to skreek at the tiptop of my voice, but noboddy minded so I broke loose out of the ring and set meself down on the flore jest like frog in the middle, wile the rest waltzed round and round me steddy elderly boddies and all—but it was sich a constant wirlin and twirlin the very room seemed running round and my head begun to swim so I was obleeged to lay down flat on my back and shut both my eyes. To add to my suffrings, afore going to the Ball I had my hair dressed by a reglar dresser, who drew it up alla Chinese, and tied it so tite atop that after gettin more and more paneful every minit I felt at last like being scollupt by a Tommy Hawkin wild Ingian! Howsumever, when the dance was over, my Partner cum and pickt me up and refreshed me with a glass of sumthing verry nasty, called snaps, but what with the frite and the giddiness and my headake and the snaps and the fumes of the filthy tobacker I was took with a faintness and afore I could be assisted out of the assembly room I was as sick saving yure presence as a dog. That spiled me a good gownd allmost new besides loosing my best hankicher in the bussle; but I mustn't grudge the xpense, considring us sarvents don't often get a nite's pleasure. Now I must brake off agin—but it isn't Missis this tim—but Catshins wanting to teach me my beeds.

Catshins sister has jest cum in with her babby. I do wish

his Cicerone to the Kuhkopf, the highest hill near Coblenz, and celebrated for the splendid view from the top. Probably our hypochondriac was a little blown by the steepness of the ascent, or rendered rather dizzy by the height: however, feeling some unusual sensations on reaching the summit, he immediately took it for granted that he was "going suddenly;" accordingly, deliberately preparing himself for his departure, first by sitting and then by lying down, he "composed his decent head to breathe his last." His calmness and business-like manner, I suppose, gave him an appearance of wilful premeditation to the act; for, according to Nunkle's account, he had no sooner intimated to his companion what was about to happen, than the other, falling into one of those suicidal fits of exultation, so prevalent in Germany, burst out with, "It is one sublime tort!—and here is one sublime place for it! I shall die too!" Whereupon, without more ceremony, he pulled a little phial of Prussic acid or some other mortal compound from his waistcoat pocket, and was proceeding to swallow the contents, when the dying man, jumping up, knocked down the bottle with one hand and Mr. Schwärmer himself with the other, and then, totally forgetting his own extremity, walked off in double quick time, nor ever stopped till he reached his own door. Two full hours had elapsed since the occurrence, but between the walk home and his moral indignation he had hardly cooled down when we arrived. "I'll tell you what, Frank," he said, on ending his story, "I never liked the four cross-roads and the stake through a suicide's body in England; but when I saw Mr. Swarmer going to drink the deadly poison, hang *me* if I wasn't tempted to drive my own walking-stick into his stomach!"

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So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,
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Dear Becky,

At long and at last here we be at Coblinse. It's a bewtiful Citty and well sekured all round with fortifide stone walls with eyelet holes to shoot thro, besides being under the *purtection* of a grate Castel on the other side of the

river as can batter the town all to bits in a minit. I thoght as well to rite and let you no we have took loggings here for a munth, but by wats to do it will be ni a fortnite afore we are domestically setteld. Missus has hired a Gurmin Maid to assist—her name is Catshins witch stands for Kitty and she can talk bad inglish perfickly. As a feller servent she is companionable and good humerd enuff, but dredful slow and dull headed. Wat do you think she did this blessid morning? Why kivered a panful of skalding hot milk with the plate as held the fresh lump, witch in coarse soon run into meltid butter! But in sich dilemmys she only hunches up her sholders to her ears and says "hish vise nit," and theres an end. Howsumever she's very obleeging and yuseful to me in my new religun, such as teachin me to cross meself the rite way and wat I'm to do when I'm in a high Mess. I have practist fasting a littel by leaving off lunchis but Lord nose wat I'm to do on the Fish Days for theres nothink but stockfish and cabble yaw. But won comfort is if it don't come too hi for my pockit the Bishop will sell me a dispensary.

Between you and me I am going this evening to Virgen Mary's Chapel for if so be you present a wax candle at her, and pray with all yure hart and sole, they do say yure as shure of a Bo as if you had him in yure hone pantry. Any how its wurth the trial; Besides the hole town is chuck full of officers and milentary agin the Grate Sham Fites and Skrimmages, and as Mirakels don't stick at trifles who nose but I may be Missis Capting? But I hear Missus Bell.

Last nite the Germins being very parshal to dancing I went along with Catshins Cosen to a Grand Ball. There was moor than abuv a hundred of us in won Assembly room, *but am sorry to say* smoaking was aloud, witch quite spiled

the genteel. Catshins Cosen asked me to dance and seeing several steddy lookin elderly women, jest such sober boddies as our Cook or Housekeeper standing up I made bold to accept, when all at once the music struck up and my Partner ketching me by the waste, willy nilly, away we went on one leg spinning like pegtops and wirligiggin at such a rate I'm shure if my pore brains had been made of cream they would have turned into butter! All I could do was to skreek at the tiptop of my voice, but noboddy minded so I broke loose out of the ring and set meself down on the flore jest like frog in the middle, wile the rest waltzed round and round me steddy elderly boddies and all—but it was sich a constant wirlin and twirlin the very room seemed running round and my head begun to swim so I was obleeged to lay down flat on my back and shut both my eyes. To add to my suffrings, afore going to the Ball I had my hair dressed by a reglar dresser, who drew it up alla Chinese, and tied it so tite atop that after gettin more and more paneful every minit I felt at last like being scollupt by a Tommy Hawkin wild Ingian! Howsumever, when the dance was over, my Partner cum and pickt me up and refreshed me with a glass of sumthing verry nasty, called snaps, but what with the frite and the giddiness and my headake and the snaps and the fumes of the filthy tobacker I was took with a faintness and afore I could be assisted out of the assembly room I was as sick saving yure presence as a dog. That spiled me a good gownd allmost new besides loosing my best hankicher in the bussle; but I mustn't grudge the xpense, considring us sarvents don't often get a nite's pleasure. Now I must brake off agin—but it isn't Missis this tim—but Catshins wanting to teach me my beeds.

Catshins sister has jest cum in with her babby. I do wish

you could see it—such a littel figger rolled and twistid up like a gipsian mummy! The wust is of sich tite swaddling if so be you don't put their pore little lims into the bandages quite strate, it follers to reason they will come out crookid—witch I supose is the way theres so many bandy boys about the streets—for I never see so menny rickitty objex in my born days. Why its called the Inglish Krankite by the Gurmins is best none to themselves; but I will say for the Kentish babbies they are well nust and strate in their legs, and what's more a Kentish woman wouldn't let her littel boys run about all unbuttond behind like so many Giddy Giddy Gouts, just as if they had no mother to *look after them.*

Catshins sistor says there has been a shockin axident this morning in our naberhood. The climing boys in this town are grown up men instead of littel urchings as about Lonnon. Well, one of the men was sent for, to sweep a chimbley built up after the Inglish fashion, when by sum piece of bad luck or stupid-headness a fire was lited under him and down he came tumbling quite stiffled and sufocated with the smoak. So a Doctor was fetched in a hurry, and the moment he clapt eyes on the pore sutty object, wat in the wurld Becky do you think he said! "O says he, I can do nothing for him—he's black in the face!" To be sure a Doctor knows best—but for my part I never saw a chimbly sweep's face of any other culler!

Oh Becky, I've had such a flustration! After asking Missus for an hour or so for going out in the evening I was jest on my road to the chappel I told you of, when afore I knowed where I was I almost ran full butt agin Mr. Frank. What becum of my bewtiful wax candle, whether I chuckt *it away or yung Master* took it out of my hand, I know no

moor then the man in the moon I was in such a quandary. I verily beleave I run all the way home without feeling the ground! As yet Missus hasn't said a word; but I think by way of preventive I shall give her warning. My nerves is too quivering to rite furder, xcept luve to all kind frends at Woodlands; I remane, dear Becky, yure luving frend forever and ever,

MARTHA PENNY.

TO MISS WILMOT, AT WOODLANDS.

MY DEAR MARGARET,

With any one else I should feel ashamed and alarmed at my long silence; but you well know the state of my nerves and feelings, and will give me credit for not wishing to disturb your happier thoughts with the effusions of my own bad spirits. Besides, I have met with so many annoyances and disagreeables! However, you will be glad to hear that I am getting more reconciled to foreign travelling: it is very fatiguing; but the lovely scenery, since we left Bonn, has almost repaid me for all my troubles by the way. I will not attempt to describe the beautiful mountains, the romantic old castles, and the pretty outlandish villages, —but whenever you marry, Margaret, pray stipulate for a wedding excursion up the Rhine. One painful thought, indeed, would intrude—if *he* could have enjoyed the scenery with me—for you remember poor George's fondness for picturesque views and sketching—but I must not be so ungrateful as to repine whilst our tour has brought such relief to my own mind, as well as amendment to my health. Even my brother seems to have benefited by the change of

air and scene,—he is decidedly less hypped, and his warnings come at longer intervals. I even think he is getting a little ashamed of them, they have failed so very, very often—and especially since a letter from Mr. Bagster to Frank, supposing his uncle to be deceased :—but above all, after a warning he had on the top of a mountain, when a ridiculous German offered to die along with him, which turned the tragedy into such a comedy, that my poor brother, as Frank says, threw up the part, and we have hopes will never perform in the piece again. He almost expressed as much to me in relating this last attack. "I'm afraid, Kate," said he, "you will begin to think that I am as fond of dying over and over again as the famous Romeo Coates."

I am delighted with Coblenz, where we have taken lodgings for a month. For some days after our arrival we dined at the table-d'hôte, but I cannot say that I like the style of cookery. Somebody declares in his travels, that when a German dish is not sour it is sure to be greasy, and when it is not greasy it is certain to be sour; but the cook at our hotel went a step further in his art, for he contrived to make his dishes both sour and greasy at the same time. Luckily there were other things more English-like in their preparation —such as roast beef, though it was rather oddly introduced to me by the waiter—"Madame! some roast beast?"

Our cookery is now done at home under the superintendence of Martha, who agrees better than I expected with the German maid whom I have engaged. Perhaps there is some cause in the back-ground for this unusual harmony, but as yet it is only a suspicion: in the meantime, you will be amused with a scrape which poor Martha's allspicy temper got her into this morning as we were passing over the Rhine bridge. There is a toll on all provisions brought into the *town, even to a loaf* of bread; and men are stationed at each

of the gates to collect it. We had often seen these officers, in a green uniform, stopping the country-people, and peeping into their baskets and bundles, with a rather strict vigilance; but I was hardly prepared to see one of them insisting on searching a baby. The poor mother loudly remonstrated against such an inspection, and hugged the infant closer to her bosom; but the man was inflexible, and at last seized hold of the child's clothes in a very rough manner. A struggle immediately took place between the officer and the woman, who was almost overcome, when she suddenly met with very unexpected assistance. Since the seizure of my unfortunate Dutch linen, the custom-house people have never been any favourites with Martha,—but besides this dislike, the assault on the baby aroused all her womanly feelings, and she flew to the rescue like a fury. In a very short time she had almost regained the little innocent, when to her inexpressible horror, as well as my own, owing to the violence of the scuffle, the body of the poor baby slipped through its clothes, and actually rolled some seconds on the ground, before we could feel convinced that it was only a fine leg of mutton!

It seems that the frequent visits of the supposed infant to Coblenz, in all weathers, had first excited suspicion; and one of the Douaniers remarked besides that the little dear came rather plumper from the country than it went back again from the town. Hence the *dénouement*, which raised an uproarious horse-laugh from the spectators, and not a little you may suppose at the expense of my magnanimous maid.

There is no accounting for foreign customs, but it seems to me a very odd proceeding for the heads of a town to lay a tax on the persons who bring it victuals. I am sure food is not over *plentiful* here, to judge by the poor of the

place. This morning, a wretched famished-looking woman came to the kitchen, Martha tells me, to beg for "the broth that the ham was boiled in!" But oh! Margaret, in spite of their own wants and misery, how kind are the poor to the poor! At the next door, in an upper room, there is a harmless crazy woman, who, either from the poverty or the niggardliness of her relatives, is but scantily supplied with food. From the back of the house where she is confined there runs a row of meaner dwellings, wholly occupied by common mechanics with their families,—and amongst the rest a sickly-looking weaver, so thin and sallow that he looks like a living skeleton. At the height of the first floors there is a sort of wooden gallery, common to all the inhabitants of the row, and on this platform, which is overlooked by my bed-room window, I often see her needy but kindly neighbours standing to talk to the unfortunate maniac, and thrusting up to her, on the end of a long stick, some morsel of food, such as a carrot or a potato, saved out of their own scanty meals. A rather comely young woman, who has several hungry-looking children, is one of the foremost in these daily charities. The first time I saw it, the sight so affected me, that I sent directly for all the bread in the house, and contrived to make myself understood by holding up a roll in one hand, and pointing to the mad woman's window with the other. The young wife was the first to observe the signal, and never, never shall I forget the delighted expression of her countenance! It brightened all over with a smile quite angelical, as she clasped her hands together and uttered the word "Brod!" in a tone which convinced one that bread was a rarity in her own diet. In a minute the good warm-hearted creature was round at our door, to receive the rolls and some cold meat, which she took as eagerly, and thanked me for as *warmly, as if they* had been intended for herself, her lean

husband, and her hungry children. But my commission was faithfully performed: and I had soon afterwards the gratification of hearing the poor crazy woman singing in a very different tone to her usual wailings. Of course I did not forget the young wife—but what are the best of our gifts—the parings of our superfluities—or even the Royal and Noble Benefaction, written up in letters of gold, to the generous donations of the humbler Samaritans, who, having so little themselves, are yet so willing to share it with those who have less! As I have read somewhere, "The Charity which Plenty spares to Poverty is human and earthly; but it becomes divine and heavenly when Poverty gives to Want."

On the back of this occurrence I had a rather different scene. A woman, of the lower class, very shabbily dressed, found her way up to my room, and, by her manner, intimated to me that she came to beg. I was so impressed with the notion that she could want nothing but food, that I directly offered her some victuals there happened to be on the table, but which to my astonishment she declined. So I summoned Kätchen, our German servant, to interpret, and after some conversation with the stranger, she told me in her broken English that the thing wanted was some "white Kleiden," at the same time pointing to her own gown. As the woman had made a motion with her finger round her head as if describing a fracture, it occurred to me that the white kleiden might be wanted for bandages, and going to a store of old linen which I always keep in reserve for such purposes, I made up a bundle of it for the poor creature, but, after a slight inspection, she rejected it, as it seemed to me, with no small degree of contempt. But I could get no better explanation—Kätchen still referred to her gown, and the woman waved her hand round her head. All at once the truth flashed *across me*—the secret was baby linen—a little night-

gown and a nightcap—but I had no sooner suggested the notion to Kätchen, who repeated it to the other, than they both began to laugh. At last I sent for an old friend in need, the "German and English Dictionary," and by its help I managed to learn, that the woman wanted a white muslin frock for her youngest daughter to be confirmed in; and the motion round her head signified a wreath of artificial flowers. Although rather surprised by the nature of the object, I gave a trifle towards it; and in return, the woman brought me the girl to look at in her holiday costume. By dint of gifts and loans she was decked out like a figurante, in a white muslin dress, white cotton stockings, and light-coloured shoes, with a wreath of artificial lilies-of-the-valley on her head, and a large white lace veil. During the morning the street swarmed with similar figures, besides as many boys in full suits of black, with large white collars, white gloves, and a white rose at the button-hole. They all seemed to have a due sense of the unwonted smartness of their appearance—the little girls especially looked so clean, so pretty, and so very happy in their ephemeral finery, I could not help grieving to reflect, that on the morrow so many of them would be pining again in their dirt and rags. Even their little day was abridged; for towards noon it came on to rain, and to save the precious white kleiden from spot or splash, the wearers were obliged to hurry home, as the Scotch people say, particularly "high kilted."

Frank has discovered an old acquaintance here, a Mr. Markham; and I have been introduced to his wife. She would be an acquisition merely as a companion and a countrywoman; but she is really a pleasant and warm-hearted person, and, in spite of the warning of Lady de Farringdon, we are already sworn friends. They came here to retrench, *and she makes me sigh* and smile by turns with her account

of their great and little troubles in a foreign land. Their worst privation seems to have been the separation from all friends: my heart ached to hear her relate their daily walks to see the packet discharge its passengers, in the vain hope of recognizing some familiar face: but the next moment she made me laugh, till the tears came, with her description of a blight in her eyes, and her servant's uncouth remedy. What do you think, Margaret, of having your head caught in a baker's sack, hot from the oven,—then being half suffocated under a mountain of blankets and pillows,—and at last released, quite white enough, from the heat and the loose flour, for a theatrical ghost!

I have purchased two head-dresses to send you, as samples of the costume of the place. One, to my taste, is very pretty, a small black silk cap, embroidered with gay colours at the top of the head, and from the back hang several streamers of broad black sarcenet ribbon. The other cap is also embroidered or beaded, but two plaited bands of hair pass through the back, and are fastened up with a flat silver or gilt skewer, in shape like a book-knife. Adieu. Love to all from all, including, dear Margaret, your affectionate Sister,

CATHARINE WILMOT.

P.S.—I open this again to tell you that my suspicions about Martha were wrong; but they had better have been correct. She is not in love—but has turned a Roman Catholic! I think I see you all lifting up your hands and eyes, from the parlour to the kitchen! But it is too true. Frank, it appears, met her two evenings ago, with a taper in her hand posting to a chapel, where the Coblenz single women go to pray for husbands! This, then, accounts for her frequent absences both of body and mind. I fancied her goings *out were to* meet some sweetheart, but it was to

attend at Mass or confession, and all her wool-gatherings were from puzzling over the saints on her beads and her new catechism. I consulted with my brother on the subject, but all he said was, "that Martha's religion was her own concern, and provided she did her duty as a servant, she had a right to turn a Mussulwoman if she pleased." When I taxed Martha herself, she owned to it directly, and, as usual, in all dilemmas, gave me warning on the spot. *That* of course goes for nothing, but I shall never be able to keep her. As they say of all new converts, she runs quite into extremes, and I firmly believe is more of a Catholic than the Pope himself. For instance, there are several masses, at different hours of the day, to suit the various classes of people; and, will you believe it? she insists on going to them all! But this comes of foreign travelling. Well might I wish that I had never left Woodlands.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,

This morning I again called on our friend, and found him in company with a little man of such marked features, that between his physiognomy and his London-like pronunciation of English, it was impossible to disconnect him with old clothes, and oranges, Holywell Street, and the Royal Exchange. He was, however, a Prussian, and had simply carried the German pronunciation of W—which is identical with the Cockney way of sounding it—into our own language.

I had scarcely been introduced to this Mr. Isaac Meyer, *when another visitor* was announced, who was likewise

"extremely proud and happy to make my acquaintance;" but just in the middle of his pride and happiness, a glance at the little man stopped him short like a stroke of apoplexy. All his blood seemed to mount into his head; the courteous smile vanished; his eye glistened; his lip curled; his frame trembled; and with some difficulty he stammered out the rest of his compliment. In anticipation of a scene, I looked with some anxiety towards the other party, but to my surprise he was perfectly calm and cool; and was either unconscious of the other's perturbation, or took it as a matter of course. Any general conversation was out of the question; after a very short and very fidgetty stay, during which he never once addressed the object of his dislike, the uncomfortable gentleman took his leave, and the other soon after concluded his "wisit." When they were gone, Markham explained the phenomenon. "The little man," said he, "is of the Hebrew persuasion; and the big one belongs to a rather numerous class, described by Saphir—whose satirical works, by the bye, I think you would relish,—in short he is a Jew-hater—one of those who wish that the twelve tribes had but a single neck. You saw how he reddened and winced! As Shakspeare says, 'some men there are love not a gaping pig, some that are mad if they behold a cat,' and here is this Herr Brigselbach quite set aghast, and chilled all over into goose-skin, at the sight of a human being with black eyes and a hook nose!"

"But surely," said I, "such a prejudice is rare, except amongst the most bigoted Catholics and the lower orders!"

"Lower orders and Catholics!—quite the reverse. I presume you heard of a certain freak of Royal authority, forbidding the Hebrews the use of Christian names, and enjoining other degrading distinctions. Such an example in such a *country* was enough to bring Jew-hating into fashion,

if it had not been the *rage* before. But you must live in Germany to understand the prevalence and intensity of the feeling. You will not rank the editor of a public journal, or his contributors, in the lower and ignorant class: nevertheless my little Isaac the other day lent me a local paper, and the two very first paragraphs that met my eye were sarcastic anecdotes against his race. One of them was laughable enough, indeed I laughed at it myself; but in this country such stories are circulated more for malice and mischief than for the sake of the fun. It ran thus:—A certain cunning old Jew had lent a large sum of money, and charged interest upon it at nine per cent. instead of six, which was the legal rate. The borrower remonstrated; and at last asked the usurer if he did not believe in a God, and where he expected to go when he died?—'Ah,' said the old Hebrew, with a pleased twinkle of the eye and a grin—'I have thought of that too—but when God looks down upon it *from above*, the 9 will appear to HIM like a 6.'"

"And what does Mr. Meyer say," I inquired, "of such attacks on his brethren?"

"Little or nothing. When I alluded to the paragraphs and expressed my indignation, he merely smiled meekly, and said a few words to the effect that 'suffering was the badge of all his tribe.' In fact they are used to it, as was said of the eels. By the bye, Von Raumer speaks of a Prussian liberal, who abused Prussia, as no better than a beast;—but he surely forgot this oppressed portion of his countrymen. As to love of country in general, he is right—but has the degraded inhabitant of Juden Gasse a country? To look for patriotism from such a being, you might as well expect local gratitude and attachment from a pauper without a parish! No, no,—that word, so dear, so holy, to a German, his *Fatherland is to* the Jew a bitter mockery. He has all the

duties and burthens, without the common privileges of the relationship—he is as heavily taxed, and hardly drilled, as any member of the family; but has he an equal share of the benefits—does he even enjoy a fair portion of the affection of his brothers and sisters? Witness Herr Brigselbach. As for his Fatherland, a Jew may truly say of it as the poor Irishman did of his own hard-hearted relative—'Yes, sure enough he's the parent of me—but he trates me as if I was his Son by another Father and Mother!'"

By way of drawing out our friend, who, like the melancholy Jaques in his sullen fits, is then fullest of matter, I inquired if the bitterest writers against the country were not of Meyer's persuasion.

"Yes—Heine abused Prussia, and he was a Jew. So did Börne, and he was a Jew too, born at Frankfort—the *free* city of Frankfort, whose inhabitants, in the nineteenth century, still amuse themselves occasionally, on Christian high days and holidays, with breaking the windows of their Hebrew townsmen. What wonder if the galled victims of such a pastime feel, think, speak, and write, as citizens of the world! As Sterne does with his Captive, let us take a single Jew. Imagine him locked up in his dark chamber, pelted with curses and solider missiles, and trembling for his property and his very life, because he will not abandon his ancient faith, or eat pork sausages. Fancy the jingling of the shattered glass—the crashing of the window frames—the guttural howlings of the brutal rabble—and then picture a Prussian Censor breaking into the room, with a flag in each hand, one inscribed Vaterland, the other Bruderschaft—and giving the quaking wretch a double knock over the head with the poles, to remind him that he is a German and a Frankforter! Was there ever such a tragi-comical picture! *But it is* not yet complete. The poor Jew, it may

be supposed, has little heart to sing to such a terrible accompaniment as bellows from without; nevertheless the patriotic Censor insists on a chaunt, and by way of a prompt-book, sets before the quavering vocalist a translation of Dr. Watts's Hymn of Praise and Thanksgiving for being born in a Christian Land!"

Amused by Markham's *extempore* championship of the twelve tribes, by way of jest I insinuated that during his admitted scarcity of cash, he had perhaps been supplied with moneys by means of his clients. But he took the jest quite in earnest. "Not a shilling, my dear fellow,—not a gros. But I am indebted to them for some kindness and civility: for they certainly hate us far less than some sects of Christians hate each other. It's my firm belief that the Jews possess many good qualities. Why not? The snubbed children of a family are apt to be better than the spoiled ones. As for their honesty, if they cheat us now in retail, we have plundered them aforetime by wholesale,—and like master like scholar. But there's little Meyer, a Jew every inch of him, and with the peculiar love of petty traffic ascribed to his race. He will sell or barter with you the books in his library, the spoons in his cupboard, the watch in his fob, and yet in all my little dealings he has served me as fairly as if he had flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a common journey-work nose, with a lump, like a make-weight, stuck on the end. The extortions and cheating I have met with were from Christians; and what is singular, the only time I ever had my money refused in this country, it was by Jews. There are many poor Hebrew families in Bendorf, and other villages on the banks of the Rhine, and it is a pleasant sight to behold, through the windows of their cottages, the seven candles of their religion shining—*like the fire-flies* of a German night—the only lights in

their darkness, to an outcast people in an alien land. In one of these humble dwellings at Sayn, I once left my hat and coat in exchange for a cap and kittel, preparatory to a broiling hot excursion farther up the country. During my metamorphosis, I happened to take notice of a sickly-looking crippled boy, about nine years old, who was sitting at a table in the corner of the room; and the mother informed me, with a sigh too easy to interpret, that he was her first-born, and her only son. On my return I resumed my clothes, and offered the poor people a trifle for their trouble, but they had already been overpaid by a common expression of sympathy, and refused my money so pertinaciously, that I could only get rid of the coin by pressing it into the wasted hand of the helpless child. Poor little fellow! I wish I could hope to give him another,—but he was already marked for death, and his thin, sharp, sallow face, seemed only kept alive by his quick black eyes!"

"In England," continued Markham, "we have seen a Jewish sheriff of London; but I verily believe if anything could excite a rebellion in these provinces, it would not be the closing of the coffee-houses, and the suppression of the newspapers, but the making a burgomaster of the race of Israel. However, all other brutal sports and pastimes are falling into decadence with the progress of civilisation: bear-baiting is extinct; badger-drawing is on the wane; cock-throwing is gone out; cock-fighting is going after it; and bull-running is put down: so put on your hat, my dear fellow, and let us hope, for the sake of Christianity and human nature, that Jew-hating and Jew-running will not be the last of the line!"

Our first stroll was through the market-place, which was crowded with countrywomen, many of them afflicted with *goitre*. It has been supposed to arise from drinking snow-

water; but as this country abounds in excellent springs, such a theory can scarcely be entertained. In Markham's opinion it is caused by the sudden stoppage of perspiration, and contraction of the pores, by keen blasts from the mountains, whilst the women are toiling bare-necked in the heat of the sun. I asked him if the accounts were correct of the unremitting industry and hard labour of the Germans. "In the towns," said he, "perhaps not: the men are either more indolent, or have less physical strength than the English. I have frequently seen three or four fellows carrying or drawing loads that would be a burden for only one or two in London. Sometimes you see a leash harnessed to a small truck of wood; perhaps there is a woman along with them, and I have remarked that *she* is always in earnest, and, like the willing horse, does more than her fair share of the work. Indeed the softer sex has the harder lot here, for, besides what are with us considered masculine employments, in the fields and on the water, they have all the in-door duties of a woman to perform. As regards the peasantry, great labour is a matter of necessity: by the hardest labour, the land being highly taxed, they only procure the hardest fare; and there being no poor-rates to fall back upon, they must either work hard or starve. You may read in their faces a story of severe toil and meagre diet. Look at those country girls, poor things—"

"Nay," said I, pointing to a group, "I see round ruddy faces and plump figures, and, thanks to the shortness of their petticoats, that they have very respectable calves to their legs."

"Phoo! phoo!" replied Markham, "those are nurses or nursery-maids, and come, witness their peculiar dress, from another country; Saxony, perhaps, or Bavaria. But look *at those yonder*, with their wrinkled foreheads, and hard

sharp features, more resembling old mothers, than young daughters; observe the absolute flatness of their busts, and the bony squareness of their figures, making them look so like men in women's clothes. And no wonder—the toil they go through for a trifle, is sometimes painful to contemplate. Last summer we purchased a small cask of wine from a woman who owns a little vintage: and when it was delivered, we were shocked to find that she had carried it from her village, a league distant, on her head! In fact, time and trouble, so valuable elsewhere, seem here to go for little or nothing; and the waste in both is occasionally quite surprising. For instance, it is nothing unusual in the streets of Coblenz, to see a big man, a big dog, and a big stick, all engaged in driving a week-old calf."

Luckily I have seen this illustration of Markham's and made a sketch of it; and will now attempt to describe the toilsome and tedious operation. The Big Man with the Big Stick goes first; then comes Staggering Bob; and lastly, the Big Dog. In a very methodical manner the Big Dog jumps about from side to side of the calf; who with a natural doubt whether these gambols are not meant for its amusement, makes a dead halt, and indulges in an innocent stare at its four-footed companion. As this stops proceedings, the Big Man immediately begins to haul at the rope, as if he wanted to pull the poor creature's head off, which, of course, drags backwards as lustily as it can. Thereupon the Big Man gives up pulling, and going to the rear, begins pushing with all his might; but the only result is, that after tottering a step or two to the right or left, the Calf *jibs*, and suddenly appears with its head where its tail ought to be; namely, towards the place from whence it came. Bob has then to be turned, and put straight again; an *operation of considerable* difficulty; for during this

manœuvre, the Big Dog sadly embarrasses matters, by jumping about and between both parties. Here, then, the Big Stick comes into play, which the Big Man shakes at the Big Dog, who scampers away some dozen yards—the Calf, in a sportive fit, runs after him—the rope winds round the other two calves, to wit, the Big Man's—and the whole affair is in a tangle! "Potztausend!" but at last all is clear. Still the perverse Calf, though strictly brought up on Temperance Principles, persists in staggering from one side of the street to the other, and finally refuses to stir a foot at all;—the Big Man gives it a poke with his Big Stick, and down it tumbles! So in despair the Big Man throws the live veal over his shoulder,—carries it till he is dead tired—then puts the Calf on its own legs again—then the Big Dog jumps about as before—and then—*Da Capo!*

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The Centurion took no notice of this lamentation, but resumed his discourse. "I have visited their temples—I have stood before their altars—I have witnessed their rites and listened to their doctrines, and what wide diversities do they all present! In one temple, I heard groans and yells and female shrieks; in a second, a full-toned organ, and melodious choristers; in a third, I heard nothing, not even a word: and was I to blame if I looked round for a statue of Harpocrates? Then, again, in one temple I saw infant children sparingly sprinkled with water; in another grown men and women were wading up to their chins in a sort of Frigidarium, or cold bath. Under one sacred roof the votaries leaped and shouted like the Bacchantes and Corybantes; in a neighbouring fane, they stood, and sate, and knelt, by turns, with the steady uniform precision of soldiers at drill. In one rustic temple, standing amidst the fields, they played upon fiddles, oboes, bassoons, flutes and clarionets; in another, in North Britain, Euterpe was dethroned, and all musical instruments were accounted profane, except the human larynx and the human nose. Then the sacred buildings themselves, how different! Here a very Temple of the Muses, adorned with painting and sculpture, and the most gorgeous architecture; there, a sordid structure, as plain and unadorned as a stable or a barn. Even the priests displayed the same incongruities. One wore an elaborate *powdered wig* and an apron; another, the natural hair. *combed in long lank* locks down the forehead and cheeks

Some prayed uncovered, some in a broad-brimmed hat;—here prayed a minister in a white robe—yonder prayed another in a black one; a third wore his every-day clothes. In short, there was no end to these varieties."

"It is even so," said the priest, shaking his gray head. "So many heresies, so many new modes. Yet these are mostly external matters. Whatever the form may be, the worship of all Christians is offered up to the same one and indivisible God!"

"The same! one and indivisible!" almost shouted the centurion. "Tell me, and as thou art a religious man and a Christian priest, answer me truly—Is it the same universal God that the parish pauper must only address from a wooden bench, and the proud noble can only praise from an embroidered velvet cushion? Is it the same Providential Being that the lowly peasant thanks for his scanty hardly-earned daily bread, and the rich man asks to bless his riotous luxury and wasteful superabundance? Is the merciful Father, of whom the weeping child on bended knees begs the life of its sick and declining parent, the same, the very same, as the God of Battles invoked by the ambitious conqueror, on the eve of slaughtering thousands of his fellow-men? Is the Divine Spirit, who gave his only Son in atonement for the sins of the whole world, the same God of the Gospel, whose name is paraded as the especial patron of exclusive pious factions—of uncharitable bigots and political partisans? Is there anything in common between the fierce vindictive Creator wrathfully consigning the creatures he has made to everlasting and unutterable torments, as depicted by the gloomiest of fanatical sects, and the beneficent Jehovah, silently adored by the Quaker, as the God of peace and good-will towards men? Is it the *same Divine Author*——" "Enough, enough," interposed

manœuvre, the Big Dog sadly embarrasses matters, by jumping about and between both parties. Here, then, the Big Stick comes into play, which the Big Man shakes at the Big Dog, who scampers away some dozen yards—the Calf, in a sportive fit, runs after him—the rope winds round the other two calves, to wit, the Big Man's—and the whole affair is in a tangle! "Potztausend!" but at last all is clear. Still the perverse Calf, though strictly brought up on Temperance Principles, persists in staggering from one side of the street to the other, and finally refuses to stir a foot at all;—the Big Man gives it a poke with his Big Stick, and down it tumbles! So in despair the Big Man throws the live veal over his shoulder,—carries it till he is dead tired—then puts the Calf on its own legs again—then the Big Dog jumps about as before—and then—*Da Capo!*

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rather round, Boppart, for it had to be taken to pieces, and to circumvent the town by water—and now here it is, with a few more such difficulties, between itself and its ultimate destination. However, the thing carries a moral. Göethe charged the English with want of reflection, that they did not look backward enough; and here is a proof that the Germans do not sufficiently look a-head :—in short, whilst our object is pace, and our only cry is 'Hark forward!' they are perpetually trying back, with a cold scent, towards their great-grandfathers and grandmothers."

There! You have had a tolerable course of Markham; but you will be interested in the tone of his mind, as well as in the course of his fortunes. He afterwards took me up to Ehrenbreitstein, where we met with a friend of his, Captain Walton, an Englishman by birth, but in the Prussian service. On comparing notes with this gentleman, it came out that I was familiar with several of his friends in Kent; and from what I heard of him it is likely that we shall be intimates. From the Fortress, we proceeded to view an ancient Roman Tower, in the vicinity, where I picked up a hint for the story you will find inclosed. Love to Emily from

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANS.

A TALE OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

THE night was breezy and cloudy, but the moon was at full, and as the opaque vapours flitted across her silver disk, *that grand mass* of rock and masonry, "the Broad Stone of

Honor," gleamed fitfully or frowned darkly on the valley beneath. On the right, rose the mouldering, slender, round tower, of Roman origin; on the left, the wind moaned through the waving poplars on the height of Pfaffendorf; below, lay the snugly sheltered Thal Ehrenbreitstein, beyond which the broad rapid Rhine reflected the red and yellow lights of the opposite city of Coblenz.

The hour was late, for Germany; and the good Pfarrer Schmidt, aided by the steep descent, was stepping homeward at a good round pace, when suddenly a sound struck on his ear like a groan. He instantly paused to listen, and distinctly heard a rattling, which, to his surprise, seemed to come from the ancient tower, and in another minute a tall stalwart figure came stumbling down the dilapidated steps of the old gray building; and, staggering like a drunken man towards our wayfarer, addressed him with a few words, in one of the dead tongues. The language, however, was not unknown, for it was the same in which the good Pastor repeated the offices of his religion—wherefore, replying to the stranger in Latin, they entered at once into discourse. But the conversation had not gone far, ere, suddenly recoiling three or four steps backward, the Priest began to mutter and cross himself with the utmost fervor. And little wonder; for, by help of a glance of the moon, it was plain that the figure had no kind of clothing on its body, save an old rusty cuirass, which, with the extraordinary tenor of its last question—"And how fares the noble Cæsar?" sufficed to convince the astonished Priest that he was communing with either a resuscitated Roman, or a Roman ghost!

At so awful a discovery it is natural to suppose that the Priest must have immediately taken to flight; but in the first place, he had a strong belief in the efficacy of the exorcisms and other spiritual defences with which he was armed;

and secondly, terror, which acts variously on different individuals, seemed to root him to the spot. In the meantime, the figure, folding its arms, turned from side to side, cast a glance at the dark modern citadel, then at the opposite fort of Pfaffendorf, and then muttering the word "Confluentia," took a long, long look across the glittering river. Again and again the apparition rubbed its eyes as if doubtful of being in a dream. At last, arousing from this reverie, the figure again addressed the Pastor with great earnestness, at the same time laying its hand upon his arm. The action made the Priest start, and tremble excessively; but by a very sensible pressure, it served to convince him that the figure, whatever it might be, was not merely a phantom. Wonder now began to mingle and struggle with fear, and by degrees getting the mastery, the Priest, after a devout inward prayer, took courage, and by a sign invited the stranger to accompany him towards his home. The figure immediately complied,—and walking parallel with each other but with a good space between, they began to descend the steep, the Priest noticing with secret satisfaction, as the moon shone out, that his mysterious companion, like a solid body, threw a distinct shadow across the road.

Arrived at the parsonage, which was not far distant, the Pastor conducted his strange guest into his study, and carefully closed the door. His next concern was to furnish his visitor with decent garments; and with much difficulty and persuasion, the Ancient was induced to put on a modern suit of black. For some considerable time neither of them spoke a word, each being absorbed in the same occupation of gazing and marvelling at the other; and remembering that the host was a Catholic Priest of the nineteenth century, and the guest a contemporary of Julius Cæsar, it is easy to imagine *that they mutually* found matter enough for admiration

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there would be but one worship offered up in the same spirit!"

"Alas! alas!" said the pious Pastor, "it was the accursed schism of Martin Luther that led to such discordances. After separating from the holy Mother Church, the fallers-off became again split and divided amongst themselves!"

The Centurion took no notice of this lamentation, but resumed his discourse. "I have visited their temples—I have stood before their altars—I have witnessed their rites and listened to their doctrines, and what wide diversities do they all present! In one temple, I heard groans and yells and female shrieks; in a second, a full-toned organ, and melodious choristers; in a third, I heard nothing, not even a word: and was I to blame if I looked round for a statue of Harpocrates? Then, again, in one temple I saw infant children sparingly sprinkled with water; in another grown men and women were wading up to their chins in a sort of Frigidarium, or cold bath. Under one sacred roof the votaries leaped and shouted like the Bacchantes and Corybantes; in a neighbouring fane, they stood, and sate, and knelt, by turns, with the steady uniform precision of soldiers at drill. In one rustic temple, standing amidst the fields, they played upon fiddles, oboes, bassoons, flutes and clarionets; in another, in North Britain, Euterpe was dethroned, and all musical instruments were accounted profane, except the human larynx and the human nose. Then the sacred buildings themselves, how different! Here a very Temple of the Muses, adorned with painting and sculpture, and the most gorgeous architecture; there, a sordid structure, as plain and unadorned as a stable or a barn. Even the priests displayed the same incongruities. One wore an elaborate *powdered wig* and an apron; another, the natural hair. *combed in long lank* locks down the forehead and cheeks

Some prayed uncovered, some in a broad-brimmed hat;—here prayed a minister in a white robe—yonder prayed another in a black one; a third wore his every-day clothes. In short, there was no end to these varieties."

"It is even so," said the priest, shaking his gray head. "So many heresies, so many new modes. Yet these are mostly external matters. Whatever the form may be, the worship of all Christians is offered up to the same one and indivisible God!"

"The same! one and indivisible!" almost shouted the centurion. "Tell me, and as thou art a religious man and a Christian priest, answer me truly—Is it the same universal God that the parish pauper must only address from a wooden bench, and the proud noble can only praise from an embroidered velvet cushion? Is it the same Providential Being that the lowly peasant thanks for his scanty hardly-earned daily bread, and the rich man asks to bless his riotous luxury and wasteful superabundance? Is the merciful Father, of whom the weeping child on bended knees begs the life of its sick and declining parent, the same, the very same, as the God of Battles invoked by the ambitious conqueror, on the eve of slaughtering thousands of his fellow-men? Is the Divine Spirit, who gave his only Son in atonement for the sins of the whole world, the same God of the Gospel, whose name is paraded as the especial patron of exclusive pious factions—of uncharitable bigots and political partisans? Is there anything in common between the fierce vindictive Creator wrathfully consigning the creatures he has made to everlasting and unutterable torments, as depicted by the gloomiest of fanatical sects, and the beneficent Jehovah, silently adored by the Quaker, as the God of peace and good-will towards men? Is it the *same Divine Author*——" "Enough, enough," interposed

the priest, with a deprecating wave of the hand. "Nay, but answer me," said the centurion. "Have I described one God, or many? In the list I have only partly sketched out, can you find nothing answerable to our plurality—to Plutus, to Mars, to Mercury, and Jupiter Tonans? Is the Christian Deity indeed one and indivisible, or made multiform, like Jove of old, by the separate impersonation and worship of his various attributes?"

"You have at least broached a curious theory," answered the Catholic priest, with great placidity, for his own particular withers were as yet unwrung. "But where," he asked, "would you find your great host of inferior deities, your Dii Minores, your demi-gods and demi-goddesses and the like?" "Where!" cried the centurion—"where else but close at hand? They are only disguised under other names. For instance, we had our Vertumnas and our Pomona, the patron of orchards—our Bona Dea; Hygeia, the goddess of health; Fornax, the goddess of corn and of bakers; Occator, the god of harrowing; Runcina, the goddess of weeding; Hippona, the goddess of stables and horses; and Bubona, the goddess of oxen. Now, we need only go into the Eifel——"

"Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the priest, reddening to his very tonsure—"Do you mean to adduce our blessed saints!"

"Exactly so," replied the calm centurion. "They are your Dii Minores—your demi-gods and demi-goddesses, and so forth, answerable to our own, and appointed to much the same petty and temporal offices. Have you not St. Apollonica for curing the tooth-ache, St. Blaize for sore throats, and St. Lambert for fits? Is not St. Wendelin retained to take care of the cows and calves, and St. Gertrude to drive away rats?"

The indignant priest could bear no more: it was like

being compelled to swallow the beads of a rosary, one by one. "Anathema Maranatha!" he exclaimed in a paroxysm of anger. "Accursed pagan! libellous heathen! Begone! You shall no longer profane my dwelling! Hence, I say!" —and extending his arm to give force to the mandate, the venerable pastor thrust his attenuated fingers into the flame of the candle and started up broad awake!

TO REBECCA PAGE.

DEAR BECKEY,

Thenk hevin the storm I tould you of has blowed over; but I believe I may thank master for it, who was so kind as say I mite turn a Turk or a Hottenpot, if so be it agreed with my conshense. As for missus, she looks grumpy enuff at my new devotions—but let her look, I mayn't always be her servent to be tried xperiments on, as was the case this blessed morning. Complaining, as usual, of her weak state of nerves, she was advized by Mrs. Markhum to try the Rine baths, as being verry braceing; and missus was so considderrit as to let poor me make the fust trial. The baths are kep in a floting house, witch is made fast to the Rine Bridge, of boats; and a pretty rushin and rampagin the river makes between them, like a mill race. But there was no help for it, as bathe I must; and was all crudling, and shakin, and shiverin, in the tearing could water; when before one could say lawk deliver us, a nasty grate barge come spinning down the river, and by sum mismanigement the towin rope hung too low down, and jist ketching the bath house, wipt off the hole roof in a jiffy! There was a *hawful crash, you* may suppose; and at that very minit I

had duckt my head under, and wen I come up agin, lo and behold! there was nothin at all up abuv, xcept the bare sky. In course it was skreek upon skreek from the other rooms; and thinks I, if tops comes off, so may bottoms, and in that case, down sinks the floting baths, and were all drownded creturs as sure as rats. So out I run on to the bridge of boats, jist as I was, with nothin on but my newdity; but decency's won thing, and death's another. The rest of the bathing ladies did the same; and some of them, pore things, fainted ded away on the boards. Luckly, none of the mail sects was passing by, for xcept won Waterloo blue bonnit, we were all in a naturalized state, like so menny Eves. Most fortunately, it was a hot sunny day, or we mite have kitcht our deths; howsumever, I was gitting more composed, wen hearing a tramp, tramp, tramp, I turned round my hed, and wat should I see but a hole rigment of Prushian sogers a marching over the bridge. In such an undelicate case, staying was out of the question, so I giv a skreech, and roof or no roof, it was won generil skuttle back into the littel house. Then sich a skramble and hudling on of our close, there wasn't a lady but looked as if her things had been put on, as the saying is, with a pitchfork! As for the ones in fits, the bath pepel carried them back! and as the best and shortest way of bringing them to, popped them into the water agin, witch had the effect. Thenk gudness, there was no wus harm done; but Catshins says, wen the roof was took off, I ought to have crost meself; and to be sure, so I ought, as well as Sanctus Marius, instead of O Criminy!

So much for bathing afore missus. For my part, I don't admire boat bridges. Give me good iron or stone wons, like Southwurk, or Rochistir. Ony the other day, a grate misguidid raft of wood driv agin the pinted end of an iland *called Over Work*, witch split the raft in two; so one half

came down by the rite side of the iland, and the other by the left; and betwixt them, they broke and carried away both ends of the Rine bridge; and there was a pore old woman and her cow, witch mite have been me, a dancing about, well ni crazy with frite, on the bit of bridge as was left in the middle of the river! Yesterday, Catshins took me to visit at her old place; being twelve o'clock, the fammily was jist going to dinner, and so I saw the hole preparation. First there was soop, and Catshins said, the cook said somebody said as how the English soop was so pore, it was obleeged to be disgized and flavioured up with pepper and spice; but I tould her, Lord help her, I never see any soop in England, but wat, wen could, was a perfect jelly, as might be chuckt over the house. Howsumever, I tasted the Germin soop, and thinks I, there'd be jist as much taste of the meat if a cow had tumbled into the Rine. Then came the beef, with iled butter and sowr sarce; and tell cook at home if she wants a new ornimentle dish, I'll be bound she never thort of a bullock's nose in jelly. For wegetables, small fried taters, and something green, as looked like masht duck weed, besides a hole truss of sallet; and instead of a fruit-pie, a flat cherry-tart, amost as big as a tebord. As for the servents, the best part of their dinner was ould cowcumbers as had crawled on the ground till they was as yeller underneath as a toad's belly—sliced up in winiger and shocking bad ile, along with monstrashious big inguns. To be sure they do feed very queerly. Catshins says, her missis was ill laterly with the morbus; and the fust thing she begged for in the eating way was a veal cutlit and a lot of bullises stewed in sour wine! As for desert, they eat plums by the bushell, and pounds upon pounds of cherris; and *wat's* more, swallow the stones!

Talkin of dinners, please God if I ever settle in Germiny,

there's three things I'll have out from England, a warmin pan, a plate-warmer and a knife-board; for the knives here are never sharpt, and as we say of dill-water, are so innocent, you may give them to a new-born babby without the least danger. But lawk, if you was to send them out things, they don't know the rite use of them, and most likely they would fry pan-cakes in the warmin pan, and make a pantry of the plate-warmer, jist as they fetch water for drinkin in a tin pail as is painted red on the inside and green on the out. Nothing's used in its proper way. When we cum to the lodgins, I found in the drawing-room a square painted tin basket, exactly like an English bread-basket, and ever sinse I've put the rolls in it, but wen Catshins come she said it's to hold sand, and to be spit into—wat a forrin idear!

All together I shouldn't like to be a Germin servent; but I'm sadly afeard I shan't stop long where I am. Missus gets very cross, and seems to think I never do enuff; but if she was in my shoes she would find I have more work than I can do, what with my new religion and gitting all the he and she saints by heart; and to be taught nitting; and practise waltzing and singing, and learn Germin besides, witch is very puzzling, for they say ve for we, and wisy wersy.

The grate Sham Fites is begun, and I've been to the Larger, as it's called, witch is full of shows and booths, and partikly wooden taverns and publick howsis, three to one. But the pitcht wite tents is a bewtiful site in the middle of a wide plane, with the blue mountings all round. I went with a party in a waggin, the same as to Fairlop Fair, and was very cumfittable till the cumming home, wen a Germin tailer, overtook with snaps, went to sleep in the bottom of *the waggin with* his lighted pipe among the straw. A pretty *frite it was!* for the straw flamed up, and we were all

obleeged to bundle out neck and crop. Thenk providens there was no personable axident, xcept to the yung man his self, who, when he sobered, was dreadfully put out to diskiver his faverit curl and all his back hare was singed off his head.

Now I must stop for want of candle, and besides Catshins snores so she puts me out. Give my luve to every boddy in Becknam, not forgetting yourself, and so as the Cathlicks say, Bendicity from

Dear Becky,

Yure luving Friend,

MARTHA PENNY.

P.S.—I've begun to confess a little, namely going to the Germin Ball in Missis's silk stockins. But I couldn't quite unbuzzum. But in course me and the Priest will get more confidential in time.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

You must have wondered at the unusual pause in my correspondence, and I will at once proceed to show cause. Ten days ago, my uncle, after so many false alarms, was taken ill in earnest, without any warning at all. Just after breakfast, he was seized with violent cramp, or spasms, in the chest and stomach, and for some hours was in great pain, and even some peril. Very much against his will, for he persisted that nobody but Truby understands his constitution, we called in medical advice, and as the case was urgent, sent for *the Doctor next* at hand.

Now that the danger is over and gone, it is curious to recall how much farce was mingled with proceedings that seemed so serious at the time. The Ex-Patient himself laughs heartily whenever he speaks on the subject, and especially of his medical treatment, which he says will be "nuts to Truby, when he gets back to Kent."

The truth is, however the philosophers and professional men of this country relish a despotic government, they are particularly fond of placing themselves under the tyranny of a ruling idea. Hence all kind of extravagance. As Markham says, "A German is not content to take an airing on his Hobby in a steady old gentlemanly sort of way. He gives it a double feed of metaphysical beans, jumps on its bare back, throws the bridle over its ears, applies his lighted pipe to its tail, and does not think he is riding till he is run away with. At last, the horse comes to some obstacle, where there is a great gulf fixed. He naturally refuses to leap; but not so his master. No true German would give a doit for a ditch with a further side to it; so down he gets, takes a mile of a run, swings his arms, springs off with 'one bound that overleaps all bounds,' and alights on his head, quite insensible, somewhere 'beyond beyond.'"

Their physicians afford striking examples of this ultraism. Thus Hahnemann, having hit on the advantage of small doses, never rested till he had reduced them to infinitesimals. In the same manner, Herr Bowinkel, having convinced himself that bleeding, in some cases, is improper, ends by scouting Phlebotomy altogether; whilst Herr Blutigel, in the next street, arrives at quite the opposite extreme, and opens every vein he can come at with his lancet. In short, your German is fond of fiddling, à la Paganini, on one string.

One of these empirical professors it was our fortune to

call in to my uncle, in the person of Doctor Ganswein, who, after a very cursory inquiry into his patient's malady, pronounced at once that it was a case for the Wasser-Kur. How this cure was to be effected you will best understand from a conversation which took place between the Physician and my Aunt. I must premise that my Aunt began the colloquy in French, as it was taught in Chaucer's time at Stratford atte Bowe; but after having puzzled the Doctor with sundry phrases, such as "son habit est si plein," meaning, "he is of such a full habit," she betook herself to her mother-tongue.

Aunt. And as to his eating, Doctor?

Doctor. Nichts; noting at all.

Aunt. And what ought he to drink?

Doctor. Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. Would it be well to bathe his feet?

Doctor. Ja——mit Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. And if he feels a little low?

Doctor. Low?—vat is dat?

Aunt. Out of spirits; a little faint like.

Doctor. Faint—ah!—So?—you shall sprinkle at him vis some Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. And nothing else?

Doctor. Ja—— I shall write something (*he writes*). Dere! you shall send dis papier to de Apotheke in de Leer Strasse, almost to de Rondel. Your broder shall drink some flasks of Kissingen.

Aunt. Kissingén—what's that? Is it any sort of wine?

Doctor. Wein! nein! It is some sort of Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. Oh, from the Baths?

Doctor. Ja! ja!—it shall be goot to bath too—in Kalt Wasser. (*To my Uncle*) Sare, have you read my leetle boke?

Uncle (in pain). What's it—about—Doctor?

Doctor. De Heilsamkeit of de Kaltes Wassers. I have prove de Kalt Wasser is good for every sickness in de world.

Uncle. Humph! What for—water in the head?

Doctor. Ja—and for wasser in de shest. And for wasser in de—what you call him? de abdomen. It is good for every ting. De Kalt Wasser shall sweep away all de Kranken, all de sick peoples from de face of de earth!

Uncle (to himself). Yes—so did—the Great Flood.

Doctor Ganswein had no sooner taken his leave, than my uncle called me to the bed-side. "Frank,—I've heard before —of wet-nurses—but never of—a wet Doctor. It's the old story—of the prescription that was nothing—but aqua pumpy. He musn't come again. I shall be drowned—before I'm cured. Nothing but watering, watering, watering —Egad! he takes me for a sick Hydrangea!"

Having prevented any *relapse* of Dr. Ganswein, it became necessary to find a successor; and by the advice of our Bankers, I sent for a Doctor Wolf, who was making a temporary stay in Coblenz. This selection, however, was anything but palatable to my aunt: two of the strongest of her prejudices rose up against a physician, who was not only a foreigner, but a Jew; his mere name seemed ominous: and, unfortunately, with a very unprepossessing physiognomy, his manners were abrupt and repulsive. I suspect *he* also had a hobby of his own; for one of his first questions to his patient was, whether he had ever tried a Mud Bath—a boggy remedy, of which you may read in Dr. Granville's account of the German Spas. "What's a Mud Bath?" inquired the Patient. "It is," said Dr. Wolf, "for to be in some black mud up to your middle." "If that's it," replied my uncle, "I've had it of a dirty day—in the streets of London. And I can't say—it was any benefit."

On our return to the drawing-room, the physician made his report. His patient's disorder, he said, originated in over-fatigue, the disarrangement of ordinary habits, a strange climate, unusual diet, a cold, perhaps, and a want of the necessary quantity of sleep. Knowing, by experience, that such evils are apt to beset travellers on the Rhine, I was quite satisfied; but my aunt was more inquisitive. "Hist!" said the Doctor, significantly laying his forefinger on the side of his nose; and then, with more than common mystery, he drew her aside into a corner. "Good heavens! is my dear brother in any danger?" "He is quite so bad as one can wish," answered the Doctor, with a series of solemn little nods. "Hear to me,"—and he fixed his black eyes on the changing face before him—"is your Broder rishe? Have he mosh moneys?" To my apprehension, this question merely had reference to the recommendation of some expensive baths; but it met with a darker interpretation from my aunt. "It is rather a singular question," said she, "but my brother is what is called an independent gentleman." "Dat is goot,—ferry goot," said Mr. Wolf, nodding, winking, rubbing his hands, and looking very well pleased. "Now hark to me" —and he approached his mouth to her ear—"whilst he is so bad in his bed, you shall rob him." "WHAT!" exclaimed my aunt in such a voice that the ringing monosyllable seemed to echo from every side and corner of the apartment. "You —shall—rob him"—repeated the Doctor, still more distinctly and deliberately—"You shall rob his chest." My aunt looked petrified. "Do not you understand me?" asked the dreadful Doctor, after a pause. "I am afraid I do," said my aunt, giving a sort of gulp, as if to swallow some violent speech, and then hurried into the adjoining room and locked herself in. The Doctor followed this manœuvre with his hawklike eyes, which, when the door closed, he turned

upon me: but before I could attempt any explanation, he snatched up his hat, made me a low bow, and with a shrug that said as plainly as words "those unaccountable English!" he bolted out of the room and down the stairs.

When he was gone I could not resist a laugh, which was hardly suppressed by the reappearance of my aunt, who, after an anxious look round the chamber, to make sure of the absence of the detestable Doctor, cast herself down on the sofa with a fervent "Thank God!"—"Frank!—What a monster!—Wolf by name and wolf by nature; did you hear what the wretch proposed to me?"—and she launched off into a tale so ludicrously distorted and coloured by her own extravagant suspicions, that I could hardly preserve my gravity. "But I foretold it," she said, "from the very first glimpse of him! There was villain stamped in his face. Did you ever before see such horrid cunning eyes, or hear such an artful insinuating voice? Now I think of it, he is the very picture ——" She was stopped by the entrance of Martha with a bottle of medicine, which her mistress had no sooner inspected than the expression of her countenance changed from indignation and disgust to vexation and mortification. "It's really very provoking!" she exclaimed —"So very absurd!—How uncommonly annoying! But it's all his own fault for not speaking better English," and handing to me the explanatory phial, I read as follows:—

"Esquier Orchardt,
For to rob him with on the chest."

Thanks, however, to Dr. Wolf and the robbing, or a sound constitution, my uncle recovered, and is now as well as ever. In the meantime, the grand Military Manœuvres commenced under the eye of the Prince Royal. Verily it was playing at soldiers on a royal scale, some 15,000 troops being collected

for the purpose, much to the inconvenience of the town and villages where they quartered, and still more to their own discomfort in camp, where, owing to the heavy rains, there was a considerable mortality from a disorder which led to a police bull of excommunication against all plums. As a military spectacle, taking into account the number of performers, the extent of the theatre, and the magnificent scenery, it was superb. By rotation, it should be represented at Coblenz once in eight years; and in consequence of the great expense of paying for the damage in a cultivated country, it was said the piece was never to be repeated; nevertheless the show attracted scarcely any of the natives, excepting the day when the Prince Royal was present: some few travellers from our own country, a half-dozen of English and Hanoverian officers and ourselves were the only spectators. To a novelist, who might have occasion to describe the operations of warfare, even such an experience would have been invaluable, enhanced as the mock battles were by a most picturesque country. For my own part, although a civilian, I took an extreme interest, akin to that of the chess-player, in these Manœuvres, the purport of which I tried to penetrate, but with little success, as might be expected not merely from my ignorance of the science, but from the intricate and difficult nature of the country. The commander-in-chief was the governor of the Rhenish provinces—the veteran General Von Borstell, who, in addition to his high reputation as a cavalry officer, nobly proved his *moral* courage, during the War of Liberation, by refusing to obey the order of Marshal Blucher for the decimation of a Saxon regiment. For such conduct there is no earthly decoration: and therefore, having received all the orders which his country, or rather his sovereign, has to bestow, the brave, able, and humane General Von Borstell must look forward for the

most precious and enduring of rewards, for the best and brightest act of his life, from the King of Kings.

As might be expected, several real casualties occurred during the sham warfare; and on the last day there happened an accident peculiar to these Manœuvres. As only half charges are allowed, the excited soldier, who wishes to make a little more noise, puts a load of earth or gravel into his musket. Sometimes, probably, a worse motive comes into play: however, we had just turned homewards whilst the victors of the day were firing their *feu de joie*, when on the brow of a hill we saw a poor fellow, sitting under a tree, with his jacket off, and the blood flowing down his arm. He had been shot, a minute before, with a stone, above the elbow, and was in the hands of the regimental surgeon. My aunt immediately insisted on having him into the carriage, a proposition which the doctor embraced with gratitude and avidity, as otherwise his patient must have been jolted two or three leagues in a common cart. So, supplying my aunt with some drops, in case the man should faint, the surgeon ran off to fresh claimants on his services: in fact we saw four or five of the common soldiers drop down from exhaustion, like dead men, by the side of the road. A little damped to reflect that these instances of human suffering had occurred on merely the *play-ground* of the "School of War," we returned to Coblenz, and delivered up our unlucky charge at the Military Hospital. "I do hope," said my uncle, "the King of Prussia will double that poor fellow's smart-money; for if anything can be galling to a soldier, it must be to have all the pain and disablement of a wound without any of its glory."

You are not aware, perhaps, that *every* Prussian subject must be a soldier, consequently there can be no serving by substitute as in our militia. One morning, whilst listening

to the performance of the capital military band, I was addressed in tolerable English by one of the privates, who inquired how I liked their army. He was a master baker, he told me, in Oxford-street, and at the earnest entreaty of his father had left his rolls for the roll-call, his basket for a musket, and his fancy bread for brown tommy, in order to serve his two years, and avoid the forfeiture of his civil rights. Instances are on record, of individuals (Stulz, the celebrated tailor, I believe, for one) who, having realized fortunes abroad, were seized on their return to Prussia, treated as deserters, or sent into the awkward squad. Even the schoolmasters do not escape, but are compelled to join the march of body with the march of mind. As an *indulgence* they have only a six weeks' drill—how different to the six weeks at Midsummer of our schoolmasters!—but then in that time they are expected to become proficients. What a weary time it must be for the poor pedagogues! Fancy a sedentary usher, summoned from his professional desk, round-shouldered, stooping—shambling—suddenly called upon to unlearn all his scholar-like habits, and learn others quite the reverse—to hold his head very much up, to draw his back very much in, to straighten his arms, stiffen his legs, and step out, instead of his own shuffle, at so many strides to the minute. Imagine him stuck up as a sentry on gusty Ehrenbreitstein, or more likely undergoing an extra drill, in marching order, for wool-gathering, with a problem of Euclid, and wheeling to the wrong-about face instead of the right! Verily it must seem to him like a bad dream, a doleful piece of somnambulism, till convinced of the hard reality by finding himself thrust, instead of his late sober academical coat or gown, into a Prussian blue jacket, with red collar and cuffs, and feeling behind, instead of the flowing philosophical locks, the bald *regulation* nape!

Pray comfort with this outlandish picture your neighbour the graduate of Oxford, who used to complain so bitterly of the irksomeness of drilling little boys in Latin and Greek. A schoolmaster's business in Hampshire may be a sufficient trial of Christian patience: but what is it to the complex duties of these schoolmasters abroad? Instead of his annual vacation, let him suppose himself, as a respite from teaching, being taught—to drum! Let him conceive himself planted, with his noisy parchment, and two brass-headed sticks, practising day after day, hour after hour, his monotonous rub dub dub, rub dub dub, under the walls of Ehrenbreitstein! Even as a listener, I have been so disgusted with this wearisome Tambour-work, that I have quite prayed for a little Flosculous Relievo!

On the parade I met the Captain, who told me that his regiment—an infantry one—was under orders to return to its proper locality, Prussian Poland. Perhaps there was some inspiration in the martial music, but the thought struck me of joining company, at least as far as Berlin. The Captain caught at the idea, and as my uncle makes no objection to my absence, the whim is likely to prove more than a freak of fancy. At least I am seriously on the look out for a horse: so as to have no more foot exercise than may be agreeable. As the marching order has not long to run, my next will probably be dated from quarters, for I shall give you a sketch of my military promenade.

This morning, as usual, I strolled about with Markham, and, Englishman-like, I proposed, on passing the hotel, to walk in and look at the newspapers. "Newspapers!" said he; "you will find none here but the 'Rhein-und Mosel Zeitung,' and I can give you a tolerable idea of the contents beforehand. First, the king has graciously been pleased to confer on Mr. Bridge-toll-taker Bommel, and a dozen other

officials, the 'Adler' order of the fourth class. Messrs. Kessel and Co. have erected a steam-engine of two-horse power; and the firm of Runkel and Rüben have established a manufactory of beet-root sugar. Then for foreign news, there are half a dozen paragraphs on as many different countries—our own amongst the rest, probably headed 'Distress in Rich England,' and giving an account of a pauper who died in the streets of London. As to local intelligence, the Over-Burgomaster has ordered the substitution of a new post for an old one, in the Clemens Platz, and a fresh handle to the pump near the Haupt Wache. A sentimental poem, a romantic tale, and the advertisements, fill up the dingy sheet." In fact, on entering the saloon of the hotel, such a meagre-looking fog-coloured journal, as he had described, was lying on the dining-table. Markham took it up, and glanced over it. "Yes, here they are, the list of Eagle orders and crosses, and the foreign paragraphs. From Italy, Professor Crampini gives his opinion on an ancient pan. From Spain nothing—for affairs are going against Don Carlos. From Greece, king Otho has displaced a native functionary, and put a German in his place. From Russia — the distinguished reception of Baron Hoggenhausen at the imperial Court. From Austria, that Strauss has composed a new waltz. From Saxony, the price of wool, and a proclamation of some petty Sovereign, who, having no transmarine possessions, ordains that all vagrants, beggars, and vagabonds in his dominions, shall be transported beyond seas. From England —zounds!—is it possible that Englishmen have allowed a namesake of the immortal Shakespeare to go ragged about the streets! To be sure the bard himself has asked 'what is there in a name?'—and, on the principle implied, we ought to hang the very first Patch or Thurtell that came in our way. There is no sentimental poem in this number; but

there is a romantic story, and it well illustrates the exaggerated notions of English wealth, which, to the natives, serve to justify a dead set at their pockets. What do you think of this? A lady residing in Euston-square, New-road, loses her only child, a little girl. The afflicted mother advertises her in the papers, and offers as a reward—how much do you think? Only £50,000 per annum, a mine in 'Cornwales, and £200,000 in East India shares."

"Are you serious?" I asked. "Perfectly; it is here, every word of it. Finally, there are the advertisements, some of which even are characteristic—for instance, Mr. Simon, the notary, offers fifty dollars for the discovery of the parties who last night broke into his garden and stole and mutilated his statue of Napoleon:—and a lady promises a reward to the finder of a bracelet, containing the locks and initials M. J.—P. von F.—R. I. D.—L. A.—C. de G.—P. P.—A. von N.—and J. St. M."

I forgot to tell you, that on a former visit to the hotel, I found sitting at the table, with as long a face as he could make of a round one, our fellow-traveller the Cockney; being by his own contrivance a détenu. Having as usual delivered up his passport at Cologne, he persuaded himself that the printed Dampfschiff document he obtained at the packet-office was something equivalent to the police permit; and only discovered the error on arriving at Coblenz. "So here I am," said he, "kicking my heels, till my passport comes upward from Cologne;" and then added, in a genuine Bow-bell voice, "Well, arter all, there's no place like Lonnon!" He now told me of a subsequent adventure. By one of those unaccountable mistakes which happen amongst "foreigners on both sides," he became included in a shooting-party, at a grand battue, in the woods of Nassau. Cockney-like, he provided himself for the occasion with a great dog, of I know

not what breed; but pointer or mastiff, the animal was equally out of place and rule. However the master was permitted to retain the beast, on condition of keeping him at heel, which he effected by tying Bango with a string to the button-hole of his trousers-pocket. In this order our Cockney was planted, at a convenient post for shooting down an avenue, at whatever game might pass across it. For some time nothing stirred, but at last there was a rustle of the leaves, and a fine hare scampered along the path. Away went Bango after the hare, and away went a huge fragment of kerseymere after Bango, leaving the astonished sportsman in even a worse plight than Sterne, when he treated the starved Ass to a macaroon! "If ever I shoot again," said he, "it shall be round Lonnon; they're up to the thing there, pinters and all."

Apropos of sporting, the example of Markham and his friend has brought angling into fashion with some of the officers of the garrison. Amongst the rest we found a captain of engineers, making his maiden essay on the banks of the Moselle; but he complained sadly of the shyness or inappetence of the fish, which had refused even to nibble, although for the two last hours, as he took the trouble to prove to us by pulling up his line: he had been fishing at the bottom with an artificial fly! The only drawback to the amusement is the fall of large stones, not meteoric, but projected by the first idle Coblenzer of the lower class, who may happen to pass by. To such a pitch was this nuisance carried that the military piscators were obliged to post men to intercept and punish the runaway offenders. "I can only account for so malicious a practice," said Markham, "by supposing that as the amusement is English, the low-born are infected with the same petty jealousy as their betters occasionally exhibit towards our country, from Prince

Pückler Muskau, down to Mr. Aloys Schreiber. But you have not perhaps seen the latter's sketch of the English in Baden? I have entered his description of an Englishman in my pocket-book, for fear of meeting one without knowing it. Here it is :—

"'If you meet a man in a great-coat that reaches down to his ankles, wide enough to enclose a whole family, and with pockets, in each of which a couple of folios might be concealed, its wearer having a careless gait, and taking notice of nothing so much as of himself, it is, without doubt, an Englishman. If he quarrel with a coachman about his fare, and with an ass-driver about his drink money—be sure it is an Englishman.'

"Now for a companion picture. If you meet a man in a frock-coat as glossy as if it had just come through a shower of rain, with pockets big enough to hold a bale of tobacco in one and a gas-pipe in the other—its wearer strutting with an indescribable swagger, so full of himself that there is no room for sauer kraut, beyond a question he is a German. If he catches up his umbrella and his precious meerschaum, leaving his wife and child to scramble after him as they may—be sure he is a German. If he has a little cross, or a snip of haberdashery at his button-hole, and a huge ring on his ungloved forefinger, you may set him down as an Aulic Counsellor into the bargain. If you see a young lady—but no, I will not imitate Mr. Schreiber in his want of gallantry to the daughters of the haughty '*Isle of Shop-keepers*,' a phrase borrowed from England's bitterest enemy, and therefore sufficiently expressive of the *animus* of the ungrateful Guide-Book-man towards so great a majority of his Courteous Readers."

As you are a meteorologist, I must not omit to inform you, that during our walk we had an excellent sight of a

water-spout. It came down the Moselle, and at first seemed a whirlwind of dust, in the midst of which some unlucky jackdaws were flapping about in a very bewildered manner. In a few seconds the dust or vapour cleared away, and the water-spout made its appearance, extending from the water to a vast height in the clouds, where it terminated in a ragged funnel-shape, like the untwisting strands of a rope. Against the black sky behind it, the general resemblance was to a long narrow gray ribbon, bellying a little before the wind, with several smaller curves towards the top, as if from different currents of air. In this order it crossed the Rhine, rather deliberately, where, surging against the bank, it caught up a wash of linen—as it had previously carried off some skins from a tannery—and passing to the right of the fortress, was lost to sight behind the hills. It had scarcely disappeared, when, at an exclamation from Markham, "There's a screw loose in the sky!" I looked up, and saw a long black cloud slowly revolving, parallel with the earth, and pointing with its sharp end—the other was almost flat—to the other course taken by the other phenomenon. We have since heard, that the water-spout dropped the linen and leather, and expended itself, after trifling damage, not far distant from Ems.

And now, as the convolvulus says to the setting sun, it is time for me to close. How I wish, Gerard, you could stand beside me, rod in hand, some fine evening, on the banks of my favorite Lahn! But as it cannot be, I send you a sketch instead.

Dear love to Emily, from

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

THE LAHN.—AN ECLOGUE.

PICTOR AND PISCATOR.

Pis. Stay! here we are, at the likeliest place on the whole water. Come put together your rod.

Pic. O my friend, what a sweet picturesque river is this you have brought me to!—But surely one of the worst for angling in the whole world!

Pis. Nay, you shall find passable sport here, I warrant you. There be good perch herein, and chub of an arm's length, and barbel; and what is better, as you are a Tyro, not shy and suspicious, like the experienced fish in your well-angled English streams, but so greedy and simple as almost to catch themselves. The Germans, however contemplative, are no followers of the gentle art.

Pic. My friend, you mistake me. My speech aimed not at the fish or the water, whereof I have had no trial, but at the beautiful scenery, which will distract me so, I shall never be able to watch my float or my fly. What feudal ruin is that which overlooks us from the top of the bushy hill?"

Pis. It is called Lahneck, and belonged aforetime to a Commandery of Teutonic Knights. But come, make ready your tackle; for here is a notable place at this rapid where the current rushes and eddies amongst the large stones.

Pic. Now I am ready. But by your good leave, being only a beginner, I will use a worm rather than a fly.

Pis. At your own pleasure. For my part, I prefer to fish at the top. Look!—I have one at the first cast!—a huge chub! A rare struggle he makes at the outset, but he hath a faint heart at bottom—anon you shall see him come into *the landing-net* as tame as a lamb.

Pic. How beautifully it comes out!—

Pis. Aye, doth he not?

Pic. —Against yon dun-coloured sky. Then all those gray tints and verdant stains! And those little feathery flying clouds!

Pis. They run very large here. You may hear them chop at the flies and chafers like a dog! And though they be reckoned elsewhere the very worst of dishes for the table, let me tell you in this country, where they do not get fish from the great deep, a chub is a chub, as the saying is. I make bold to say, I shall obtain store of thanks from some good woman of a house for this same loggerhead.

Pic. Of course there is a tale to it!

Pis. A what?—a tail?—It would be a rare sort of fish without one!

Pic. I cry you mercy! I was thinking of the old feudal castle, and some marvellous legend. There must needs be some romantic story about it, amongst the rude peasantry. How beautifully the light plays upon the crisp fragment! Marry, 'tis quite a picture! I should like prodigiously to take such a one.

Pis. And so you would,—provided you would bait as I do with a live chafer or a white moth. But hist! I have him! A still larger chub than the other!

Pic. It must be many centuries old!

Pis. How? I did not know the chub was so long-lived. But perchance you were thinking of a carp. In the moats at Charlottenburg there be carps so venerable that their age is unknown; and the moss has grown on their backs. But see,—you have a bite; your float is gone half-way across the river!

Pic. Truly, I was gazing another way. Lo! here he comes. *It is a fine perch.*

Pis. They are caught here of four and five pounds weight, and especially nearer to Ems; for they delight in the warm springs which thereabouts bubble up in the very midst of the Lahn. But here comes an old fisherman from the village. How he stands and stares at our prey, with his mouth in a round O, as if he would take a minnow!

Pic. What is the aged man discoursing of, with such a vehement gesture and emphatic voice, in the German tongue?

Pis. He says he is gospel-sure we have some smell or some spell to our bait beyond the natural—seeing that he hath fished here the two last days all through without a fin! And little marvel, for his tackle is a German hook like a meat-hook, and a line like a clothes-line, wherewith, if he entice a fish, he throws it clean over his head. But, look again to your cork!

Pic. Pish!—'tis only a very young perch.

Pis. Nay—a Pope or Ruff. Some naturalists opine, forsooth, that on being hooked, this same fish is seized with a sort of fit or spasm, which gives him the lock-jaw. But he bites far too boldly to be troubled with such weak nerves. But say they, when he is hooked he shuts up his mouth, which is contrary to the practice of fishes in the like case. And truly, when he hath once gotten the bait, instead of gaping like an idiot, or a chub, or a child with a hot morsel of pudding, he doth indeed shut up his mouth, as much as to say, "What I have got I mean to keep," and so locks up his jaws, and holds on like a bull-dog. But for a fit from fright—not he! Just look at his face, full front, how determined and desperate is his physiognomy! How fiercely he stares with his big black eyes—for his temper is up as well as his back-fin! Verily if he resembles a Pope at all, it is *Pope Leo and not* Pope Innocent.

Pic. Ay, truly, it is part and parcel of Popery: but it makes a pretty object in the landscape!

Pis. What object?

Pic. The little Popish chapel yonder, on the crest of the mountain. O, my friend, I thank thee most heartily for bringing me to angle in so fair a scene. How serene it is!—and how much more silent for the presence of that ancient ruin, where so much riot hath been aforetime! How largely doth an old castle, that hath made a noise in history, enhance the present peace! Should we feel half so still or so solitary if there had never been those Knight Hospitallers, dwelling aloft, with all the shoutings of warfare and revelry, but presently dumbfounded by time? Where now is the bold German baron, with his long line of ancestry——

Pis. He's gone—a murrain on him—line and all!

Pic. Eh! What?

Pis. The heaviest chuckle-headed fellow, with such a length of gut!

Pic. The bold German baron?—

Pis. No—a chub, a chub!—but stop! I see it—he's entangled. If haply I can but leap on to that biggest stone—

Pic. How audibly the fishes are splashing and floundering in their disport! The sun is sinking beyond the Rhine! Oh my friend, look at the beautiful cool tone of that gray mountain—then the dark reflection of the village and its trees in the glowing water,—the feudal castle on the other hand—half in shade—and then these rocky stones in the foreground—but—grace be with us!—what hath chanced to you?

Pis. Chanced—why I have fallen into the Lahn! And the while you were poetising I have helped myself out again! *Fye, what a watery* figure I am!

Pic. Beautiful! Nay, stop—pr'ythee do not stir—pray, pray, pray, stay as you be!

Pis. What for?

Pic. For one mere single minute. There! Just so. With the low setting sun glowing behind—and all those little jets and liquid drops, each catching the golden light—

Pis. A plague on it! Am I standing here, dripping, for a water-colour picture? Come, put up, put up, and let us back to our inn. I must beg of our civil host to befriend me with a dry suit, and to chain up the big dog.

Pic. It will be well. But wherefore dismiss the poor dog? He was very gentle and friendly to us as we came hither. Of all animals I do love a dog!

Pis. And so do I too—in my own proper plumes. But one day a poor piscatory friend of mine fell into this same river, and was so furnished with dry clothes by our host; but after snuffing awhile and growling about his legs, the big dog flew at our unlucky angler, and with much ado was hindered from stripping him of the borrowed garments.

Pic. What marvellous sagacity! How I should like to see it tried! It would be a study for a picture—The staunch Hound springing at Conrade of Montserrat!

Pis. I'faith I thank you heartily. Come, let us be stirring. A frize on it! How the fishes are rising!

Pic. What dainty colours on those changeful clouds! Well, fare thee well, feudal Lahneck! with thy visions of Teutonic Knights—

Pis. There must needs be trout here!—

Pic. With helmeted heads, and gauntlets on their hands!

Pis. In the season, haply, even salmon swim up this river, from the Rhine.

Pic. With an ancient minstrel before them, twanging *melodiously* on the harp! Nay, but stop—stop—stop!

Pis. What hath miscarried?

Pic. Nothing—but an it please you to walk a little more slowly—to let us enjoy the scene. How the creeping shadows steal over the prospect, at every moment producing a new effect! Do look at those sportive swallows dipping into the sober-tinted wave, and producing a coruscation of burning light on ring and ripple! How soothing this stillness! How refreshing, after the noon-tide heat, this cool evening zephyr!

Pis. Ay, with a dry shirt, and unducked nether garments! But here is the ferry-boat; come, step in. Honest Charon, there is a goodly chub for thy supper, and pr'ythee thrust us speedily to the other side. Gentle, prètty country damsels, wherefore huddle so far away from me, like a flock of timid sheep? I am but a wet man, not a wicked one. Moreover, if you crowd so to one side of the boat—ah, say I told you so!—

[*The ferry-boat heels on one side, fills, and is swamped. Fortunately the river is low, and nobody is drowned.*]

Pic. [*Looking round him, up to his neck in water.*] What a subject for a picture! What a singular effect!

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ.

My dear Peter,

To prevent more funeral condolements and mistakes, as you may have heard some rumour of my illness, this is to say, I am alive and well. But I have had a very serious attack; so bad indeed, that I begin to think that my constitution cannot be so sapped and weak as I supposed; or how *could it have* held out, not only against the disorder

itself, but the German doctoring of it, which, to my mind, was the most trying and dangerous of the two! But I shall save all the medicals for Truby when I get home to Kent. At any rate, to be candid, as an honest man ought to be, even at my own expense, the notion of my going off in a moment is quite settled, for if anything could bring on sudden death, eight-and-forty hours of pain and fever were quite sufficient for a warning. Whereby you may gather that I have changed my opinion about my case; so let the doctor crack his fingers and cry out that it was all through him and his advice, to go up the river Rhine.

While I am on the subject, I ought to say that poor Kate has derived benefit as well as myself, and is a young girl for spirits compared to what she was; though mayhap she would not own to it herself, being at present in a terrible taking at what she calls a domestic misfortune, which has quite driven poor George out of her head. The same being the sudden conversion of her maid, Martha, into a papist, and such a zealous one, that she crosses her mistress as well as herself a hundred times in a day.

For my part, Peter, setting aside servants and the like, and considering only the poor and destitute orders, instead of blaming their ignorance and superstition for their being Roman Catholics, I almost wonder how they can be anything else. Having had the opportunity of studying the subject abroad by going into foreign churches and cathedrals, as well as the wretched dwellings of the lower people, it's my firm belief that their religion may be laid more to their poverty than to their ignorance. Suppose a poor old German woman in a dark dirty cold room, without fire, without candle, and without even the chirp of a cricket, by way of company. She puts on her ragged cloak, totters fifty yards, and there *she is in a comfortable* church, well warmed and lighted up

like a general illumination. She sees priests in magnificent brocaded robes, great gold and silver candlesticks, and shrines and chapels shining with jewels, mock or real is all one, rubies, amethysts, topazes, emeralds, sapphires, and so forth; things which even some of her betters are apt to connect with the treasures of Heaven and the glories of the New Jerusalem. She hears a fine organ, finely played, and chosen singers, with voices like angels, chanting hymns in an unknown tongue. I mean no disrespect to the religion in saying it's as good to her as the Italian Opera in London. Then she enjoys the smell of frankincense, and the sight of grand pictures, and statues, and carvings, and, above all, there is the Virgin Mary in royal robes, with a crown, and pearls, and velvet, and ermine, like a queen of this world, and the poor old woman in her tatters has as free access to her and as long audience as the greatest court lady in the land. Is it any wonder if such a poor creature goes by choice to a church, which, along with the bodily comfort she wants at home, lets her share for a while in those pleasures of sight and hearing and so forth, for which she had senses given to her by the Almighty, as well as the rich and noble of the earth?

Now in England, old friend, we make the church as unattractive, to such a poor ancient body, as we can. We stick her in a cold aisle, on a hard bench, and take no more pains to please her other senses. We bid her, forsooth, admire the plain unadorned simplicity of the Protestant religion. But the lady in the hat and feathers has been to the Theatre, the Opera, Concerts, Exhibitions, and Balls, or Routs, six days of the week, and instead of any denial, may feel it a relief on the seventh to sit in a quiet church, and listen to its simple service. Not that I wish our temples to *be turned into* oratorios, or picture galleries, or stages for

showy spectacles—all I want is fair play for the lower classes. If such gratifications as the Catholic churches afford to them, are out of character with our own Protestant places of worship, the poor people ought, in justice, to be allowed to enjoy them elsewhere. But instead of that, what do we do? We shut up our tombs and monuments, set a price on St. Paul's and the Abbey; our saints shake their heads at anything like a public ball or concert in humble life; and our magistrates put down the cheap theatres, as if Tom and Jerry, at a penny a head, was twelve times more immoral than Tom and Jerry at a shilling. To my notion, such a system is more likely to produce Catholics than Protestants; and what is likelier still, to make the lower classes of no religion at all. It's just like learning, which no boy in the world would take to if you sent him to a school without a playground.

Frank, who has made acquaintance with a captain in the Prussian service, went off this morning by diligence to join the regiment on its march to Berlin. He ought to have left Coblenz in company, but was taken ill. He nearly lost his start by the coach, for when the time came, the German maid who ought to have waked him and prepared his breakfast, was snoring comfortably in her bed. But the Germans, both men and women, in such cases, are wonderfully phlegmatic. I have been told of a pig-driver who brought a porker across the Rhine, during a hard frost; the moment the porker got out of the boat, he laid himself quietly down in the snow, and instead of rousing him, the fellow coolly lugged out his flint and steel, lighted his pipe, and patiently smoked over the pig till he chose to rise of his own accord. Kätchen had no pipe; but she had some other source of philosophy, for when told that her young master had almost *lost his place, she* only shrugged her shoulders; and when

informed that he had quite lost his breakfast, she only shrugged them again.

I have some thoughts of going up the river Rhine, as far as Schaffhausen, to see the famous waterfall; but much will depend on the weather at Frank's return. This is singing rather a different tune to my former ditties; but I know, old friend, you will be well pleased that such warnings were fancies and not facts, with

Dear Peter, your old and faithful friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

Now for some account of what Mrs. Headrigg would doubtless have called her military "experiences." The most eligible horse I could pick up was one which had carried an engineer officer at the grand manœuvres: which I purchased for about 15*l.*—trappings and all. A Prussian military cloak, with a quiet blue collar instead of a red one, happened to match the saddle-cloth, as regulation, and made me so far complete. But, as the French say, the first step is all the difficulty; and when I ought to have stepped out of Coblenz with my friend the Captain and his 10th company, I was lying in my bed with a blister on my chest, whilst my nag went without me, like the "chief mourner" at a dragoon's funeral. The Captain left me the route, in case I should be able to join, which at last I effected. My Uncle proposed posting, but, being no disciple of Zimmerman, I *preferred the Eilwagen*—and, thanks to the insouciance of

our German maid, who lay *dreaming* of making my breakfast. I was literally "sent empty away."

Starting on a fine fresh morning, and ascending the breezy hills in the rear of Ehrenbreitstein, it was not long before I began to feel the cravings so keenly described by the hunger-bitten heroes of Spanish romance. Scenery went for nothing. I could see no prospect but that of a déjeûner, which Schreiber's Guide promised me at the end of the stage. German travelling is proverbially "dooms slow," but, compared with my *fast*, it seemed slower than usual; but there is no inducing a royal postilion, for the King is universal coach-owner, to go any quicker to suit his "insides." It appeared an age ere we arrived at Ems, which, like literal M's, seemed to my fancy to stand for Mocha and Muffins. At last, we stopped at the door of some hotel, ample enough to furnish a public dinner. "How long do we stay here?" "Ten minutes, sir." "Good: a roll and a cup of coffee." And to save time, the refreshments were paid for beforehand. Good, again. But five long minutes elapsed, then six, then seven, and, at the eighth, came the roll and the cup of coffee; boiling hot;—with a jug of boiling-hot milk—there ought to have been a boiling hot cup and a red-hot spoon. The roll might be pocketed,—but the coffee could not well be poured in after it, à la Grimaldi. In the mean time, the post-horn kept blowing, but without making the beverage any cooler: pshaw!—the trick was palpable and provoking, and a few warm words might have fallen naturally from a scalded tongue. But the contrast between the paltriness of the fraud and the magnificent saloon in which it was perpetrated, had something in it so ludicrous that I got into the coupé again in tolerable good humour. I have since heard that such tricks upon travellers are so *common, as to have* been made the foundation of a German

farce; and, truly, to a flying visitor they are but fly-bites which he gets rid of with a cursory d—n and a blast of the horn: but, as Markham says, when cheating and extortion come home to you as a resident, and become part of your fixtures, you have occasion to read, on week-days as well as Sundays, in the Book of Job.

Turning my back upon the inhospitable Hôtel (de Russie?) I beheld my beloved Lahn, and could not help exclaiming, "Oh! ye Naiads, can the scalding, parboiling springs uprising in the very middle of your native stream, be so repulsive to you, as the presence in this pretty valley—meant for silence, solitude, and sweet thoughts—of pride, pomp, vanity, the frenzy of gambling, and all the hotter passions of human nature?"

As for Health, if there ever was such a Goddess resident at Ems, she must long since have been scared away by the infraction of sanitary rules. For instance, you are not to eat fruit; which, by the practice at the Speisesaals, seems interpreted into a gluttonous licence to eat everything else, in any possible quantity. You are to keep your mind calm and unruffled—towards which, you are supplied with public and private gaming tables; you are not to worry yourself with business—but invited to make a business of pleasure at everlasting assemblies and balls. The whole thing is a profitable hoax on pretended temperance principles. The very preparation for taking the waters (vide Schreiber) ought to prevent your having any occasion for them—namely, exercise, plain diet, abstinence from hot wines, or stimulative drinks—early rising and bedding, and command of your passions: in short, when you are fit to go to Ems, you need not leave Piccadilly. The rules pompously given out for your regimen at any of the great German watering-places are, in the main, quite as *applicable to* Norton Folgate or Bullock Smithy. If—

"there is much virtue in that if"—if a man could dismiss all thoughts of business that are bothering, all ideas of pleasure but what are innocent—if he could forget that he has a head except for pleasant thoughts, or a stomach except for wholesome things—if he would not over-walk, over-ride, over-watch, over-sleep, over-eat, over-drink, over-work, or over-play himself, to my fancy he would be a fool to leave the blessed spot, wherever he might be, for any watering place but Paradise and the River of Life.

On quitting the Lahn, the beauty of the scenery dwindles like a flower for the want of *watering*, and you enter on a lumpy-bumpy-humpy country, which is the more uninteresting as, in getting over this "ground-swell," you do it at a walk. German horses object to go up hill at any other pace; and German postilions prevent their trotting or galloping down—by which hearse-like progress we at last looked down on the slated roofs of Langen Schwalbach or "Swallow's Brook." Whereby hangs, an't please you, a swallow tale.

THE FLOWER AND THE WEED.

A LEGEND OF SCHWALBACH.

"YES," said Mr. Samuel Brown, gently closing the book he had just been reading, and looking up cheerfully at the ceiling, "yes, I will go to Germany!"

Mr. Samuel Brown was an Englishman, middle-aged, and a bachelor; not that the last was his own fault, for he had tried as often to change his state, and had made as many offers, as any man of his years. But he was unlucky. His *rejected* addresses had gone through nearly as numerous *editions as the* pleasant work under the same title: his

heart and hand had been declined so frequently that, like the eels under another painful operation, he had become quite used to it. It was even whispered amongst his friends, that he had advertised in the *Herald* for a matrimonial partner, but without success. As he was well to do in the world, the obstacle, most probably, was his person; which, to tell the truth, was as plain and common-place as his name. Be that as it may, he was beginning in despair to make up his mind to a housekeeper and a life of celibacy, when all at once his hopes were revived by the perusal of a certain book of travels.

"Yes," said Mr. Samuel Brown, again opening the volume wherein he had kept the place with his forefinger, "I will certainly go to Germany!" and once more he read aloud the delightful paragraph, which seemed to him better than the best passage in the Pleasures of Hope. It ran thus:—

"It is this," said one of the ladies, "which makes the society of foreigners so much too agreeable to us. A mouth uncontaminated by a pipe may win with words, which, if scented with tobacco, would be listened to with very different emotions." *

"So much TOO agreeable;" repeated Mr. Samuel Brown, briskly rubbing his hands with satisfaction—"an uncontaminated mouth; why I never smoked a pipe in my life, not even a cigar! Yes, I *will* go to Germany!"

A single man, without encumbrance, is moved as easily as an empty hand-barrow. On the Saturday Mr. Samuel Brown locked up his chambers in the Adelphi, procured a passport from Mr. May, got it countersigned by Baron Bülow, engaged a berth in the Batavier, sailed on Sunday, and in thirty hours landed at Rotterdam. The very next morning he started up the Rhine for Nimeguen, thence to

* Mrs. Trollope's "Western Germany."

Cologne, and again by the first boat to Coblenz. To most persons the greater part of this water progress is somewhat wearisome; but to our hero it was very delightful, and chiefly so from a circumstance that is apt to disgust other travellers—the perpetual smoking. But Mr. Brown enjoyed it; and with expanded nostrils greedily inhaled the reeky vapour, as a hungry beggar snuffs up the fumes of roast meat. If anything vexed him, it was to see a pipe standing idle in a corner of the cabin; but he had not often that annoyance. If anything pleased him, it was to see a jolly German, with an ample tobacco-bag gaily embroidered hung at his button-hole, puffing away lustily at his meerschaum. But his ecstacy was at its height when, on entering at night the Speisesaal of the Grand Hôtel de Belle Vue, he found above a score of cloud-compelling Prussians smoking themselves and each other till they could scarcely see or be seen.

The seventh day found Mr. Samuel Brown established at Schwalbach—a selection he had prudently made to avoid any rivalship from his countrymen. In fact he was the only Englishman in the place. It was the height of the season, and the hotels and lodging-houses were full of guests, old and young, sick and well, gay and sober, gentle and simple. What was more to the point, there were shoals of single females, beautiful Fräuleins, German houris, all ready of course to listen to a foreigner so much too agreeable, and with lips never contaminated by a pipe. The only difficulty was, amongst so many, to make a choice. But our Samuel resolved not to be rash. To ask was to have, and he might as well have the best. Accordingly, he frequented the promenades and the rooms, regularly haunted the Weinbrunnen, the Stahlbrunnen and the Pauline; and dined, in *succession, at* all the public tables. In the meantime he *could not help* noticing, with inward triumph, how little

chance the natives had of gaining the hearts of their fair countrywomen. A few, indeed, merely whiffed at a cigar, but nine-tenths of them sucked, unweaned, at that "instrument of torture," a pipe. He saw officers, tall, handsome men, with mustachios to drive any civilian to despair—but they had all served at the battle of Rauchen,—and in the Allée often verified the description by Mr. Brown's favourite authoress :—

"The ladies throw their bonnets aside, leaving their faces no other protection but their beautiful and abundant hair. The gentlemen, many of them military, sit near, if a chair can be found ; or if not, stand behind them like courteous cavaliers as they are ; excepting (oh horror of horrors !) they turn aside from the lovely group, and smoke !"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Samuel Brown, quoting to himself—"*to expose these delicate sweet-looking females to the real suffering which the vicinity of breath, infected by tobacco, occasions, is positive cruelty !*" It was his topmost pleasure to watch such offenders ; and when the operation was over—when the tobacco-bag was bulging out one coat-pocket, and the end of the tube was projecting like a tail from the other, with what gusto used he to walk round and round the unconscious German, sniffing the stale abomination in his clothes, in his person, in his hair ! Better to him was that vapid odour than all the spicy scents of Araby the Blest: eau de Cologne, otto of roses, jasmin, millefleurs, verbena, nothing came near it. As a baffled fox-hunter once cursed the sweetest of Flora's gifts as "those stinking vi'lets," so did our wife-hunter choose to consider one of the nastiest smells in nature as the very daintiest of perfumes !

At length Mr. Samuel Brown made his election. The Fräulein Von Nasenbeck was of good family, young and pretty (a blonde), with a neat figure, and some twenty *thousands of dollars* at her own disposal. Why, with such

her turn her head aside, not to hide the blush loathing of involuntary disgust."

"Of course that's it," soliloquized the "but *my* lips have not been sophisticated she will listen to volumes from me, when s a single syllable from one of your sm difficulty was to get introduced; but ever plished by dint of perseverance; and, fortu him, one day he found himself *tête-à-tête* wit Such an opportunity was not to be lost; hand in his pocket, as if to derive inspiratio and gently laying the other on his bosom, sigh, and then began, partly quoting from following words:—"It's a pity, my dear m pity to witness *so glaring a defect in a peopl other respects.*"

"It is how?" said the puzzled Fräulein.

"I allude," said Samuel, pointing to a gr "to your young countrymen. *To behold th*

face *whose delicacy is better fitted to receive the gales of Eden than the fumes of tobacco!*"

"Did you never smoke yourself?" asked the Fräulein, in her pretty broken English.

"NEVER!" said Samuel, with as much solemn earnestness as if he had been disclaiming a murder.

"Never!—and so help me God! I never will!"

The Fräulein dropped the cloth she was embroidering, and stared at the speaker till her light blue eyes seemed to dilate to twice their natural size. But she did not utter a word.

"No!" resumed Samuel, with increasing energy; "this mouth was never contaminated with pipe-clay, and never shall be! Never will I fumigate the woman I love with sighs that make her turn her head right round with disgust!"

"Do you tink to smoke is so bad?" inquired the Fräulein, with all the innocent simplicity of a child.

"Bad!" echoed Samuel. "I think it a vile, abominable, filthy, dirty practice!—Don't you?"

"I never tink of de matter at all, one way or anoder," replied the placid Fräulein.

"But you consider it a hateful, loathsome, nasty habit?"

"Habit? oh no!—For de Germans to smoke is so natural as to eat, as to drink, as to sleep!"

"At least," said Samuel, now getting desperately alarmed, "you would not allow a smoker to approach very near your person; for instance, to whisper to you, much less to—to—to embrace you, or offer you a salute?"

"Why for not?" inquired the lovely Fräulein, with unusual vivacity. "I have been so accustomed to since I was borned. When I was one leetle child—a bibi—mine dear fader did smoke whiles he holded me on his two knees. Mine dear broder did take his pipe from out his mouth to *give me one kiss.* Mine cousin, Albrecht,—do you see dis

piece of work I am making?" and she held up the embroidered cloth—"dis shall be one tobacco-bag for mine good cousin!"

"Is it possible," exclaimed Samuel, his voice quivering with agitation—"Born in smoke! nursed in smoke! bred in smoke!"

"It is all so, everywhere," said the quiet Fräulein.

"Once more!" cried the trembling Samuel. "Excuse me, but, if I may ask, would you bestow your hand—your heart—your lovely person, on—on—on—on a fellow that smoked?"

"I am verlobt," murmured the pretty Fräulein, blushing and casting down her light blue eyes. "That means to say, I am one half married to my cousin Albrecht."

"Betrothed, I suppose," muttered the disappointed Samuel. "And—and, other German young ladies"—he asked in a croaking voice—"are they of the same opinions?—the same tolerant opinions as to smoking?"

"Ja wohl!—yes, certainly—so I believe."

Poor Samuel could bear no more. Taking a hurried leave of the adorable Fräulein, he jumped up from his chair, dashed along the Allée, climbed the hill, plunged into the woods, and never halted till he was stopped by the stream. Then taking a hasty glance around to make sure that he was alone, he plucked the fatal book from his pocket, and repeated aloud the following passage:—

"Could these young men be fully aware of the effect this habit produces upon their charming countrywomen, I am greatly tempted to believe that it would soon get out of fashion."

The next moment the leaf he had been reading from was plucked out, torn into a hundred fragments and scattered to the winds. Another, and another, and another followed, *till the whole* volume was completely gutted; and then,

with an oath too dreadful to be repeated, he tossed the empty cover into the Schwalbach !

In five days afterwards Mr. Samuel Brown was back in his old chambers in the Adelphi, and in five more he had engaged a housekeeper and set in for an Old Bachelor.

At Schwalbach I dined with a solitary companion, who was carried into the room like a child, and seated at the table. By his physiognomy he was a Jew, and in spite of his helpless, crippled condition, so good-humoured and so cheerful, that I felt a blush of self-reproach and shame to think that, with good health and the use of all my limbs, I could be accessible to spleen or impatience. Ere re-entering the coach, which by rights should carry no outside passengers, I saw our merry cripple carried up a ladder and deposited in a low chair of peculiar construction, which was fastened on the roof, and not a few jokes were bandied between him and the spectators on his usual elevation. As soon as he was secured, the little fat postilion raised his horn with its huge tassels to his lips, and after blowing till his red face turned purple and the whites of his eyes to pink, there came out of the tube a squeak so thin, so poor, and so pig-like, that I involuntarily looked round for the Schwein-General, his huge whip, and its victim. Few persons would believe, on hearsay, from such an instrument, that the Germans are a musical people, or that there is a Royal prize or pool of a silver watch, or the like, for the performer who "plays the best trump." To hear a postilion taking advantage of the long Rhine bridge, where, by law, he must walk his horses, to play a solo on this impracticable instrument to the *mocking* echoes from the neighbouring mountains, you not only think that he must be a crazy Fanatico in music, but that his *trumpet is cracked* too.

Our postilion, however, whatever his merits on the horn, was a good, kind-hearted fellow, and paid great attention to his paralyzed passenger, repeatedly turning round in the saddle to point out to him what was worthy of notice on the road: at last, with a very justifiable pride in his country, he fairly pulled up on the summit of a hill called the Hohe Wurzel, which I presume to translate the Turnip Top—commanding a superb view over the Rheingau, in all the glory of its autumnal colouring, and, like other beauties, greatly enhanced by its meandering blue veins, the Rhine and the Maine. I will only say of the view, that five minutes of it justified the whole tediousness of the journey. It was still glowing in my mind's eye when we entered Wiesbaden, where we suddenly passed under an archway, like those that admit you into the yard of some of our London inns. I was struck, on turning into the gateway, by the very hilarious faces of the bystanders; and finding, on alighting, a similar circle of grinning men, women, and boys, with their eyes cast upwards to the roof of the coach, I looked in the same direction, and saw our merry Cripple laughing, as heartily as any of them, and re-adjusting himself in his lofty chair. It appeared that his good friend the postilion, unaccustomed to outside passengers, and doubly engaged in guiding his vehicle into the town, and blowing a flourish on his horn, had totally forgotten his lame charge on the roof, who only saved himself from destruction in the archway by an extraordinary activity in prostration! We left the *patient* Patient at Wiesbaden, most probably to make trial of the baths; and he had so won my heart by his sweet, cheerful resignation, that I could not help wishing an angel might come down and trouble the waters, like those of Bethesda, for his sake.

The mere glimpse I had of Wiesbaden produced in me a

feeling the reverse of love at first sight. It looked to my taste too like an inland Brighton; and I was not sorry to get away from it by even an uninteresting road, lined with fruit trees on each side. It was dusk when I arrived at Frankfort; so, having supped, I booked myself onward, by the night coach. The Prince of Thurm and Taxis, a sort of Postmaster-general, has here his head-quarters, and nothing could be better than his travelling regulations, if they were only enforced. Thus by one article it is forbidden to smoke in the public vehicles, without the consent of the whole company, whereas, instead of regularly publishing the banns between himself and his pipe, I never yet knew a German proceed even so far as the first time of asking. Imagine, then, the discomfort of sitting all night with both windows up, and five smoking, or smoked fellow-travellers in an un-Rumfordized Eilwagen! Nothing, indeed, seems so obnoxious to German lungs as the pure ether, and I can quite believe the story of a Prussian doctor, who recommended to a consumptive countryman to smoke Virginian tobacco instead of the native sort, just as an English physician in the like case would advise a change of air.

I suppose it was the effect of the narcotic, but though I certainly breakfasted bodily at Saalmünster, my mind did not properly wake up till we arrived at Fulda, an ecclesiastical city with a Bishop's palace, a cathedral, and a great many beggars. The old religious establishments, like our old Poor Laws, indubitably relieved a great number of mendicants, but made quite as many more—as witness, Fulda and Cologne. One little beggar had planted himself with his flute by the road-side, and, with a complimentary anticipation of English charity and loyalty, was blowing with all his might at "God Save the King."

And *now for a little* episode. One of our wheelers chose

to run restive, if such a phrase may be applied to standing as stock-still as if you had said "Burr-r-r-r-r-r!" to him; which, by the way, is a full stop to any horse in Germany. The postilion could make nothing of him, for the Germans are peculiarly and praiseworthily tender of their cattle; so out jumped the conducteur, a little, florid, punchy man, and first taking a run backward, made a rush at the obstinate horse, at the same time roaring like a bear. That failing, he tried all the noises of which the human organs are capable; he hooted at the obstinate beast; he howled, growled, hissed, screamed, and grunted at him. He danced at him, anticked at him, shook his fist at his head, and made faces at him. Then he talked to him, and chirped to him. But the horse was not to be bullied or cajoled. So the little man, losing patience, made a kick at him; but owing to the shortness of his own legs, came a foot short. Finally he stood and looked at the brute, which unexpectedly answered; for when he had looked long enough, the horse began to move of his own accord. But the conducteur bore the matter in mind. The next stage, having a steep ascent to face, we had six horses to our team, and several persons alighted to walk up the hill; amongst the rest a Russian Baron and the conducteur. The latter, with the obstinate brute in his head, went straight up to the hedge, knife in hand, to cut a cudgel against the next stoppage,—but whether, wearing no blinkers, the six horses saw the operation, or whether, the German being a horse language, they overheard and understood his threatenings—before the little man could cut his stick the animals cut theirs, and took the heavy Eilwagen up the hill at a gallop. Luckily they stopped near the top of the ascent, and allowed the Russian to run up, "thawed and dissolved into a dew," followed by the panting, puffing conducteur, but *without his* unnecessary bludgeon

On reaching the crest of the hill, we had a fine view across a woody ravine, of the castle of Wartburg; and then descending to the left, came under banks of such a ruddy soil, that I could not help exclaiming mentally, "Heaven shield us from the Vehm Gericht!" a secret tribunal, whose jurisdiction, you know, extended over the "Red Earth." Excuse the haberdashery phrases, but it was really maroon-coloured, trimmed with the richest dark-green velvet turfs. In a short time we entered Eisenach, one of the most clean-looking and quiet of towns; yet it was a poor scholar of its free school, who had begged from door to door for his maintenance, that was doomed to out-bellow the Pope's bulls, and out-preach the thunders of the Vatican! From Eisenach, passing some of the neatest, cleanest, and cosiest brick-built cottages I have ever seen out of England, we rattled into Gotha, which verily seemed the German for Gandercleugh! It was market-day, and the whole town was in a hiss and a scream with St. Michael's poultry. Everybody was buying or selling, or trying to buy or sell, a goose. Here was a living snow-white bargain being thrust into a basket;—yonder was another being carried off by the legs; a third housewife was satisfying herself and a flapping grey gander of his weight avoirdupois, by hanging him by the neck.—Saxon peasant girls were thronging in from all quarters, with baskets, like our old mail-coaches, at their backs; in which dickey one or two long-lecked anserine passengers were sitting and looking about them like other travellers in a strange place. The females were generally fair, fresh-coloured, and good-looking; and the variety of their head-gear, in caps, toques, and turbans, was as pleasant as picturesque. Some of them were quite Oriental; and even a plain straw bonnet was made characteristic, by a large black cockade on each side.

I dined at Gotha, at a table-d'hôte. Just before the soup,

a young Saxon girl came in, and modestly and silently placed a little bunch of flowers beside each plate. It seemed to me the prettiest mode of begging in the world; nevertheless, one ugly fellow churlishly threw the humble bouquet on the floor; an act the more repulsive, as great kindness to children is an amiable trait in the German character. How I wished to lay before him the chapter of Sterne and the Mendicant Monk!

A circumstance which occurred here caused me some speculation. Mine host, during the dinner, was at great pains to converse with me in my own language, but with little success. In the meantime the guests successively departed, save one, who, directly we were tête-à-tête, addressed me, to my surprise, in very good English. The same evening another gentleman who had allowed me to stammer away to him in very bad German, was no sooner seated snugly by me in the coupé of the diligence than he opened in good Lindley Murray sentences, and we discoursed for some hours on London society and literature. Perhaps the Police had on them a fit of "fly-catching," as subsequently we were detained for two hours by a very rigorous examination of passports. From some informality my own was refused the visé; but I took the matter as the German doctor treated my uncle's symptoms,—"Has he any appetite?"—None at all. "*Bon!*—Does he sleep?"—Not a wink. "*Bon!*—Has he any pain?"—A good deal. "*Bon!*" again. So I said *Bon*, too, and beg to recommend it to travellers as a very serviceable word on most occasions. Thenceforward, however, my conversable companion fought very shy of me; for he had been a refugee in England on account of his opinions, and had only just made submission, and been reconciled to the Prussian government. For my own part, I did not hear a *single word on politics*, from Erfurt to Halle, but a great

many on the famous hoax of Sir John Herschel's discovery of Lunar Angels; a subject which, like any other, with plenty of moonshine in it, took amazingly with the speculative Germans.

On alighting at Halle, I found my friend the captain at the coach door, who speedily introduced me at the regimental head-quarters. The officers welcomed me with great warmth and friendliness; and I soon found myself seated beside a jovial bowl of Cardinale, and for the first time in my life in an agreeable mess. On inquiry, I was quartered, where many a sheep and bullock had been, in Butcher street,—where for sixpence, in a very decent bed, I had five hours of remarkably cheap, deep sleep. At four the next morning I rose, by trumpet-call; breakfasted, mounted, and between the tail of the 9th and the head of the 10th company of the 19th Infantry Regiment, was crossing part of that immense plain which surrounds Leipzig. Ere we had gone far, one of our longest-legged Lieutenants suddenly ran out of the road and brought captive a boy with a tinful of hot sausages. In a few minutes, his whole stock in hand was purchased off and paid for at his own price; and I was simple enough to be rejoicing in the poor fellow's lucky hit, and to take the glistening in his eyes for tears of joy, when all at once he burst into a roar of grief and blubbering, and sobbed out that he wished, he did, instead of a tinful of his commodity, he had brought a cartload!—

"Man never is, but always to be, blest."

If one could suspect Nature of being so unnatural, the vast flat we were traversing seemed intentionally laid out for nations to fight out their quarrels in; some idea of the extent of the plain may be formed from the fact, that at the great *Battle of Leipzig* in 1813 the cannon fired on one wing could

not be heard at the other. As we passed through the villages, my civilian's round hat caused some curiosity and speculation amongst the natives, all practically acquainted with what was the correct costume. One man called out, "There goes the Doctor!" but from a certain gravity of countenance and the absence of moustachios, the majority set me down as the Chaplain. At all events, so much of the military character was attributed to me, that the toll-keepers forbore to make any demand, and allowed me to decide that disputed problem whether cavalry can successfully cope with the '*pike*. The foot marched on merrily, occasionally singing, some fifty or so in chorus, in excellent time and tune; and about noon, at the little town of Brenha, near Bitterfeld, the regiment halted—dismiss—and in ten minutes not a soldier was visible in the streets. They were all dining or enjoying a sleep. Not being fatigued, I amused myself with a volume presented to the Captain by a clergyman at whose house he was quartered in Nassau. The worthy pastor had, no doubt, served in his youth, and, with a lingering affection for the "sogering" (a pattern rubbed in with gunpowder is not easily rubbed out again), had made a Collection of German War Songs. The following, of which I give a literal translation, may, I believe, be attributed to his own pen. It smacks of the very spirit of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, and seems written with the point of a bayonet on the parchment of a drum!

LOVE LANGUAGE OF A MERRY YOUNG SOLDIER.

"*Ach, Gretchen, mein täubchen.*"

O GRETEL, my Dove, my heart's Trumpet,
My Cannon, my Big Drum, and also my Musket,
O hear me, my mild little Dove,
In your still little room.

Your portrait, my Gretel, is always on guard,
Is always attentive to Love's parole and watchword;
Your picture is always going the rounds,
My Gretel, I call at every hour!

My heart's knapsack is always full of you;
My looks, they are quartered with you;
And when I bite off the top end of a cartridge,
Then I think that I give you a kiss.

You alone are my Word of Command and orders,
Yea, my Right-face, Left-face, Brown Tommy, and wine,
And at the word of command "Shoulder Arms!"
Then I think you say "Take me in your arms."

Your eyes sparkle like a Battery,
Yea, they wound like Bombs and Grenades;
As black as gunpowder is your hair,
Your hand as white as Parading breeches!

Yes, you are the Match and I am the Cannon;
Have pity, my love, and give quarter,
And give the word of command, "Wheel round
Into my heart's Barrack Yard."

In the evening I joined a party of officers, and played Whisk, and then more cheap deep sleep—I fear it will cause a run upon the place to quote my bill; but dinner, supper, bed, and breakfast, seven groschen!!!

Trumpet at four. Rose and dressed in the dark; my own fault entirely, for giving the Captain a little bottle of cayenne pepper, wherein his servant, unacquainted with the red condiment, groped with his matches for half an hour in the vain hope of an instantaneous light. After a longish walk, arrived at Kremnitz, a village near Grafenhainchen, where I found my dinner waiting for me at a country inn: the Captain quartered at Burg Kremnitz, three or four hundred *yards distant.* I soon had an invitation to the château.

The baron was absent, but his major-domo or castellan treated us with great hospitality. It was a large country-house, with a farm attached to it: the first living object I met being a pig afflicted, poor fellow, with rheumatism, which I am apt to have myself, only I do not walk about on three legs, with my head stuck on one side. There was something in the plan and aspect of the whole place that vividly reminded me of mansions familiar to me in Scotland, and the impression was confirmed by the appearance of the Castellan and Land Steward, who looked quite Scotch enough to have figured in a picture of Wilkie's. It seemed to me as if even their unintelligible language was only a broader Scotch than I was accustomed to. But the illusion was dispelled by another personage quite foreign to the picture, and I lost some of my pity for the stiff-necked pig in looking at a female who had voluntarily fixed her head in almost as irksome a position. In honour of the strange guests, she had donned a large Elizabethan ruff, which being fastened behind to the back of her cap, forbade her to look to right or left, without a corresponding wheel of the whole body. As she wore this pillory during the two days of our visit, it must have been a tolerable sacrifice of comfort to appearance. We supped on poultry, carp, and jack, and drank a very fair wine, produced on the estate. The next day being a rest, we devoted to fishing; and having had but indifferent success at the mill, the castellan, after a shrewd inspection of our flimsy-looking tackle, gave us leave to fish in a piece of water in the garden. But his face very comically lengthened between wonder and anxiety, as he saw jack after jack hoisted out of his preserve, and was evidently relieved when we gave over the sport: indeed, he told us, half in earnest, that if we came again, he should set a guard over the ponds. He then *went to fish himself*, in a wooden box or lock, through which

passed a small running stream; in this receptacle, having little room for exercise, the huge carp thrive and fatten like pigs in a sty. As a sample of an ill wind, the land-steward told us of a gale that blew down no less than forty thousand trees on the estate,—stopped all the roads in the vicinity, which took fourteen days in clearing; and the whole of the wreck is not yet removed! More deep cheap sleep, and a bill. What a difference between the charges of the byewaymen and the highwaymen of Germany!—amounting to "almost nothing." The villagers here very generally returned to the private soldiers the five groschen per day allowed by the king, and gave them a glass of schnaps into the bargain.

At four o'clock, blown out of bed again; breakfasted and stumbled through the dark towards a certain spot, where, by dint of flint and steel, the soldiers of the 10th company were sparkling like so many glow-worms. This early starting was generally necessary to enable us to join the main body on the high road. About noon we crossed the Elbe, by a thousand feet of wooden bridge, and entered Wittenberg. A friend of the Captain's here met us, and by his invitation, we dined with the officers of the garrison at the Casino; the same courteous gentleman kindly undertook to show me what was best worth seeing in the place. Of course my first local association was with Hamlet, whom Shakspeare most skilfully and happily sent to school at Wittenberg—for the Prince-Philosopher, musing and metaphysical, living more in thought than in action, is far more of a German than a Dane. I suspect that Hamlet is, for this very reason, a favourite in Germany. My next thoughts settled upon Luther, to whom, perhaps, Wittenberg owed the jovial size of the very article I had been drinking from, a right Lutheran beer-glass, at least a foot high, with a glass cover.

In the market-place, under a cast-iron Gothic canopy,

stands a metal statue of the Great Reformer, with a motto I heartily wish some of the reformed would adopt, instead of dandling and whining over Protestantism, as if it had been a sickly rickety bantling from its birth :—

"If it be God's work it will stand,
If it be man's it will fall."

The statue itself represents a sturdy brawny friar, with a two-storey chin, and a neck and throat like a bull's. To the reader of Rabelais there cannot be a truer effigy of his jolly fighting, toping, praying Friar John; a personage who, I have little doubt, was intended by the author for Luther. Motteux suggests as much in his preface, but abandons the idea for a more favourite theory. Rabelais and Luther, both born in the same year, were equally anti-catholic in their hearts, and attacked the abuses of Popery precisely according to their national temperaments — the witty Frenchman with banter, raillery, and persiflage, the German with all the honest dogged earnestness of his countrymen. Just turn to the memoirs of Luther compiled from his own letters, and compare the man with Friar John, the warm advocate of marriage, in his counsel to Panurge, and described as "an honest heart,—plain, resolute, good fellow; he travels, he labours, he defends the oppressed, comforts the afflicted, helps the needy, and keeps the close of the abbey."

Luther's residence in Wittenberg is now a theological college, much given, I was told, to mysticism.

In the evening, accompanied by Lieut. Von J., we drove for an hour through deep sand to our quarters, passing by the way a well, miraculously discovered by Luther when he was thirsty, by a scratch on the ground with his staff; a miracle akin to that at the marriage at Cana, in Galilee, *would have been* more characteristic. At Prühlitz, a very

little village, the Captain found his appointed lodging in a room used as the church; my own dormitory was the ball-room. To my infinite surprise, I found in it a four-posted bedstead! —however, by way of making it un-English, the bed was made at an angle of about thirty degrees, so that I enjoyed all night much the same exercise and amusement in slipping down and climbing up again as are afforded by what are called Russian Mountains.

Our next day's march was across country, often through deep sand, and over such a desolate "blasted heath," that at every ascent I expected to see some forlorn sea-coast. We halted at the general rendezvous and breakfasted à la champêtre, in the Mark of Brandenburg. No wonder the Markgraves fought so stoutly for a better territory! To judge by the sketches produced by the officers, there had been but sorry quartering over night. One officer had such a tumble-down hut assigned to him, that his very dog put his tail between his legs and howled at it; a second had slept in a pigeon-house, and was obliged to have the birds driven out before he could dress in the morning; and our friend Von C., by some mistake, was billeted on the whole wide world! Our march lasted eight hours with a grand parade, as a rehearsal, for Potzdam, by the way; but the country being thinly peopled and the villages few and far between, the actual walk was enormously added-to by digressions on either side of the main road. Thus having arrived at a vast heath, the tenth and eleventh companies were recommended to the accommodations of a village at an hour's distance,—whilst the unlucky twelfth had to go to another as much beyond. So we started on our own steeple chase, and at last marched into Nichol, through a gazing population of married women in red toques, single women in black ones, and benedicts and *bachelors in sheepskin* pelisses with the wool inwards. Our

host, a sort of Dorfmeister, or village mayor, was in a robe of the same fashion. The mayoress had a round head, round forehead, round chin, two round cheeks as red as Dutch apples, a round bust that seemed inclosed in a bolster, and a round body in a superfluity of blue petticoats. The captain of the eleventh called very politely to see how I was off for quarters, before he visited his own, and in a short time after his departure I saw him walking up and down outside like a chafing lion: having been billeted by our host to sleep in the same room with a man, his wife, and their seven children. Unluckily there were no more lodgings to let in the place, and the captain was fain to occupy a shake-down on the forms in the village school-room.

I doubt if Captain Cook's first appearance amongst the Sandwiches caused more curiosity than mine did amongst the Nicholites, a party of whom kept watch in front of the house, and stared at me through the window, as if they had actually been sheep all through, instead of only in their skins. However, I contrived to give them the slip towards evening, and took a walk in the village, where I witnessed a sight akin to some so admirably described by the Blower of the Bubbles. Possibly some Schwein General had dismissed his army at the outskirts, but one long-legged pig after another came cantering or trotting into the village, and went with military regularity to his own quarters. If the door of the yard or garden was open, in he went; if not he stood and grunted and at last whined for admittance. For there is a sense of "no place like home" even in a pig. Number one, at whose gate he waited, was only a mean hovel, whereas number two was comparatively "a cottage of gentility," and the yard door stood invitingly open; but piggy stood true to the humbler tenement. Better bred swine I have certainly *seen in England*, but none so well taught. I almost thought

the Prussian system of universal education had been extended to the lower animals. After the pigs came the geese, and behaved in the same orderly way.

On leaving Nichol I had a hearty shake of the hand from our Host and Hostess, with a hope I had been satisfied with my entertainment and the charge for it. If I had not, I must have been an Elwes. On the point of starting, his Worship begged to avail himself of my extended knowledge as a traveller, to set him at rest as to a word he had read or heard of, namely, Flanders,—"whether they were a sort of money, like Florins?" So I briefly explained to him a matter which, as travellers seldom visit such an out-of-the-world village, had perhaps puzzled its worthy chief magistrate for the last twenty years.

From the specimen I had seen, during the last march, of the country of the Mark, it seemed rather surprising how such a territory as the present Kingdom had accumulated round such a nucleus. But has Prussia done growing? In the various petty states I had previously passed through, each had its peculiar money, its public liveries, and its striped boundary posts of its proper colours. But at the same time they had all embraced the Prussian commercial system; in some cases even enforced by Prussian douaniers; they were all traversed by royal mails, bearing the arms of Frederick William, and his coinage was current throughout. In short, a process of amalgamation is quietly going on, founded, it is quite possible, with ulterior views, for the Black Eagle has never shown any disinclination to become a Roc.

Another march, with another grand rehearsal by the way, brought us to Belitz, a garrison town, into which I had the honour of helping to lead the regiment. The truth is, in attempting "to go ahead" to the post-office, my horse refused to pass the *big drum*, and the road narrowing over a little

wooden bridge, I had no alternative but to charge through a crowd of children of all ages, or ride behind the band, cheek by jowl with the major in command, for the day. My humanity preferred the last, at the expense, I suspect, of a grand breach of military etiquette. Quarters at Schlunkendorf, a village to the left, at a miller's, whose parlour floor, by its undulations, plainly reminded us, that it was a house built upon the sand. The moment, indeed, you stepped abroad, you were in sand up to the ankles, and some two hundred yards distant stood the mill, in an Arabian waste, as remote from corn as the traditionary mill of Buccleugh.

Here ended my marching; for next day being a rest, and the country being so unattractive,—moreover, not having been regularly sworn to the colours, I deserted, and made the best of my way to Potzdam. I should be grossly ungrateful not to mention the uniform urbanity and friendliness of all the officers with whom I came in contact—howbeit we were seldom on speaking terms (some who had even "been to Paris" did not speak French)—nay, a large proportion being Poles, I could not always call my best friends by their names. Of the men they commanded, common justice bids me say, that not a single complaint was made against them, nor a punishment inflicted throughout the route. It is true that in Prussia, where every mother's son and husband must be a soldier, and every man's father or brother was, is, or will be, in the army, a kindliness and fellow-feeling will naturally prevail between the troops and those on whom they are quartered; but independent of this consideration, the good conduct of the men seemed in a great degree to be the result of their temperament and disposition. They bore their long and fatiguing marches with exemplary patience; none the less that every step brought them nearer to their homes in *Poland and Silesia*. One poor fellow, who had not been

under the domestic roof during nineteen years, was agitated by very conceivable feelings, and quite touched me by his recurring apprehensions that "he should not know his own good mother from any other woman!"

The fusileer who had acted *pro tempore* as my servant, with a manly frankness offered me his hand at parting, and respectfully expressed his good wishes for my future health and prosperity. Of course I gave him a solid acknowledgment of his services, but took especial care not to bid him "drink my health," having witnessed a whimsical proof of the force of discipline. The captain, then living at Ehrenbreitstein, one day made his servant a present of a dollar, at the same time saying metaphorically, "There's a bottle of wine for you." The soldier, however, took the words as a literal command—saluted, wheeled, marched off straight to the nearest wine-house, and in double quick time drank off a bottle, at a dollar—which, as he was of particularly temperate habits, took unusual effect, and sent home the obedient soldier to his astonished master as blind and staggering as Drunken Barnaby!

Thus ended my practical connection with the gallant Nineteenth. But I shall often recall my chance quarters—my provident morning foragings against a jour maigre—when a *search*ing wind might have found a roll of bread-and-butter in one pocket, and mayhap a brace of cold pigeons in the other—the cheerful rendezvous—the friendly greetings—and the pic-nic by the road-side:—I shall often hear in fancy the national "Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" chorused by a hundred voices—the exciting charge, beaten at the steep hill or deep ground—and the spirit-stirring bugle ringing amidst the vast pine-woods of Germany!

Neither shall I forget the people, at whose tables I had eaten, in whose dwellings I had lodged. Perhaps the force

... by this moral beauty,
than a step-mother, had allotted to
a harsh climate—the pecuniary dust
as other sorts of dirt were over plent
deficient—occasionally even knives an
their household wants were of a very
but the people were kind, honest,
disposed, anxious to please, and easi
Their best cheer and accommodatio
pleasant looks and civil words, and I
instance of churlishness or cupidity.

As to Potzdam—it vividly reminded
the Arabian Nights, whereof the inhabi
into marble: at least, I am sure, that
far more statues, than living figures.
Palace garden, was a Neptune, with hi
the apology of a pond: farther off, a
Prussian sentry, jointly mounting gua
cannon—on my right a dome, surm
Mercury. But the grand

Possibly, in the absence of living generations, the great Frederick, like Deucalion, peopled his city with stones *ad interim;* for you cannot walk through its handsome streets so silent, and with so little stir of life, without feeling that it is a city built for posterity. Of course I visited its shows; and first the Royal Palace, in which, next to the literary traces of Frederick, I was most interested by a portrait over a door of Napoleon when consul, in which methought I traced the expression of an originally kind nature, and which the devotion and attachment he inspired in those immediately about him seemed to justify. But power is a frightful ossifier, and in many other instances has made a *Bony part* of the human heart. Sans Souci pleased me little, and the conceit of a statue of Justice so placed in the garden that Frederick at his writing-table "might always have justice in view," pleased me still less. His four-footed favourites lie near the figure; but whether the dogs were brought to Justice, or Justice went to the dogs, is not upon record. In short, Sans Souci inspired me with an appropriate feeling; for I left it without caring for it—and disappointed by even the famous statue of the Queen. The spirit of the place had infected it too. With much sweetness and some beauty in the countenance, the face was so placid, the limbs so round, with such a Sans-Souci-ism in the crossed legs—an attitude a lady only adopts when most particularly at her ease—that instead of any remembrance of the wrongs and sufferings of the heart-broken and royal Louisa, my only sentiment was of regret that so amiable, fair, and gentle a being had been called so prematurely (if, indeed, she were dead, and not merely asleep) from the enjoyment of youth, health and happiness. The New Palace I shall like better when it is a very old one. You will think me fastidious, perhaps; but I saw nothing *very* extraordinary in the Pea-

... and military trophies, app
arsenal, but hardly fit "visible a
inward and spiritual grace." The
too, with captured flags, and eagles,
warriors; but it contains one very stril
Frederick the Great and his most r
who could never live together in th
tranquilly sleeping side-by-side unde
I could not help thinking of the gra
Exchange coming to lie with the drag

The king reviewed the 19th on its
Old Palace. He stooped a little u
remembering his age, I could not l
would make a solemn gift to his people
constitution. No monarch has been
the vicissitudes and uncertainty of h
experience ought to urge him as far
assurance doubly sure and take a bond
he has conferred on his subjects he ou
by placing them in th

I shall, therefore, get over the ground a little quicker than a Droski, which is a peculiar vehicle, with a peculiar horse, with a peculiar pace. The truth is, that, contrary to the principle of our trotting-matches, he is backed at 20 groschen an hour to go as few miles as possible in sixty minutes. In consequence, with as much apparent action as the second hand, he goes no faster than the short hand of the dial. The other day a butcher hired a Droski to take him to a distant part of the city, for which he was charged 20 groschen by the driver, who appealed to his watch at the same time, owning that it perhaps went a little too fast. "In that case, then," replied the butcher, "I'll thank you, my friend, the next time you drive me, to put your watch in the shafts and your horse in your pocket."

A judicious valet-de-place would first take a stranger in Berlin to the Old Bridge, whereon stands the bronze equestrian statue of the Great Elector. Of which statue, by the way, it is told that the Jews, with their peculiar turn for speculation, offered to cover the court-yard of the Old Palace with dollars in exchange for the verdigris on the figure: but, perhaps, fearing that they would scrape down the Great Elector into a little one, the bargain was declined. A judicious guide, I say, would place a stranger on the aforesaid bridge, and then ask the gentleman which of the two Berlins he pleased to wish to see; for, in reality, there are two of them, the old and the new. Knowing your taste, Gerard, I should take you across an elegant iron bridge to show you the beautiful front of the museum: but I should be careful of taking you within it, lest we should not come out again, for it contains an almost matchless collection of the early Flemish school of painting—such Van Eycks and Hemlincks!—to say nothing of a Titian's daughter, not *merely herself but* the whole picture such an eye-bewitching

brunette, that it still haunts me! Perhaps, in turning round to have another look at the façade of the museum, you will run against an immense utensil, scooped out of a rock of granite; and, if you ask me what is its history, all I can say is, I believe it was the wash-hand basin of the giant in the Castle of Otranto.

That modest-looking house, too small for the great stone helmets stuck along its front, is the private residence of the Soldier-King, who thence sees a little to the right his Arsenal, and to the left his Guard-house. The horse-shoe, nailed up at one of the first-floor windows, is not, as you might suppose, for luck, but in commemoration of being cast up through that very window at his Majesty—not by a two-legged regicide, but by an officer's charger—with what design, even Monsieur Rochow, and all his police, could never unriddle.

I have a ticket of admission for you to the Arsenal—but stop!—look up at those two-and-twenty hideous colossal masks, representing the human face in all the various convulsions and agonies of a violent death! Was there ever devised a series of decorations, remembering the place, in such bad taste,—nay, to speak mildly, in such unchristian, inhuman feeling? Why, Jack Ketch, out of respect to our flesh-and-blood sympathies, draws a cap over the face of his victims to hide their last writhings—and what is War, disguise it as we may under all its "pride, pomp, and circumstance," but a great wholesale executioner? Its horrors would be unendurable but for the dazzling Bengal Light called Glory that we cast on its deluge of blood and tears: but for the gorgeous flags we wave, like veils, before its grim and ferocious features—and the triumphant clangour of martial music with which we drown its shrieks and groans. But here *we are* disgustingly reminded of what we would willingly *forget, that a* Battle is a Butchery. Faugh! the place smells

of the shambles! As yet we are only in the inner court, but we will go no farther. Those frightful masks shockingly illustrate that "War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art"—and who would care to see its murderous tools, however well-polished or tastefully arranged?

A cool walk under the fragrant Lindens is quite necessary to sweeten such associations. We will admire the Brandenburg Gate as much as you please; but the street, wide, and long, and handsome as it is, does not satisfy me. The houses want character—in short, as a picture, Prout could make nothing of it. But look, off with your hat!—no, not to that white-headed good old General,—but to yonder carriage. It is not the king's, but contains a personage so in love with Absolutism, that one cannot help wishing him such a pure Despotism as was enjoyed by Alexander Selkirk:—

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute—
> Not a creature objects to my sway—
> I am lord of the fowl and the brute!"

The persons of all ranks thronging up those steps are going to the Exhibition, and if you went with them you would see some Historical pictures, by German artists, well worthy of your admiration. In landscape they are not so strong: their views are deficient in what the moon wants, an atmosphere: to be sure the painters never saw one for the smoke; and, between ourselves, they have as little eye for colour as nose for smells. Finally, instead of a catalogue raisonné, or consulting Dr. Waagen, you may go to any pipe-shop to know which are the best, or at any rate the most popular pictures, by the miniature copies on the bowls. Painting is fashionable in Berlin; and has both royal and plebeian patrons. Look at the shutter, or flap, over that

for here are Unfine Arts for you and Unfin
you may get bread and cheese for pai
beer and wine by drawing them. You
German. Ye shall make *signs* for sausage
be put in your plates. Come hither! In
nobodies and nothings to nobodies—but her
Van Eycks and Hemlincks; at least you sh
did, on shutters. Impartial hangers shall l
upon hinges, and not too high up, but full in
in a good light, and when that is gone t
you "fiery off, indeed" with lamplight and c
of neglect and omissions, here you shall have
missions. You shall take off hats, brush at l
and do perukes in oil; and whereas in Eng
scarcely get one face to copy, you shall here t
of a score of mugs!

One sight more, and we will finish

her, no scold on the banks of Thames can be more fluently abusive and vulgarly sarcastic! Strange it is, and worthy of philosophical investigation; but so surely as horse-dealing and dishonesty go together, so do fish-fagging and vituperative eloquence. It would seem as if the powers of speech, denied to her mute commodity, were added to the natural gifts of the female dealer therein;—however, from Billingsgate to Berlin, every fishmonger in petticoats is as rough-tongued as a buffalo!

But farewell to the capital of Prussia. A letter of recall from my uncle has just come to hand;—and I am booked again by the Eilwagen. Considering the distance, you will own that I have had a miraculously cheap ride hither, when I tell you that beside paying no turnpikes, I have disposed of my nag, at twenty shillings' loss to a timid invalid, recommended to take horse exercise. I honestly warranted the animal sound, quiet, and free from vice; and have no doubt it will carry the old gentleman very pleasantly, provided he is not too particular as to the way he goes; for I shrewdly suspect, wherever soldiers may be marching, my late horse will be sure to follow in the same direction.

I have bought some black iron Berlin-ware for Emily, and with love to you both, am,

My dear Gerard,

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

... to simply to announce my safe re
the Rhine. The rest of the family party
and we returned together to Coblenz, q
the scenery of one of the finest portio
river. The alleged reason for my recall
the season; but I rather suspect my worth
to relate his observations and adventure
Bagshaw and the Doctor,—as my aunt is
wanderings to Miss Wilmot. Like other
longing to publish—and no doubt will tall
when they return to Woodlands.

The changes I found in the family on
almost as strange as those which so ast
Winkle on awaking from his supernatural
was literally a new man. His warnings h
and gone off for good: and he has now no
than a man of twice his age: a paradox
philosophical truth. My aunt, instead of p
ing us that she is a disconsolate widow, ha
it herself: and it is only on a dull and —

famished, and foot-sore, and rather sorry, no doubt, that she had ever given up her seat under the Rev. Mr. Groger.

* * * * *

You will be glad to hear that poor Markham has so won my uncle's esteem, that the latter promises, between himself and Bagster, to take his affairs in hand and set them to rights. Markham, of course, is delighted; and the change in his own prospects makes him take much pleasanter views both of men and things.

* * * * *

In short, Gerard, if you, or any of your friends ever suffer from hypochondriasis, weak nerves,—melancholy—morbid sensibility—or mere ennui—let me advise you and them, as you value your lives, health and spirits—your bodies and your minds, to do as we have done, and go UP THE RHINE.

[From the "Comic" of this year, bes
"The Green Man" and "Hit or Miss,
edition.]

THE COMIC ANNUAL

PREFACE.

THERE are nine Muses to a Poet; a
nine points of the law to "one posse
cat; nine tails to a flogging; nine p
whist; nine diamonds to Pope Joan
bowl; nine cheers to a toast; and now
Annuals to the set.

Whatever may be the mystic influ
number—

"Thrice to thine,
And thrice to *mine*
And

senses with shows and unreal mockeries; and I feel as if the coldest wind of the Brocken were blowing over me, to think what diabolical appearances they may cause my book to assume.

I remember reading, in some Romance, of an unfortunate man thrown by "some devilish cantrip sleight," as Burns calls it, into such an optical delusion, that, whilst he thought he was only carving up a fowl, he was committing a foul murder. That is an awful power of garbling! and the Fatal Three will chuckle at such a piece of literal Printer's Devilry as fobbing off their own matter for mine on a cheated Public.

Thus I have tried, as usual, to furnish forth a little harmless amusement for the Christmas fireside; but, thanks to Hecate and her imps, the most innocent play upon words will perhaps be transformed, to shock the decidedly pious reader into a play upon the Scriptures. I have imagined a factitious correspondence, by way of shadowing out the inefficiency of certain establishments where Young Gentlemen are "boarded, lodged, and done for;" but it will be as good a joke as laming cattle, for the spiteful Hags to show some indignant Schoolmaster his own name, and that of his Academy, at full length, in capitals, and as plain to all the Public as the show-board at his front gate.

In the same desire of being useful, I have tried to show up the imposture of Animal Magnetism; but what can be expected from juggling Witches, patronesses of every cheat on the human body or soul, except that they will turn the whole article to an atrocious libel on some living Practitioner? The little instance of Mistaken Patronage I have adduced, will infallibly be cooked up into an attack on the Aristocracy; and, by working the faces in the drawings into likenesses, the whole Volume, text and cuts, may be thus bewitched into a

... the eyes of the Reviewer ...
blood."

It is with some misgivings, then, that I
Volume under such awful auspices. The
lived under the gloomy shadow of the Br
not heard a Weird Trio from the Witches' C
their own reflections on the Witches' La
Witches' Spring, or essayed in vain to dry
of the Witches' Dog-Stone,—will be apt to
such Teutonic theories; indeed, in hunting,
the mere notion of "*witching* the world with
ship" on the back of such an un-clever
besom, would suffice to bring the whole cree
It is difficult, however, to reside long in G
believing, more or less, in those Old Origin
Antiquated, ugly, and revolting as they
sylvan scenery, in the neighbourhood of thei
slab Mountain, amid the wild savage featu
Forest, the withered Beldames, "formed to
and *charm* all eyes," are absolutely enchanti-

And now, with three times three in bows, and all seasonable benisons—may they not be Sycorax'd into malisons!—I take my leave for the ninth time. We may meet again—and we may not meet again. Who but a Witch knows which?

THE GREEN MAN.

Tom Simpson was as nice a kind of man
As ever lived—at least at number Four,
In Austin Friars, in Mrs. Brown's first floor,
At fifty pounds,—or thereabouts,—per ann.
The Lady reckon'd him her best of lodgers,
His rent so punctually paid each quarter,—
He did not smoke like nasty foreign codgers—
Or play French horns like Mr. Rogers—
Or talk his flirting nonsense to her daughter,—
Not that the girl was light behaved or courtable—
Still on one failing tenderly to touch,
The Gentleman did like a drop too much,
(Tho' there are many such)
And took more Port than was exactly portable.
In fact,—to put the cap upon the nipple,
And try the charge,—Tom certainly *did* tipple.
He thought the motto was but sorry stuff
On Cribb's Prize Cup—Yes, wrong in ev'ry letter—
That "D—d be he who first cries *Hold Enough!*"
The more cups hold, and if enough, the better.
And so to set example in the eyes
Of Fancy's lads, and give a broadish hint to them,

An awkward circumstance enough for elves
Who shave themselves;
And Simpson just was ready to go thro it,
When lo! the first short glimpse within the glass—
He jump'd—and who alive would fail to do it?—
To see, however it had come to pass,
One section of his face as green as grass!
In vain each eager wipe,
With soap—without—wet—hot or cold—or dry,
Still, still, and still, to his astonished eye
One cheek was green, the other cherry ripe!
Plump in the nearest chair he sat him down,
Quaking, and quite absorb'd in a deep study,—
But verdant and not brown,—
What could have happened to a tint so ruddy?
Indeed it was a very novel case,
By way of penalty for being jolly,
To have that evergreen stuck in his face.
Just like the windows with their Christmas holly.

"All claret marks,"—thought he—Tom knew his forte—
"Are red—this colour CANNOT come from Port!"

One thing was plain; with such a face as his,
'Twas quite impossible to ever greet
Good Mrs. Brown; nay, any party meet,
Altho' 'twas such a parti-coloured phiz!
As for the public, fancy Sarcy Ned,
The coachman, flying, dog-like, at his head,
With "Ax your pardon, Sir, but if you please—
Unless it comes too high—
Vere ought a fellow, now, to go to buy
The t'other half, Sir, of that 'ere green cheese?"

His mind recoil'd—so he tied up his head,
As with a raging tooth, and took to bed;
Of course with feelings far from the serene,
For all his future prospects seemed to be,
To match his customary tea,
Black, mixt with green.

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Brown
Wondered at Mr. S. not coming down,
And sent the maid up-stairs to learn the why;
To whom poor Simpson, half delirious,
Returned an answer so mysterious
That curiosity began to fry;
The more, as Betty, who had caught a snatch
By peeping in upon the patient's bed,
Reported a most bloody, tied-up head,
Got over-night of course—"Harm watch, harm catch,'
From Watchmen in a boxing-match.

So, liberty or not,—
Good lodgers are too scarce to let them off in
A suicidal coffin—
The dame ran up as fast as she could trot;
"Appearance,—fiddlesticks!" should not deter
From going to the bed,
And looking at the head:
"La! Mister S—, he need not care for her!
A married woman that had had
Nine boys and gals, and none had turned out bad—
Her own dear late would come home late at night,
And liquor always got him in a fight.
She'd been in hospitals—she wouldn't faint
At gores and gashes fingers wide and deep;

She knew what's good for bruises and what ain't—
Turlington's Drops she made a p'int to keep.
Cases she'd seen beneath the surgent's hand—
Such skulls japann'd—she meant to say trepann'd!
Poor wretches! you would think they'd been in battle,
And hadn't hours to live,
From tearing horses' kicks or Smithfield cattle,
Shamefully over-driv!—
Heads forced to have a silver plate atop,
To get the brains to stop.
At imputations of the legs she'd been,
And neither screech'd nor cried—
Hereat she pluck'd the white cravat aside,
And lo! the whole phenomenon was seen—
"Preserve us all! He's going to gangrene!"

Alas! through Simpson's brain
Shot the remark, like ball, with mortal pain;
It tallied truly with his own misgiving,
And brought a groan,
To move a heart of stone—
A sort of farewell to the land of living!
And as the case was imminent and urgent,
He did not make a shadow of objection
To Mrs. B.'s proposal for a "surgent,"
But merely gave a sigh of deep dejection,
While down the verdant cheek a tear of grief
Stole, like a dew-drop on a cabbage-leaf.

Swift flew the summons,—it was life or death!
And in as short a time as he could race it,
Came Doctor Puddicome, as short of breath,
To try his Latin charms against *Hic Jacet*.

He took a seat beside the patient's bed,
Saw tongue—felt pulse—examined the bad cheek,—
Poked, stroked, pinch'd, kneaded it—hemm'd—shook his
head—
Took a long solemn pause the cause to seek,
(Thinking, it seem'd, in Greek,)
Then ask'd—'twas Christmas—"Had he eaten grass,
Or greens—and if the cook was so improper
To boil them up with copper,
Or farthings made of brass;
Or if he drank his Hock from dark green glass,
Or dined at City Festivals, whereat
There's turtle, and green fat?"
To all of which, with serious tone of woe,
Poor Simpson answered "No."
Indeed he might have said in form auricular,
Supposing Puddicome had been a monk—
He had not eaten (he had only drunk)
Of any thing "Particular."
The Doctor was at fault;
A thing so new quite brought him to a halt.
Cases of other colours came in crowds,
He could have found their remedy, and soon;
But green—it sent him up among the clouds,
As if he had gone up with Green's balloon!

Black with Black Jaundice he had seen the skin;
From Yellow Jaundice yellow,
From saffron tints to sallow;—
Then retrospective memory lugg'd in
Old Purple Face, the Host at Kentish Town—
East Indians, without number,

He knew familiarly, by heat done Brown,
From tan to a burnt umber,
Ev'n those eruptions he had never seen
Of which the Caledonian Poet spoke,
As "*rashes* growing green!"
"Phoo! phoo! a rash grow green!
Nothing of course but a broad Scottish joke!'
Then as to flaming visages, for those
The Scarlet Fever answer'd, or the Rose—
But verdant! that was quite a novel stroke!
Men turn'd to blue, by Cholera's last stage,
In common practice he had really seen;
But Green—he was too old, and grave, and sage,
To think of the last stage to Turnham Green!

So matters stood in-doors—meanwhile without,
Growing in going like all other rumours,
The modern miracle was buzz'd about,
By people of all humours,
Native or foreign in their dialecticals;
Till all the neighbourhood, as if their noses
Had taken the odd gross from little Moses,
Seem'd looking thro' green spectacles.
"Green faces!" so they all began to comment—
"Yes—opposite to Druggist's lighted shops,
But that's a flying colour—never stops—
A bottle-green that's vanish'd in a moment.
Green! nothing of the sort occurs to mind,
Nothing at all to match the present piece;
Jack in the Green has nothing of the kind—
Green-grocers are not green—nor yet green geese!"
The oldest Supercargoes or Old Sailors
Of such a case had never heard,

1838.

[From the "Comic" of this year, besides the Preface, two poems—"The Green Man" and "Hit or Miss,"—remain available for this edition.]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1838.

PREFACE.

There are nine Muses to a Poet; nine Tailors to a Man; nine points of the law to "one possessed;" nine lives to a cat; nine tails to a flogging; nine points to an agony of whist; nine diamonds to Pope Joan; nine ninepins to a bowl; nine cheers to a toast; and now there are nine Comic Annuals to the set.

Whatever may be the mystic influence of the witching number—

> "Thrice to thine,
> And thrice to *mine*,
> And thrice again to make up *Nine!*"

My little work is now within its sphere. The cycle is complete; the tything time is come; and, like Rudolph's Seventh Bullet, my Ninth Volume is now at evil behest. In what manner the Weird Sisters will choose to do their wicked will with it, is past sounding; but of course they will try their best or worst to turn it into a Work of *Darkness*. They are notorious jugglers, practising on the

senses with shows and unreal mockeries; and I feel as if the coldest wind of the Brocken were blowing over me, to think what diabolical appearances they may cause my book to assume.

I remember reading, in some Romance, of an unfortunate man thrown by "some devilish cantrip sleight," as Burns calls it, into such an optical delusion, that, whilst he thought he was only carving up a fowl, he was committing a foul murder. That is an awful power of garbling! and the Fatal Three will chuckle at such a piece of literal Printer's Devilry as fobbing off their own matter for mine on a cheated Public.

Thus I have tried, as usual, to furnish forth a little harmless amusement for the Christmas fireside; but, thanks to Hecate and her imps, the most innocent play upon words will perhaps be transformed, to shock the decidedly pious reader into a play upon the Scriptures. I have imagined a factitious correspondence, by way of shadowing out the inefficiency of certain establishments where Young Gentlemen are "boarded, lodged, and done for;" but it will be as good a joke as laming cattle, for the spiteful Hags to show some indignant Schoolmaster his own name, and that of his Academy, at full length, in capitals, and as plain to all the Public as the show-board at his front gate.

In the same desire of being useful, I have tried to show up the imposture of Animal Magnetism; but what can be expected from juggling Witches, patronesses of every cheat on the human body or soul, except that they will turn the whole article to an atrocious libel on some living Practitioner? The little instance of Mistaken Patronage I have adduced, will infallibly be cooked up into an attack on the Aristocracy; and, by working the faces in the drawings into likenesses, the whole Volume, text and cuts, may be thus bewitched into a

blood."

It is with some misgivings, then, that I Volume under such awful auspices. The lived under the gloomy shadow of the Br not heard a Weird Trio from the Witches' C their own reflections on the Witches' La Witches' Spring, or essayed in vain to dry of the Witches' Dog-Stone,—will be apt to such Teutonic theories; indeed, in hunting, the mere notion of "*witching* the world with ship" on the back of such an un-clever besom, would suffice to bring the whole cree It is difficult, however, to reside long in G believing, more or less, in those Old Origin Antiquated, ugly, and revolting as they sylvan scenery, in the neighbourhood of thei slab Mountain, amid the wild savage featu Forest, the withered Beldames, "formed to and *charm* all eyes," are absolutely enchantin

And now, with three times three in bows, and all seasonable benisons—may they not be Sycorax'd into malisons!—I take my leave for the ninth time. We may meet again—and we may not meet again. Who but a Witch knows which?

THE GREEN MAN.

Tom Simpson was as nice a kind of man
As ever lived—at least at number Four,
In Austin Friars, in Mrs. Brown's first floor,
At fifty pounds,—or thereabouts,—per ann.
The Lady reckon'd him her best of lodgers,
His rent so punctually paid each quarter,—
He did not smoke like nasty foreign codgers—
Or play French horns like Mr. Rogers—
Or talk his flirting nonsense to her daughter,—
Not that the girl was light behaved or courtable—
Still on one failing tenderly to touch,
The Gentleman did like a drop too much,
(Tho' there are many such)
And took more Port than was exactly portable.
In fact,—to put the cap upon the nipple,
And try the charge,—Tom certainly *did* tipple.
He thought the motto was but sorry stuff
On Cribb's Prize Cup—Yes, wrong in ev'ry letter—
That "D—d be he who first cries *Hold Enough!*"
The more cups hold, and if enough, the better.
And so to set example in the eyes
Of Fancy's lads, and give a broadish hint to them,

All his cups were of such ample size
That he got into them.

Once in the company of merry mates,
In spite of Temperance's ifs and buts,
So sure as Eating is set off with *plates*,
His Drinking always was bound up with *cuts!*

Howbeit, such Bacchanalian revels
Bring very sad catastrophes about;
Palsy, Dyspepsy, Dropsy, and Blue Devils,
Not to forget the Gout.
Sometimes the liver takes a splcenful whim
To grow to Strasbourg's regulation size,
As if for those hepatical goose pies—
Or out of depth the head begins to swim—
Poor Simpson! what a thing occurred to him!
'Twas Christmas—he had drunk the night before,—
Like Baxter, who so "went beyond his last"—
One bottle more, and then *one* bottle more,
Till, oh! the red-wine *Ruby-con* was pass'd!
And homeward, by the short small chimes of day,
With many a circumbendibus to spare,
For instance, twice round Finsbury Square,
To use a fitting phrase, he *wound* his way.

Then comes the rising, with repentance bitter,
And all the nerves—(and sparrows)—in a twitter,
Till settled by the sober Chinese cup:
The hands, o'er all, are members that make motions,
A sort of wavering, just like the ocean's,
Which has its swell, too, when it's getting up—

An awkward circumstance enough for elves
Who shave themselves;
And Simpson just was ready to go thro it,
When lo! the first short glimpse within the glass—
He jump'd—and who alive would fail to do it?—
To see, however it had come to pass,
One section of his face as green as grass!
In vain each eager wipe,
With soap—without—wet—hot or cold—or dry,
Still, still, and still, to his astonished eye
One cheek was green, the other cherry ripe!
Plump in the nearest chair he sat him down,
Quaking, and quite absorb'd in a deep study,—
But verdant and not brown,—
What could have happened to a tint so ruddy?
Indeed it was a very novel case,
By way of penalty for being jolly,
To have that evergreen stuck in his face.
Just like the windows with their Christmas holly.

"All claret marks,"—thought he—Tom knew his forte—
"Are red—this colour CANNOT come from Port!"

One thing was plain; with such a face as his,
'Twas quite impossible to ever greet
Good Mrs. Brown; nay, any party meet,
Altho' 'twas such a parti-coloured phiz!
As for the public, fancy Sarcy Ned,
The coachman, flying, dog-like, at his head,
With "Ax your pardon, Sir, but if you please—
Unless it comes too high—
Vere ought a fellow, now, to go to buy
The t'other half, Sir, of that 'ere green cheese?"

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Brown
Wondered at Mr. S. not coming down,
And sent the maid up-stairs to learn th
To whom poor Simpson, half delirious,
Returned an answer so mysterious
That curiosity began to fry;
The more, as Betty, who had caught a s
By peeping in upon the patient's bed,
Reported a most bloody, tied-up head,
Got over-night of course—"Harm watch
From Watchmen in a boxing-n

So, liberty or not,—
Good lodgers are too scarce to let them o
A suicidal coffin—
The dame ran up as fast as she could trot
"Appearance,—fiddlesticks!" should not
From going to the bed,
And looking at the [illegible]

She knew what's good for bruises and what ain't—
Turlington's Drops she made a p'int to keep.
Cases she'd seen beneath the surgent's hand—
Such skulls japann'd—she meant to say trepann'd!
Poor wretches! you would think they'd been in battle,
And hadn't hours to live,
From tearing horses' kicks or Smithfield cattle,
Shamefully over-driv!—
Heads forced to have a silver plate atop,
To get the brains to stop.
At imputations of the legs she'd been,
And neither screech'd nor cried—
Hereat she pluck'd the white cravat aside,
And lo! the whole phenomenon was seen—
"Preserve us all! He's going to gangrene!"

Alas! through Simpson's brain
Shot the remark, like ball, with mortal pain;
It tallied truly with his own misgiving,
And brought a groan,
To move a heart of stone—
A sort of farewell to the land of living!
And as the case was imminent and urgent,
He did not make a shadow of objection
To Mrs. B.'s proposal for a "surgent,"
But merely gave a sigh of deep dejection,
While down the verdant cheek a tear of grief
Stole, like a dew-drop on a cabbage-leaf.

Swift flew the summons,—it was life or death!
And in as short a time as he could race it,
Came Doctor Puddicome, as short of breath,
To try his Latin charms against *Hic Jacet*.

He took a seat beside the patient's bed,
Saw tongue—felt pulse—examined the bad cheek,—
Poked, stroked, pinch'd, kneaded it—hemm'd—shook his
head—
Took a long solemn pause the cause to seek,
(Thinking, it seem'd, in Greek,)
Then ask'd—'twas Christmas—"Had he eaten grass,
Or greens—and if the cook was so improper
To boil them up with copper,
Or farthings made of brass;
Or if he drank his Hock from dark green glass,
Or dined at City Festivals, whereat
There's turtle, and green fat?"
To all of which, with serious tone of woe,
Poor Simpson answered "No."
Indeed he might have said in form auricular,
Supposing Puddicome had been a monk—
He had not eaten (he had only drunk)
Of any thing "Particular."
The Doctor was at fault;
A thing so new quite brought him to a halt.
Cases of other colours came in crowds,
He could have found their remedy, and soon;
But green—it sent him up among the clouds,
As if he had gone up with Green's balloon!

Black with Black Jaundice he had seen the skin;
From Yellow Jaundice yellow,
From saffron tints to sallow;—
Then retrospective memory lugg'd in
Old Purple Face, the Host at Kentish Town—
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From tan to a burnt umber,
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Nothing at all to match the present piece;
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Green-grocers are not green—nor yet green geese!"
The oldest Supercargoes or Old Sailors
Of such a case had never heard,

But Truth steps in where all

A long half hour, in needless
Our Galen's cane had rubbed
He thought, and thought, and
thought—
And still it came to nought,
When up rush'd Betty, loudest
"Lord, Ma'am, the new Poli
It's B, ma'am, Twenty-four,—
As brought home Mr. S. to Aus
And says there's nothing but
He got that 'ere green face
By sleeping in the kennel near t

HIT OR M

The air, calm, bracing, freshly cool,
As if just skimm'd from off a pool;
The scene, red, russet, yellow, leaden,
From stubble, fern, and leaves that deaden,
Save here and there a turnip patch,
Too verdant with the rest to match;
And far a-field a hazy figure,
Some roaming lover of the trigger.
Meanwhile the level light perchance
Pick'd out his barrel with a glance;
For all around a distant popping
Told birds were flying off or dropping.
Such was the morn—a morn right fair
To seek for covey or for hare—
When, lo! too far from human feet
For even Ranger's boldest beat,
A Dog, as in some doggish trouble,
Came cant'ring through the crispy stubble,
With dappled head in lowly droop,
But not the scientific stoop;
And flagging, dull, desponding ears,
As if they had been soaked in tears,
And not the beaded dew that hung
The filmy stalks and weeds among.
His pace, indeed, seemed not to know
An errand, why, or where to go,
To trot, to walk, or scamper swift—
In short, he seemed a dog adrift;
His very tail, a listless thing,
With just an accidental swing,
Like rudder to the ripple veering,
When nobody on board is steering.

But in a spot as incon
A second dog across l
Without a master to l
As if for wages, workı
The sporting breed hac
Resolved nor birds nor
Without another paunc

This other was a truant
But, for a spaniel, wondı
Instead of curvets gay ar
He slouched along witho
With dogged air, as if he
A good half mind to run
Mayhap the shaking at h
Had been a quaver too s
Mayhap the whip's "exc
Had too much hurt e'en
Nor if he had h-

Till, having cleared sufficient ground,
With one accord they turned them round,
And squatting down, for forms not caring
At one another fell to staring;
As if not proof against a touch
Of what plagues humankind so much,
A prying itch to get at notions
Of all their neighbour's looks and motions.
Sir Don at length was first to rise—
The better dog in point of size,
And, snuffing all the ground between,
Set off, with easy jaunty mien;
While Dash, the stranger, rose to greet him,
And made a dozen steps to meet him—
Their noses touch'd, and rubbed awhile
(Some savage nations use the style),
And then their tails a wag began,
Though on a very cautious plan,
But in their signals quantum suff.
To say, "A civil dog enough."

Thus having held out olive branches,
They sank again, though not on haunches,
But couchant, with their under jaws
Resting between the two forepaws,
The prelude, on a luckier day,
Or sequel, to a game of play:
But now they were in dumps, and thus
Began their worries to discuss,
The Pointer, coming to the point
The first, on times so out of joint.
"Well, Friend,—so here's a new September
As fine a first as I remember;

"A weasel suck them
What matter birds, or
Or fly at all, or sportin
If fools with guns can't

"Ay, there's the rub, in
Putting his gravest visa
"In vain we beat our be
And bring our *organs* int
Unless the proper killing
Of *barrel tunes* are played
But when *we* shoot—that's
We hit as often as we fire."

"More luck for you!" cri
Who felt the cruel contras
"More luck for you, and
We miss as often as we sh

"Indeed!—"

I almost wish I had! That Dunce.
My master, then would hit for once!
Hit me! Lord how you talk! why zounds!
He couldn't hit a pack of hounds!"

"Well, that must be a case provoking.
What *never*—but, you dog, you're joking!
I see a sort of wicked grin
About your jaw you're keeping in."
"A joke! an old tin kettle's clatter
Would be as much a joking matter.
To tell the truth, that dog-disaster
Is just the type of me and master,
When fagging over hill and dale,
With his vain rattle at my tail.
Bang, bang, and bang, the whole day's run,
But *leading* nothing but his gun—
The very shot, I fancy, hisses,
It's sent upon such awful misses.

"Of course it does! But perhaps the fact is
Your master's hand is out of practice!"

"Practice?—No doctor, where you will,
Has finer—but he cannot kill!
These three years past, thro' furze and furrow,
All covers I have hunted thorough;
Flush'd cocks and snipes about the moors;
And put up hares by scores and scores;
Coveys of birds, and lots of pheasants;—
Yes, game enough to send in presents
To ev'ry friend he has in town,
Provided he had knock'd it down:

" Well,—such a hand v
But is he truly quite so

" Bad !—worse !—you ca
If I could put up, just b
The great Balloon that p
Across the water, he wou
Bite him ! I do believe, :
It's in his very blood and
It marks his life, and runs
What can be miss'd, he's su
Last Monday he came hom
Dog-tired, as if he'd been a
And kicks at me to vent hi
'Get out !' says he—'I've
Of course, thought I—what
You'd miss the Norwich wa

" Why, he must be th

My master angle!—no such luck!
There he might strike, who never struck!
My master shoots because he can't,
And has an eye that aims aslant;
Nay, just by way of making trouble,
He's changed his single gun for double;
And now, as girls a-walking do,
His *misses* go by two and two!
I wish he had the mange, or reason
As good, to miss the shooting season!"

"Why yes, it must be main unpleasant
To point to covey, or to pheasant;
For snobs, who, when the point is mooting,
Think *letting fly* as good as shooting!"

"Snobs!—if he'd wear his ruffled shirts,
Or coats with water-wagtail skirts,
Or trowsers in the place of smalls,
Or those tight fits he wears at balls,
Or pumps, and boots with tops, mayhap,
Why we might pass for Snip and Snap,
And shoot like blazes! fly or sit,
And none would stare, unless we hit.
But no—to make the more combustion,
He goes in gaiters and in fustian,
Like Captain Ross, or Topping Sparks,
And deuce a miss but some one marks!
For Keepers, shy of such encroachers,
Dog us about like common poachers!
Many's the covey I've gone by,
When underneath a sporting eye;

Or gives you such a scu
A kick and pail of slush
Cleftsticks, or Kettle, all
As standing to a missing
It's whirr! and bang! an
To catch your bird before
But no—a pump and ginge
As soon would get a bird t
So there you stand, quite st
Till all your tail is gone to
A sort of stiffness in your na
Holding your head well up t
While off go birds across the
First small as flies, and then
Cocksure, as they are living cl
Death's Door is not at Numbe

"Yes! yes! and then you look
The cause of all the late disaste
Who gives a st

You cannot scent, for cutting mugs—
Your nose is turning up, like Pug's;
You can't hold up, but plod and mope;
Your tail like sodden end of rope,
That o'er a wind-bound vessel's side
Has soak'd in harbour, tide and tide.
On thorns and scratches, till, that moment
Unnoticed, you begin to comment;
You never felt such bitter brambles,
Such heavy soil, in all your rambles!
You never felt your fleas so vicious!
Till, sick of life so unpropitious,
You wish at last, to end the passage,
That you were dead, and in your sassage!"

"Yes! that's a miss from end to end!
But, zounds! you draw so well, my friend,
You've made me shiver, skin and gristle,
As if I heard my master's whistle!
Though how you came to learn the knack—
I thought your squire was quite a crack!"

"And so he is!—He always hits—
And sometimes hard, and all to bits.
But ere with him our tongues we task,
I've still one little thing to ask;
Namely, with such a random master,
Of course you sometimes want a plaster?
Such missing hands make game of more
Than ever passed for game before—
A pounded pig—a widow's cat—
A patent ventilating hat—

Not e'en the Keeper's fa
My master does not miss
His shot are like poor orp
Abroad upon the whole wi
But whether they be blow
As often-times I think they
Or melted down too near th
What comes of them is knov
I never found, since I could
A Barn that bore my master'

"Is that the case?—why ther
Would we could swap with on
Or take the Squire, with all n
Nay, all my liver, so we part!
He'll hit you hares—(he uses
He'll hit you cocks—he'll hit
He'll hit a snipe—he'll hit a
He'll hit—he'll hit wh-
H-"

"Shoot flying? Yes—and running, walking,—
I've seen him shoot two farmers talking—
He'll hit the game, whene'er he can,
But failing that he'll hit a man,—
A boy—a horse's tail or head—
Or make a pig a pig of lead,—
Oh, friend! they say no dog as yet,
However hot, was known to sweat,
But sure I am that I perspire
Sometimes *before my master's fire!*
Misses! no, no, he *always* hits,
But so as puts me into fits!
He shot my fellow dog this morning,
Which seemed to me sufficient warning!"

"Quite, quite, enough!—So that's a hitter!
Why, my own fate I thought was bitter,
And full excuse for cut and run;
But give me still the missing gun!
Or rather, Sirius! send me this,
No gun at all, to hit or miss,
Since sporting seems to shoot thus double,
That right or left it brings us trouble!"

So ended Dash;—and Pointer Don
Prepared to urge the moral on;
But here a whistle long and shrill
Came sounding o'er the council hill,
And starting up, as if their tails,
Had felt the touch of shoes and nails,
Away they scamper'd down the slope,
As fast as other pairs elope,—

[At this period a change was beg
publications. It was discovered tha
and was better pleased—to buy mo
yearly volumes at a guinea. The alt
public, author, and publisher, was
Annual" was carried on for another
by circumstances of a private nature.
monthly numbers, of "Hood's Own"
of the "Comica," partly of fresh matt
the "Athenæum," in the January of t
tion.]

[In November the following letter in the "Athenæum" heralded the last volume of the "Comic Annual" which was fated to appear. Like the last few similar announcements, it was addressed to the publishers.]

MY DEAR ——, AND THE REST,

Your query whether there will be a Comic Annual for 1839 would formerly have answered itself. I could hardly have undertaken a Biennial much less an Annual at ZDWRNHLMNSKI, a place consonant enough with letters, but hardly adapted for a course of post. Thanks to Steam and Railways, however, such Ex-Communication is now exploded, and we are all nearer, and shall of course be dearer, to each other by many degrees. For instance the railroad from ZDWRNHLMNSKI to KPDGHFSKI is now completed, and you may go from one to the other in "no time at all." The next being a short stage is done, including stoppages, in something less. With good luck, and the steam well up, you may almost dispense with setting out at all: and instances have been known of arriving in twenty minutes previous to starting in spite of taking the wrong line. In fact, or rather, in short, we shall come to travel like the Angels, who, according to a decision of Dean Swift and the College of St. Omer, can fly from point to point without passing through the space between. With such extraordinary facilities it would appear to me quite possible to produce my yearly volume at the proper time, without bursting my boiler.

You may therefore safely announce as usual the Comic Annual for 1839 with articles in prose and verse, and numerous humorous woodcuts by

Dear ——, and all the rest,

ours very truly,

T. HOOD.

[From the "Comic" for 1850, the last c
remains for this edition. The issue of th
"Hood's Own" was stopped from the same c
to the "Comic," and this volume was therefo
its monthly brother. "A Table of Errata"—
"Ben Bluff"—"A Plain Direction"—"Th
"Rural Felicity"—"A Flying Visit"—"The
—"The Doctor and the Vision" were all origi
volume.]

THE COMIC ANNUAL FO

PREFACE.

The Tenth Comic Annual is now in the
it is a field of which no tithe can be dema
unkind.

To account for the unusual lateness of
coming to market, it must be told how, at
when all that ought to be cut was cut
portion wanted ...

the public perennially on the same subject; a fact well understood by the Beadle of my old precinct of St. M***** B*****, who, as usual, presented me at Christmas-tide with a copy of verses. Instead of the Scriptural doggerel, however, which used to fill up his broadside, and which indeed had become sufficiently stale and irksome, the sheet exhibited a selection of Elegant Extracts from our Standard Authors; and by no means a bad assortment, if our Scarabæus Parochialis had not most whimsically garbled the pieces to suit a purpose of his own. Finding, perhaps, that original composition was beyond his bounds, that Parnassus, in fact, was not his Parish, he had contrived, by here and there interpolating a line or two of his own, to adapt the lays of our British Bards to his Carol. For instance, Gray's Celebrated Elegy in a Country Churchyard, was thus made to do duty, after this fashion:—

"The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way—
And this is Christmas Eve, and here I be!

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Save Queen Victoria, who the sceptre holds!

"Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain—
Save all the ministers that be in power,
Save all the Royal Sovereigns that reign!

* * * * *

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The Parish Beadle calling at the door!

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the apple-women's stalls away!

* * * * *

"Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh;
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
He never lets the children play thereby.

* * * * *

"Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the Reverend Vicar all in lawn!

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor at the Magpie and the Stump was he!

"The next with hat and staff, and new array,
Along all sorts of streets we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
He always brings upon a Christmas morn!

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
And never failed on Sundays to attend!

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
John Bugsby, Number Thirteen, Tibbald's Road."

Was not that, my worthy masters and mistresses, a desperate shift to be put to for an Annual Address.

And now, gentle reader, farewell! Should we two be left alive at the end of the eighteen hundred and thirty-nine *Articles, we shall*, probably, meet again. But the oddities,

as the old lady said, are sadly against one, menaced by all the torches in England, all the rushes in Russia, the Great Petersburgh Yellow Candle, and the Links at Edinbro, 'twill be a mercy should Britain escape Unspontaneous Combustion. However, should she prove fire-proof so long, you may look Westward Ho! for my return by the Flying Dutchman.

IN London once I lost my
In faring to and fro,
And ask'd a little ragged b
The way that I should go;
He gave a nod, and then a
And told me to get there
"Straight down the Crooke
And all round the Square."

I box'd his little saucy ears,
And then away I strode;
But since I've found that wea
Is quite a common road.
Utopia is a pleasant place,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked l
And all round the Square."

I've read about

I've read about a Fairy Land,
In some romantic tale,
Where Dwarfs, if good, are sure to thrive,
And wicked Giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about some happy Isle,
Where ev'ry man is free,
And none can lie in bonds for life
For want of L. S. D.
Oh that's the land of Liberty!
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've dreamt about some blessed spot,
Beneath the blessed sky,
Where Bread and Justice never rise
Too dear for folks to buy.
It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is an ancient House,
As pure as it is old,
Where Members always speak their minds,
And votes are never sold.

They say there is a Roy
Maintain'd in noble stat
When every able man, a
Is certain to be great!
I'm very fond of seeing s
But how shall I get there
"Straight down the Crool
And all round the Square.

They say there is a Temple
Where Christians come to
But canting knaves and hy
And bigots keep away.
O! that's the parish church
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked
And all round the Square."

They say there is a

I've heard there is a famous Land
For public spirit known—
Whose Patriots love its interests
Much better than their own.
The Land of Promise sure it is!
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a fine Estate,
A Mansion large and strong;
A view all over Kent and back,
And going for a song.
George Robins knows the very spot,
But how shall *I* get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard there is a Company
All formal and enroll'd,
Will take your smallest silver coin
And give it back in gold.
Of course the office door is mobb'd,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about a pleasant land,
Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run, crying out,
"Come eat me, if you please."

My appetite is rather keen,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
My curtains drawn and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream;
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with *me*,
Her mother came to live with *her!*

With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too,—what work he made!
The sister introduced a Beau—
My Susan brought a favourite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,—
A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The Monkey bit—the Parrot scream'd,
All day the sister strumm'd and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue:
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croak'd like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

No longer "Deary," "Duck," and "Love,"
I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants cross'd my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seem'd my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The Maid declared her Master wrong—
The Parrot learn'd to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my Club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist!

Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug—
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug?—
If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

RURAL FELICITY.

Well, the country's a pleasant place, sure enough, for people that's country born,
And useful, no doubt, in a natural way, for growing our grass and our corn.
It was kindly meant of my cousin Gilés, to write and invite me down.
Tho' as yet all I've seen of a pastoral life only makes me more partial to town.

At first I thought I was really come down into all sorts of rural bliss,
For Porkington Place, with its cows and its pigs, and its poultry, looks not much amiss;

To be sure it is pleasant to walk i
should like for miles,
If it wasn't for clodpoles of carpent
crooked stiles ;
For the bars jut out, and you must jut
broken in two,
If you clamber you're certain sure of a
you try to creep through.
Of course, in the end, one learns ho
constant tumbles-down,
But still as to walking so stylishly, it's j
town.
There's a way, I know, to avoid the st
walk in a lane,
And I did find a very nice shady one, l
again ;
For who should I meet h

Then I've rose with the sun, to go brushing away at the first
early pearly dew,
And to meet Aurory, or whatever's her name, and I always
got wetted through ;
My shoes are like sops, and I caught a bad cold, and a nice
draggle-tail to my gown,
That's not the way that we bathe our feet, or wear our
pearls, up in town !
As for picking flowers, I have tried at a hedge, sweet eglantine
roses to snatch,
But, mercy on us ! how nettles will sting, and how the long
brambles do scratch ;
Beside hitching my hat on a nasty thorn that tore all the
bows from the crown,
One may walk long enough without hats branching off, or
losing one's bows about town.
But worse than that, in a long rural walk, suppose that it
blows up for rain,
And all at once you discover yourself in a real St. Swithin's
Lane ;
And while you're running all duck'd and drown'd, and pelted
with sixpenny drops,
"Fine weather," you hear the farmers say ; "a nice growing
shower for the crops !"
But who's to crop me another new hat, or grow me another
new gown ?
For you can't take a shilling fare with a plough as you do
with the hackneys in town.

Then my nevys too, they must drag me off to go with them
gathering nuts,
And we always set out by the longest way and return by the
shortest cuts.

...e they don't laugh out, the mischie
'hooray!' in their face.

There's the other day, for my sight is s
was green beyond,
And thought it was all terry firmer an
in the duckweed pond:
Or perhaps when I've pully-hauled up
come launching down,
As none but a stout London female can
time out of town.
Then how sweet, some say, on a mossy
seat to find,
But for my part I always found it a j
repentance behind;
For the juicy grass with its nasty green
breadth of my gown—
And when gowns are dyed, I needn't sa
done up in town.
As for country fare, the f...

Then the gooseberry wine, tho' it's pleasant when up, it doesn't agree when it's down,
But it served me right, like a gooseberry, fool to look for champagne out of town!
To be sure cousin G. meant it all for the best when he started this pastoral plan,
And his wife is a worthy domestical soul and she teaches me all that she can,
Such as making of cheese, and curing of hams, but I'm sure that I never shall learn,
And I've fetched more back-ache than butter as yet by chumping away at the churn;
But in making hay, tho' it's tanning work, I found it more easy to make,
But it tries one's legs, and no great relief when you're tired to sit down on the rake.
I'd a country dance, too, at harvest home, with a regular country clown,
But, Lord! they don't hug one round the waist and give one such smacks in town!
Then I've tried to make friends with the birds and the beasts, but they take to such curious rigs,
I'm always at odds with the turkey-cock, and I can't even please the pigs.
The very hens pick holes in my hands when I grope for the new-laid eggs,
And the gander comes hissing out of the pond on purpose to flap at my legs.
I've been bump'd in a ditch by the cow without horns, and the old sow trampled me down,
The beasts are as vicious as any wild beasts—but they're kept in cages in town!

but neither the brutes nor the people I
bred as in town.
Last night about twelve I was scared bro
a tremble of fright,
But instead of a family murder it prove
screeching at night.
Then there's plenty of ricks and stacks all
help dreaming of Swing—
In short, I think that a pastoral life is not
thing;
For, besides all the troubles I've mentioned
for rurality's sake,
I've been stung by the bees, and I've set
once—ugh! I trod on a snake!
And as to mosquitoes, they tortured me s
particular skin,
I do think it's the gnats coming out of the
the poor suicides in!
And after all an't there new-laid eggs
Holborn Hill?

Howsomever my mind's made up, and although I'm sure
cousin Giles will be vext,
I mean to book me an inside place up to town upon
Saturday next,
And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be at the Old
Bell and Crown,
And perhaps I may come to the country again, when London
is all burnt down

A FLYING VISIT.

"A Calendar! a Calendar! look in the Almanac, find out moonshine—find out moonshine!"—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The by-gone September,
As folks may remember,
At least if their memory saves but an ember,
One fine afternoon,
There went up a Balloon,
Which did not return to the Earth very soon.

For, nearing the sky,
At about a mile high,
The Aëronaut bold had resolved on a fly;
So cutting his string,
In a Parasol thing,
Down he came in a field like a lark from the wing.

Meanwhile, thus adrift,
The Balloon made a shift
To rise very fast, with no burden to lift;

Of the man and his p
'Twould rise to the Cherub t
Some held, but in vain
With the first heavy r
'Twould surely come down to

But still not a word
For a month could be h
Of what had become of the Wo
The firm Gye and Hugh
Wore their boots out an
In running about and inquiring

Some thought it must b
Tumbled into the Sea;
Some thought it had gone off to
For Germans, as shown
By their writings, 'tis kn
Are always delighted with

However, at last,
When six weeks had gone past,
Intelligence came of a plausible cast;
A wondering clown,
At a hamlet near town,
Had seen "like a moon of green cheese" coming down.

Soon spread the alarm,
And from cottage and farm,
The natives buzz'd out like the bees when they swarm;
And off ran the folk,—
It is such a good joke
To see the descent of a bagful of smoke.

And lo! the machine,
Dappled yellow and green,
Was plainly enough in the clouds to be seen:
"Yes, yes," was the cry,
"It's the old one, sure*ly*,
Where *can* it have been such a time in the sky?

"Lord! where will it fall?
It can't find out Vauxhall,
Without any pilot to guide it at all!"
Some wager'd that Kent
Would behold the event,
Debrett had been posed to *predict* its "descent."

Some thought it would pitch
In the old Tower Ditch,
Some swore on the Cross of St. Paul's it would hitch,

And Farmers cried "Zounds!
If it drops on our grounds,
We'll try if Balloons can't be put into pounds!"

But still to and fro
It continued to go,
As if looking out for soft places below—
No difficult job,
It had only to bob
Slap-dash down at once on the heads of the mob:

Who, too apt to stare
At some castle in air,
Forget that the earth is their proper affair;
Till, watching the fall
Of some soap-bubble ball,
They tumble themselves with a terrible sprawl.

Meanwhile, from its height
Stooping downward in flight,
The Phenomenon came more distinctly in sight:
Still bigger and bigger,
And strike me a nigger
Unfreed, if there was not a live human figure!

Yes, plain to be seen,
Underneath the machine,
There dangled a mortal—some swore it was Green;
Some Mason could spy;
Others named Mr. Gye;
Or Hollond, compell'd by the Belgians to fly.

'Twas Graham the flighty,
Whom the Duke high and mighty,
Resign'd to take care of his own lignum-vitæ;
'Twas Hampton, whose whim
Was in Cloudland to swim,
Till e'en Little Hampton look'd little to him!

But all were at fault;
From the heavenly vault
The falling balloon came at last to a halt;
And bounce! with the jar
Of descending so far,
An outlandish Creature was thrown from the car!

At first with the jolt
All his wits made a bolt,
As if he'd been flung by a mettlesome colt;
And while in his faint,
To avoid all complaint,
The Muse shall endeavour his portrait to paint.

The face of this elf,
Round as platter of delf,
Was pale as if only a cast of itself:
His head had a rare
Fleece of silvery hair,
Just like the Albino at Bartlemy Fair.

His eyes they were odd,
Like the eyes of a cod,
And gave him the look of a watery God.

His nose was a snub;
Under which for his grub,
Was a round open mouth like to that of a chub.

His person was small,
Without figure at all,
A plump little body as round as a ball:
With two little fins,
And a couple of pins,
With what has been christened a bow in the shins.

His dress it was new,
A full suit of sky-blue—
With bright silver buckles in each little shoe—
Thus painted complete,
From his head to his feet,
Conceive him laid flat in Squire Hopkins's wheat.

Fine text for the crowd!
Who disputed aloud
What sort of a creature had dropp'd from the cloud—
"He's come from o'er seas,
He's a Cochin Chinese—
By jingo! he's one of the wild Cherookees!"

"Don't nobody know?"
"He's a young Esquimaux,
Turn'd white like the hares by the Arctical snow.'
"Some angel, my dear,
Sent from some upper-*spear*
For Plumtree or Agnew, too good for this-here!"

Meanwhile, with a sigh,
Having open'd one eye,
The Stranger rose up on his seat by and by;
And finding his tongue,
Thus he said, or he sung,
"*Mi oriky bo biggamy kickery bung!*"

"Lord! what does he speak!"
"It's Dog-Latin—it's Greek!"
"It's some sort of slang for to puzzle a Beak!"
"It's no like the Scotch,"
Said a Scot on the watch,
"Phoo! it's nothing at all but a kind of hotch-potch!"

"It's not parly voo,"
Cried a schoolboy or two,
"Nor Hebrew at all," said a wandering Jew.
Some held it was sprung
From the Irvingite tongue,
The same that is used by a child very young.

Some guess'd it high Dutch,
Others thought it had much
In sound of the true Hoky-poky-ish touch;
But none could be poz,
What the Dickens (not Boz),
No mortal could tell what the Dickens it was!

When who should come pat,
In a moment like that,
But Bowring, to see what the people were at—

A Doctor well able,
Without any fable,
To talk and translate all the babble of Babel.

So just drawing near,
With a vigilant ear,
That took ev'ry syllable in, very clear,
Before one could sip
Up a tumbler of flip,
He knew the whole tongue from the root to the tip!

Then stretching his hand,
As you see Daniel stand,
In the Feast of Belshazzar, that picture so grand!
Without more delay,
In the Hamilton way
He English'd whatever the Elf had to say.

"*Krak kraziboo ban*,
I'm the Lunatick Man,
Confined in the Moon since creation began—
Sit muggy bigog,
Whom, except in a fog,
You see with a Lantern, a Bush, and a Dog.

"*Lang sinery lear*,
For this many a year,
I've long'd to drop in at your own little sphere,—
Och, pad-mad aroon,
Till one fine afternoon,
I found that Wind-Coach on the horns of the Moon.

"*Cush quackery go,*
But, besides you must know,
I'd heard of a profiting Prophet below;
Big botherum blether,
Who pretended to gather
The tricks that the Moon meant to play with the weather.

"*So Crismus an crash,*
Being shortish of cash,
I thought I'd a right to partake of the hash—
Slik mizzle an smak,
So I'm come with a pack,
To sell to the trade, of my own Almanack.

"*Fiz, bobbery pershal,*
Besides aims commercial,
Much wishing to honour my friend Sir John Herschel,
Cum puddin and tame,
It's inscribed to his name,
Which is now at the full in celestial fame.

"*Wept wepton wish wept,*
Pray this Copy accept"—
But here on the Stranger some Kidnappers leapt:
For why? a shrewd man
Had devis'd a sly plan
The Wonder to grab for a show Caravan.

So plotted, so done—
With a fight as in fun,
While mock pugilistical rounds were begun,

But the people
By what the Interpreter
"You ignorant T
You will be your
He holds all the keys of t

"You'd best let hi
If you keep him be
The Moon will not change,
He left her at full,
And with such a lon
Zounds! ev'ry man Jack wi

So awful a threat
Took effect on the se
The fright, tho,' was more th
So taking a jump,
In the car he

Howbeit, at some height,
He threw down quite a flight
Of Almanacks, wishing to set us all right—
And, thanks to the boon,
We shall see very soon
If Murphy knows most, or the Man in the Moon!

[The Stanzas here inserted are written on the back of the rough copy of a portion of "A Flying Visit."]

STANZAS.

—♦—

With the good of our country before us,
Why play the mere partisan's game?
Lo! the broad flag of England is o'er us,
And behold on both sides 'tis the same!

Not for this, not for that, not for any,
Not for these, not for those, but for all,—
To the last drop of blood—the last penny—
Together let's stand, or let's fall!

Tear down the vile signs of a fraction,
Be the national banner unfurl'd,—
And if we must have any faction,—
Be it "Britain against all the world."

THE DOVES AND THE CROWS.

"Come let us dance and sing
While all Barbadoes bells do ring."—COLMAN.

COINCIDENCES are strange things, as the man said when he found himself confronted with *two* wives at Bow Street. Thus, having long since left that line of road, possessing not even an acquaintance amongst the Friends; and not taking any particular part in what used to be called the Black Question; it was somewhat singular, that I should find myself in the Tottenham stage, in company with five Quakers, on the very day appointed by law for the Abolition of Negro Slavery.

The interest—the compound interest—taken by the Society of Friends in the subject of African bondage, is well known. Negro slavery was their black bugbear. Their White Sunday was overclouded by a Black Monday. They could not enjoy their Black Tea, for the Black-made Sugar. Their Black Strap reminded them of the cow-hide. Blacks fell on their snow-white linen. Black night-mares squatted on their bosoms—in fact, Black Slavery was a perpetual black dose to them.

How the "Sable sons of Africa" became so signally the favourites, the pets, the "curled darlings," of the sedate, sober, silent, serious, sad-coloured sect, over-looking the Factory Children, and other white objects of sympathy, is a moral mystery more puzzling than Desdemona's selection of a sooty mate. Nothing can be more perfectly antagonistic than the peculiar characters of the Negro, and of the *Negro's Friend*. In tastes, habits, temperaments, they are

perfectly antipodean, and instead of laying their heads together, should scorn each other, as Beatrice says, "with their heels." For instance :—

Aminadab is a Tea-totaller, or, at least, dispenses Temperance Tracts.

Agamemnon opines practically that rum is no bad thing.

Ephraim disapproves of music, from the trumpet to the dulcimer.

Pompey is no mean performer on any instrument that will make a noise.

Jacob hops not, neither doth he skip.

Mungo will caper and jump, "from morn till dewy eve, a summer's day."

Tobias is notably taciturn, and hath scarce a word to throw at a dog.

Quashy is garrulous as a starling, and has talkee talkee enough to pelt at a pack of hounds.

Obadiah affecteth sleek locks.

Sambo hath his hair dressed, as it were, by Nature for a perpetual party.

Nahum is professedly simple in his garb.

Lilywhite, as far as his means go, is a desperate dandy.

Eleazar hath a horror of all levity.

Cæsar grins from ear to ear, and is "a roaring boy" at a laugh.

Finally, Zacharias sweareth not at all—whereas Ebony indulges in frequent imprecations; and, according to a West India Proprietor (*vide* Monk Lewis's Journal) "no one can appear to wish more sincerely for his enemy's perdition when he utters it." Verily, such a piebald association, of Black and Drab, is a curious one :—but "Extremes meet," as the whiting said with its tail in its mouth.

To return, however, to our stage. The drinking, dancing,

dressing, singing, swearing, drumming, grinning, gossiping, and gallivanting Blacks were free! They were no longer slaves, but their own masters. They were no more to be bought and sold, like Scotch cattle of the same colour. Black was admitted into the social firm, like Black and Parry, or Black and Young. Black and White, in fact, were equals, and henceforward met upon the square, like the squares upon a draught-board. It was a morn, to be recorded for ever in Black's Morning Chronicle. On no occasion, past or to come, could Quakers' smiles so justifiably be relaxed into broad grins. It was a time for Shakers to shake their sides—for Jumpers to jump for joy—for Foxites to snap their fingers, instead of twiddling their thumbs. A true friend to the Blacks might, "for that day only," have sported a suit of couleur de rose. Nay, the whole society might—for once in a way—have danced round a Tree of Liberty, which they had so zealously helped to nurse from its acorn!

The Quakers, however, enjoyed the matter in their own peculiar way; and, indeed, as it seemed to me, rather too placidly. Was it possible that there could be a reaction? Liberty is apt to run into licentiousness; and a beast that has just broken its tether, is especially liable to go "beyond beyond." Unluckily, in the human case, there are verbal invitations to such trespasses; and a Free Negro, taking the word in its widest sense, might feel himself entitled to turn a free-liver, a free-booter, or a free-thinker. At the least he might become a free-mason, or free of the Theatre; or a member of a Free and Easy; things which are all reckoned abominations, or vanities, by the followers of Fox.

Such anticipations would naturally cast their shadows before; or were the Friends only experiencing the languor, *which follows* even a successful exertion? The battle, if

Quakers ever battle, was won; and they had only to rest upon their arms—if Quakers ever carry arms. Moreover, the Victory had brought with it a very embarrassing result. The Abolition, in annihilating Slavery, had also abolished the Abolitionists; and a vast stock of sensibility and sympathy, and zeal and humanity, which had heretofore found a vent in another hemisphere, was left quite a drug upon hand. Instead, therefore, of being lost in apathy, my fellow-passengers were, perhaps, asking themselves the very question, which had more than once occurred to my own mind, namely,

"What will the Quakers do next?"

The most obvious answer was, that they ought to continue their patronage to the Emancipated; but the manner in which it should be done, was more difficult to indicate. In common cases, the most simple mode would be for each negro-loving family to add a black servant to its establishment; but, from the incongruities already pointed out, nothing could be more mutually uncomfortable than such an arrangement. "Two blacks," says the Scotch proverb, "will not make a white;" and two hundred blacks would, assuredly, never compose a drab. However associated in tracts, and facts, and parliamentry acts, the Negroes and their Friends are not intended to flock together, as birds of a feather, any more than the Crows with the Doves. They are as wide asunder as is possible for species, to belong to the same genus. In fact nothing could present a stronger contrast in imagination than the composed "Compliments of the Season," at Tottenham, and the riotous Jubilee which, of course, took place in the West Indies. It amused me to picture the consternation of the Friends, could they have peeped in at the Black Saturnalia; or, as they would have called it, Satanalia, in Barbadoes or Jamaica; and as Sir Richard Blackmore used to compose poetry in his carriage, before alighting from the

leathern conveniency I had put my speculations into verse. The result, as the reader will perceive, was something between an Ode and an Elegy.

Come all ye sable little girls and boys,
  Ye coal-black Brothers—Sooty Sisters, come!
With kitty-katties make a joyful noise;
  With snaky-snekics, and the Eboe drum!
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Play, Sambo, play,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Ye vocal Blackbirds, bring your native pipes,
  Your own *Moor's* Melodies, ye niggers, bring;
To celebrate the fall of chains and stripes,
  Sing "Possum up a gum-tree,"—roar and sing!
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Chaunt, Sambo, chaunt,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Bring all your woolly pickaninnies dear—
  Bring John Canoe and all his jolly gang:
Stretch ev'ry blubber-mouth from ear to ear,
  And let the driver in his whip go hang!
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Grin, Sambo, grin,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Your working garb indignantly renounce;
  Discard your slops in honour of the day—
Come all in frill, and furbelow, and flounce,
  Come all as fine as Chimney Sweeps in May—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Dress, Sambo, dress,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Come, join together in the dewy dance,
With melting maids in steamy mazes go;
Humanity delights to see you prance,
Up with your sooty legs and jump Jim Crow—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Skip, Sambo, skip,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Kiss dark Diana on her pouting lips,
And take black Phœbe by her ample waist—
Tell them to-day is Slavery's eclipse,
And Love and Liberty must be embraced—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Kiss, Sambo, kiss,—and, Obadiah, groan!

With bowls of sangaree and toddy come!
Bring lemons, sugar, old Madeira, limes,
Whole tanks and water-barrels full of rum,
To toast the whitest date of modern times—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Drink, Sambo, drink,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Talk, all together, talk! both old and young,
Pour out the fulness of the negro heart;
Let loose the now emancipated tongue,
And all your new-born sentiments impart—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Spout, Sambo, spout,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Huzza! for equal rights and equal laws;
The British parliament has doff'd your chain—
Join, join in gratitude your jetty paws,

And swear you never will be slaves again—
From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Swear, Sambo, swear,—and, Obadiah, groan!

THE DOCTOR.

A SKETCH.

"Whatever is, is right."—POPE.

THERE once was a Doctor,
(No foe to the proctor,)
A physic concocter,
Whose dose was so pat,
However it acted,
One speech it extracted,—
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

And first, all "unaisy,"
Like woman that's crazy,
In flies Mistress Casey,
"Do come to poor Pat
The blood's running faster!
He's torn off the plaster—"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

Anon, with an antic,
Quite strange and romantic,
A woman comes frantic—
"What could you be at?

My darling dear Aleck,
You've sent him oxalic!"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

Then in comes another,
Dispatch'd by his mother,
A blubbering brother,
Who gives a rat-tat—
"Oh, poor little sister
Has lick'd off a blister!"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

Now home comes the flunkey,
His own powder-monkey,
But dull as a donkey—
With basket and that—
"The draught for the Squire, Sir,
He chuck'd in the fire, Sir—"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

The next is the pompous
Head Beadle, old Bumpus—
"Lord! here is a rumpus:
That pauper, Old Nat,
In some drunken notion
Has drunk up his lotion—"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

At last comes a servant,
In grief very fervent:
"Alas! Doctor Derwent,
Poor Master is flat!
He's drawn his last breath, Sir—
That dose was his death, Sir."
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

THE VISION.

"Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof."—Cotton.

As I sate the other night,
Burning of a single light,
All at once a change there came
In the colour of the flame.

Strange it was the blaze to view,
Blue as summer sky is blue:
One! two! three! four! five! six! seven!
Eight! nine! ten! it struck eleven!

Pale as sheet, with stiffen'd hair,
Motionless in elbow chair—
Blood congealing—dead almost—
"Now," thought I, "to see a ghost!"

Strange misgiving, true as strange!
In the air there came a change,
And as plain as mortals be,
Lo! a shape confronted me!

Lines and features I could trace
Like an old familiar face,
Thin and pallid like my own,
In the morning mirror shown.

"Now," he said, and near the grate
Drew a chair for *tête-à-tête*,
Quite at odds with all decorum,—
"Now, my boys, let's have a jorum!"

"Come," he cried, "old fellow, come,
Where's the brandy, where's the rum?
Where's the kettle—is it hot?
Shall we have some punch, or what?"

"Feast of reason—flow of soul!
Where's the sugar, where's the bowl?
Lemons I will help to squeeze—
Flip, Egg-hot or what you please!"

"Sir," said I, with hectic cough,
Shock of nerves to carry off—
Looking at him very hard,
"Pray oblige me with a card."

"Card," said he—"Phoo—nonsense—stuff!
We're acquainted well enough—
Still, my name if you desire,
Eighteen Thirty-Eight, Esquire.

"Ring for supper! where's the tray?
No great time I have to stay,
One short hour, and like a May'r,
I must quit the yearly Chair!"

Scarce could I contain my rage—
O'er the retrospective page,
Looking back from date to date,
What I owed to Thirty-Eight.

Sickness here and sickness there,
Pain and sorrow, constant care;
Fifty-two long weeks to fall,
Nor a trump among them all!

"Zounds!" I cried, in quite a huff,
"Go—I've known you long enough.
Seek for supper where you please,
Here you have not bread and cheese.'

"Nay," cried he, "were things so ill?
Let me have your pardon still—
What I've done to give you pain
I will never do again."

"As from others, so from you,
Let me have my honours due;
Soon the parish bells about
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"Ring you out?—With all my heart!"
From my chair I made a start,
Pull'd the bell and gave a shout—
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TO MY DAUGHTER.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

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The landscape smiled—
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Sweet as the early song of birds,
I heard those first, delightful words,
"Thou hast a Child!"

Along with that uprising dew
Tears glisten'd in my eyes, though few,
To hail a dawning quite as new
To me, as Time:

It was not sorrow—not annoy—
But like a happy maid, though coy,
With grief-like welcome even Joy
Forestalls its prime.

So mayst thou live, dear! many years,
In all the bliss that life endears,
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears
Too strictly kept:
When first thy infant littleness
I folded in my fond caress,
The greatest proof of happiness
Was this—I wept.

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MORNING MEDITATIONS.

LET Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while nights and larks are flying—
For my part getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are nought,
His steeds that paw impatiently about,—
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out!

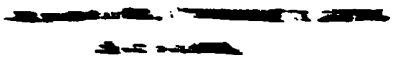
Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
Besprinkled by the rosy-finger'd girl;
What then,—if I prefer my pillow-beer
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
"Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs?"

Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—
Well—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps, that earn betimes their bit and sup;
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
"All up—all up!"



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But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

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Wherefore should they be closed like public-houses?
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Nor rum—nor gin—not even of a Monday—
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And does not send out porter of a Sunday—
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The beaver close as hat within its box;
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The seal hermetically seal'd till Monday—
The monkey tribe—the family of cats,—
We visit other families on Sunday—
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What is the brute profanity that shocks
The super-sensitively serious fooling?
The kangaroo—is he not orthodox
To bend his legs, the way he does, in kneeling?
Was strict Sir Andrew, in his sabbath coat,
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Or did the Kentish Plumtree faint to note
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What feature has repulsed the serious set?
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Who, turn'd by Nature with a gloomy bias,
Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,
And think when they are dismal they are pious:
Is't possible that Pug's untimely fun
Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday—
Or p'rhaps some animal, no serious one,
Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What dire offence have serious fellows found
To raise their spleen against the Regent's spinney?
Were charitable boxes handed round,
And would not guinea pigs subscribe their guinea?
Perchance the Demoiselle refused to moult
The feathers in her head—at least till Monday;
Or did the elephant unseemly, bolt
A tract presented to be read on Sunday—
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At whom did Leo struggle to get loose?
Who mourns through monkey tricks his damaged clothing?
Who has been hiss'd by the Canadian goose?
On whom did Llama spit in utter loathing?

Some Smithfield saint did jealous feelings tell
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The pelican whose bosom feeds her young?
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The busy beaver—that sagacious beast!
The sheep that own'd an Oriental Shepherd—
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The horn'd rhinoceros—the spotted leopard—
The creatures of the Great Creator's hand
Are surely sights for better days than Monday—
The elephant, although he wears no band,
Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,
Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,
Seek once a-week their spirits to assoil,
And snatch a glimpse of "Animated Nature?"
Better it were if, in his best of suits,
The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,
Should spend a leisure hour amongst the brutes,
Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

"Card," said he—"Phoo—nonsense—stuff!
We're acquainted well enough—
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An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
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"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—
Well—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps, that earn betimes their bit and sup;
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
"All up—all up!"

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon ;—
A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
Must be a spoon.

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But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,
Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,
Seek once a-week their spirits to assoil,
And snatch a glimpse of "Animated Nature?"
Better it were if, in his best of suits,
The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,
Should spend a leisure hour amongst the brutes,
Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Why, zounds! what raised so Protestant a fuss
(Omit the zounds! for which I make apology)
But that the Papists, like some fellows, thus
Had somehow mixed up *Deus* with their theology?
Is Brahma's bull—a Hindoo god at home—
A papal bull to be tied up till Monday—
Or Leo, like his namesake, Pope of Rome,
That there is such a dread of them on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Spirit of Kant! have we not had enough
To make religion sad, and sour, and snubbish,
But saints zoological must cant their stuff,
As vessels cant their ballast—rattling rubbish!
Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,
Shut Nero up from Saturday till Monday,
And sure as fate they will deny us next
To see the dandelions on a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

NOTE.

THERE is an anecdote of a Scotch Professor who happened during a Sunday walk to be hammering at a geological specimen which he had picked up, when a peasant gravely accosted him, and said, very seriously, "Eh! Sir, you think you are only breaking a stone, but you are breaking the Sabbath."

In a similar spirit, some of our over-righteous sectarians are fond of attributing all breakage to the same cause—from the smashing of a parish lamp, up to the fracture of a human skull;—the "breaking into the bloody house of life," or the

breaking into a brick-built dwelling. They all originate in the breaking of the Sabbath. It is the source of every crime in the county—the parent of every illegitimate child in the parish. The picking of a pocket is ascribed to the picking of a daisy—the robbery on the highway to a stroll in the fields —the incendiary fire to a hot dinner—on Sunday. All other causes—the want of education—the want of moral culture—the want of bread itself, are totally repudiated. The criminal himself is made to confess at the gallows that he owes his appearance on the scaffold to a walk with "Sally in our alley" on the "day that comes between a Saturday and Monday."

Supposing this theory to be correct, and made like the law "for every degree," the wonder of Captain Macheath that we haven't "better company at Tyburn tree" (now the New Drop) must be fully shared by everybody who has visited the Ring in Hyde Park on the day in question. But how much greater must be the wonder of any person who has happened to reside, like myself, for a year or two in a Continental city, inhabited, according to the strict construction of our Maw-worms, by some fifteen or twenty thousands of habitual Sabbath-breakers, and yet, without hearing of murder and robbery as often as of blood-sausages and dollars! A city where the Burgomaster himself must have come to a bad end, if a dance upon Sunday led so inevitably to a dance upon nothing!

The "saints" having set up this absolute dependence of crime on Sabbath-breaking, their relative proportions become a fair statistical question; and, as such, the inquiry is seriously recommended to the rigid legislator, who acknowledges, indeed, that the Sabbath was "made for man," but, by a singular interpretation, conceives that the man for whom it was made is himself!

A TALE OF A TRUMPET.

"Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?
Speak a little louder, for I'm very hard of hearing."
Old Ballad.

Of all old women hard of hearing,
The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!
On her head, it is true,
Two flaps there grew,
That served for a pair of gold rings to go through,
But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.
You saw in her face that the woman was deaf:
From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,
Each queer feature asked a query;
A look that said in a silent way,
"Who? and What? and How? and Eh?
I'd give my ears to know what you say!"

And well she might! for each auricular
Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular
That stands at the corner of Dyott Street now,
And never hears a word of a row!
Ears that might serve her now and then
As extempore racks for an idle pen;
Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops
With coral, ruby, or garnet drops;
Or, provided the owner so inclined,
Ears to stick a blister behind;

But as for hearing wisdom, or wit,
Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,
Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,
Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,
Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,
They might as well, for any such wish,
Have been butter'd, done brown, and laid in a dish!

She was deaf as a post,—as said before—
And as deaf as twenty similes more,
Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,
Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks
Of language would call as deaf as bricks—
For her all human kind were dumb,
Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,
That none could get a sound to come,
Unless the Devil who had Two Sticks!
She was deaf as a stone—say, one of the stones
Demosthenes suck'd to improve his tones;
And surely deafness no further could reach
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech!

She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,
Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out—
As deaf, alas! as the dead and forgotten—
(Gray has noticed the waste of breath,
In addressing the "dull, cold ear of death"),
Or the Felon's ear that was stuff'd with Cotton—
Or Charles the First *in statue quo;*
Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,
With *their* eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,

That only stare whatever you "ax,"
For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,
And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond,—
As deaf as any Frenchman appears,
When he puts his shoulders into his ears:
And—whatever the citizen tells his son—
As deaf as Gog and Magog at one!
Or, still to be a simile-seeker,
As deaf as dogs'-ears to Enfield's Speaker!

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy;
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,
Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail—that you cannot hammer
A meaning into for all your clamour—
There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer!
So formed to worry
Both Lindley and Murray,
By having no ear for Music or Grammar!

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,
Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article—
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in!

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,
Or all the Deafness in Yearsley's work,

Who in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,
Boring, blasting, and pioneering,
To give the dunny organ a clearing,
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

Of course the loss was a great privation,
For one of her sex—whatever her station—
And none the less that the Dame had a turn
For making all families one concern,
And learning whatever there was to learn
In the prattling, tattling village of Tringham—
As who wore silk? and who wore gingham?
And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em?
How the Smiths contrived to live? and whether
The fourteen Murphys all pigg'd together?
The wages per week of the Weavers and Skinners,
And what they boil'd for their Sunday dinners?
What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,
Crockery, china, wooden, or delf?
And if the parlour of Mrs. O'Grady
Had a wicked French print, or Death and the Lady?
Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle?
Had Mrs. Wilkinson sold her mangle?
What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown?
And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown?
If the Cobbler could read, and believed in the Pope?
And how the Grubbs were off for soap?
If the Snobbs had furnish'd their room up-stairs,
And how they managed for tables and chairs,
Beds, and other household affairs,
Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares?
And if they could muster a whole pair of bellows?
In fact, she had much of the spirit that lies

... touching garments in want of sti
Have ascertained that a working man
Wears a pair and a quarter of averag

But this alas! from her loss of hearing,
Was all a seal'd book to Dame Eleanor!
And often her tears would rise to thei
Supposing a little scandal at play
'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. Au Fait—
That she couldn't audit the Gossips' ac
'Tis true, to her cottage still they came,
And ate her muffins just the same,
And drank the tea of the widow'd Dame,
And never swallow'd a thimble the less
Of something the Reader is left to guess,
For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,
Who *saw* them talk, and chuckle, and c
But to *see* and not share in the social flow,
She might as well have lived, you know,
In one of the houses in O...

Like the brandy and salt
(We now exalt)
Had made a noise in the public ear,
She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear!

At last—one very fine day in June—
Suppose her sitting,
Busily knitting,
And humming she didn't quite know what tune;
For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,
Which, unless the sound of the circulation,
Or of Thoughts in the process of fabrication,
By a Spinning-Jennyish operation,
It's hard to say what buzzing it is.
However, except that ghost of a sound,
She sat in a silence most profound—
The cat was purring about the mat,
But her Mistress heard no more of that
Than if it had been a boatswain's cat;
And as for the clock the moments nicking,
The Dame only gave it credit for ticking.
The bark of her dog she did not catch;
Nor yet the click of the lifted latch;
Nor yet the creak of the opening door;
Nor yet the fall of a foot on the floor—
But she saw the shadow that crept on her gown
And turn'd its skirt of a darker brown.

And lo! a man! a Pedlar! ay, marry,
With the little back-shop that such tradesmen carry,
Stock'd with brooches, ribbons, and rings,
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,
For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings;

And windows with only one huge
And his name in gilt characters, G
If he isn't a Pedlar, at least he's a

However, in the stranger came,
And, the moment he met the eyes
Threw her as knowing a nod as tho
He had known her fifty long years
And presto! before she could utter
Much less "Robinson"—open'd his
And then from amongst his portal
With even more than a Pedlar's tact
(Slick himself might have envied th
Before she had time to be deaf, in fa
Popp'd a Trumpet into her ear.

"There, Ma'am! try it!
You needn't buy it—

Great Philosophers talking like Platos,
And Members of Parliament moral as Catos,
And your ears as dull as waxy potatoes!
Not to name the mischievous quizzers,
Sharp as knives, but double as scissors,
Who get you to answer quite by guess
Yes for No, and No for Yes."
("That's very true," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Try it again! No harm in trying—
I'm sure you'll find it worth your buying,
A little practice—that is all—
And you'll hear a whisper, however small,
Through an Act of Parliament party-wall,—
Every syllable clear as day,
And even what people are going to say—
I wouldn't tell a lie, I wouldn't,
But my Trumpets have heard what Solomon's couldn't;
And as for Scott he promises fine,
But can he warrant his horns like mine
Never to hear what a Lady shouldn't—
Only a guinea—and can't take less."
("That's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Dear!—Oh dear, to call it dear!
Why it isn't a horn you buy, but an ear;
Only think, and you'll find on reflection
You're bargaining, Ma'am, for the Voice of Affection;
For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth:
Not to mention the striking of clocks—
Cackle of hens—crowing of cocks—
Lowing of cow, and bull, and ox—

Why in buying that Trumpet you
That Harper, or any trumpeter, b
At the Queen's Levees or the Lor
At least as far as the music goes,
Including the wonderful lively sou
Of the Guards' key-bugles all the y
Come—suppose we call it a pound!

"Come," said the talkative Man of
"Before I put my box on my back,
For this elegant, useful Conductor o
Come—suppose we call it a pound!

"Only a pound! it's only the price
Of hearing a Concert once or twice,
It's only the fee
You might give Mr. C.
And after all not hear his advice,
But common prudence would . . .

But think what thousands and thousands of pounds
We pay for nothing but hearing sounds:
Sounds of Equity, Justice, and Law,
Parliamentary jabber and jaw,
Pious cant and moral saw,
Hocus-pocus, and Nong-tong-paw,
And empty sounds not worth a straw;
Why it costs a guinea, as I'm a sinner,
To hear the sounds at a Public Dinner!
One pound one thrown into the puddle,
To listen to Fiddle, Faddle, and Fuddle!
Not to forget the sounds we buy
From those who sell their sounds so high,
That, unless the Managers pitch it strong,
To get a Signora to warble a song,
You must fork out the blunt with a haymaker's prong!

"It's not the thing for me—I know it,
To crack my own Trumpet up and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it.
There was Mrs. F.
So very deaf,
That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knock'd on the head without hearing it snap,
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!
Come—eighteen shillings—that's very low,
You'll save the money as shillings go,
And I never knew so bad a lot,
By hearing whether they ring or not!

"Eighteen shillings! it's worth the price,
Supposing you're delicate-minded and nice,

And after all a matter of doubt,
Whether you ever would hear the shout
Of the little blackguards that bawl about,
'There you go with your tonsils out!'
  Why I knew a deaf Welshman, who came from Glamorgan
On purpose to try a surgical spell,
And paid a guinea, and might as well
  Have call'd a monkey into his organ!
For the Aurist only took a mug,
And pour'd in his ear some acoustical drug,
That, instead of curing, deafen'd him rather,
As Hamlet's uncle served Hamlet's father!
That's the way with your surgical gentry!
    And happy your luck
    If you don't get stuck
Through your liver and lights at a royal entry,
Because you never answer'd the sentry!

"Try it again, dear Madam, try it!
Many would sell their beds to buy it.
I warrant you often wake up in the night,
Ready to shake to a jelly with fright,
And up you must get to strike a light,
And down you go, in you know what,
Whether the weather is chilly or hot,—
That's the way a cold is got,—
To see if you heard a noise or not!

"Why, bless you, a woman with organs like yours
Is hardly safe to step out of doors!
Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt,
But as quiet as if he was 'shod with felt,'

Till he rushes against you with all his force,
And then I needn't describe the course,
While he kicks you about without remorse,
How awkward it is to be groom'd by a horse!
Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,
And you never dream that the brute is near,
Till he pokes his horn right into your ear,
Whether you like the thing or lump it,—
And all for want of buying a trumpet!

"I'm not a female to fret and vex,
But if I belonged to the sensitive sex,
Exposed to all sorts of indelicate sounds,
I wouldn't be deaf for a thousand pounds.
Lord! only think of chucking a copper
To Jack or Bob with a timber limb,
Who looks as if he was singing a hymn,
Instead of a song that's very improper!
Or just suppose in a public place
You see a great fellow a-pulling a face,
With his staring eyes and his mouth like an O,—
And how is a poor deaf lady to know,—
The lower orders are up to such games—
If he's calling 'Green Peas,' or calling her names?"
("They're tenpence a peck!" said the deafest of Dames.)

"'Tis strange what very strong advising,
By word of mouth, or advertising,
By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,
With fifty other different plans,
The very high pressure, in fact, of pressing,
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing!

Whether the Soothing American Syrup,
A Safety Hat, or a Safety Stirrup,—
Infallible Pills for the human frame,
Or Rowland's O-don't-o (an ominous name)!
A Doudney's suit which the shape so hits
That it beats all others into *fits*;
A Mechi's razor for beards unshorn,
Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn!

"Try it again, Ma'am, only try!"
Was still the voluble Pedlar's cry;
"It's a great privation, there's no dispute,
To live like the dumb unsociable brute,
And to hear no more of the *pro* and *con*,
And how Society's going on,
Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,
And all for want of this *sine quâ non*;
Whereas, with a horn that never offends,
You may join the genteelest party that is,
And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, and quiz,
And be certain to hear of your absent friends;—
Not that elegant ladies, in fact,
In genteel society ever detract,
Or lend a brush when a friend is black'd,—
At least as a mere malicious act,—
But only talk scandal for fear some fool
Should think they were bred at *charity* school.
Or, maybe, you like a little flirtation,
Which even the most Don Juanish rake
Would surely object to undertake
At the same high pitch as an altercation.
It's not for me, of course, to judge
How much a Deaf Lady ought to begrudge;

But half-a-guinea seems no great matter—
Letting alone more rational patter—
Only to hear a parrot chatter :
Not to mention that feather'd wit,
The Starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit ;
The Pies and Jays that utter words,
And other Dicky Gossips of birds,
That talk with as much good sense and decorum,
As many *Beaks* who belong to the quorum.

"Try it—buy it—say ten and six,
The lowest price a miser could fix :
I don't pretend with horns of mine,
Like some in the advertising line,
To '*magnify sounds*' on such marvellous scales,
That the sounds of a cod seem as big as a whale's ;
But popular rumours, right or wrong,—
Charity sermons, short or long,—
Lecture, speech, concerto, or song,
All noises and voices, feeble or strong,
From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,
This tube will deliver distinct and clear ;
Or, supposing by chance
You wish to dance,
Why, it's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear !
Try it—buy it !
Buy it—try it !
The last New Patent, and nothing comes nigh it,
For guiding sounds to their proper tunnel :
Only try till the end of June,
And if you and the Trumpet are out of tune
I'll turn it gratis into a funnel !"

In short, the pedlar so beset her,—
Lord Bacon couldn't have gammon'd her better,—
With flatteries plump and indirect,
And plied his tongue with such effect,—
A tongue that could almost have butter'd a crumpet,—
The deaf old woman bought the Trumpet.

* * * * *

* * * *

The pedlar was gone. With the horn's assistance,
She heard his steps die away in the distance;
And then she heard the tick of the clock,
The purring of puss, and the snoring of Shock;
And she purposely dropp'd a pin that was little,
And heard it fall as plain as a skittle!

'Twas a wonderful horn, to be but just!
Nor meant to gather dust, must and rust;
So in half a jiffy, or less than that,
In her scarlet cloak and her steeple-hat,
Like old Dame Trot, but without her cat,
The gossip was hunting all Tringham thorough,
As if she meant to canvass the borough,
Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity;—
And, sure, had the horn been one of those
The wild Rhinoceros wears on his nose,
It couldn't have ripped up more depravity!

Depravity! mercy shield her ears!
'Twas plain enough that her village peers
In the ways of vice were no raw beginners;
For whenever she raised the tube to her drum

Such sounds were transmitted as only come
From the very Brass Band of human sinners!
Ribald jest and blasphemous curse
(Bunyan never vented worse),
With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech
Which the Seven Dialecticians teach;
Filthy Conjunctions, and Dissolute Nouns,
And Particles pick'd from the kennels of towns,
With Irregular Verbs for irregular jobs,
Chiefly active in rows and mobs,
Picking Possessive Pronouns' fobs,
And Interjections as bad as a blight,
Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight;
Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,
And smacking of vulgar lips where Gin,
Garlic, Tobacco, and offals go in—
A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,
To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,
So fit for the brute with the human shape,
Savage Baboon, or libidinous Ape,
From their ugly mouths it will certainly come
Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb!

Alas! for the Voice of Virtue and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of Youth!
The smallest urchin whose tongue could tang,
Shook'd the Dame with a volley of slang,
Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang;
While the charity chap,
With his muffin cap,
His crimson coat, and his badge so garish,
Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,

Cursed his eyes, limbs, body and soul,
As if they didn't belong to the Parish!

'Twas awful to hear, as she went along,
The wicked words of the popular song;
Or supposing she listen'd—as gossips will—
At a door ajar, or a window agape,
To catch the sounds they allow'd to escape,
Those sounds belonged to Depravity still!
The dark allusion, or bolder brag
Of the dexterous "dodge," and the lots of "swag,"
The plunder'd house—or the stolen nag—
The blazing rick, or the darker crime,
That quench'd the spark before its time—
The wanton speech of the wife immoral—
The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel,
With savage menace, which threaten'd the life,
Till the heart seem'd merely a strop "for the knife;"
The human liver, no better than that,
Which is sliced and thrown to an old woman's cat;
And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,
To be punch'd into holes, like "a shocking bad hat,"
That is only fit to be punch'd into wadding!

In short, wherever she turn'd the horn,
To the highly bred, or the lowly born,
The working man, who look'd over the hedge,
Or the mother nursing her infant pledge,
The sober Quaker, averse to quarrels,
Or the Governess pacing the village through,
With her twelve Young Ladies, two and two,
Looking, as such young ladies do,
Truss'd by Decorum and stuff'd with morals—

The man teetotally wean'd from liqu
The Beadle, the Clerk, or the Reverer
Nay, the very Pie in its cage of wicke
She gather'd such meanings, double o
That like the bell
With muffins to sell,
Her ear was kept in a constant tingle !

But this was nought to the tales of sha
The constant runnings of evil fame,
Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,
That her ancient cronies, with nod and
Pour'd in her horn like slops in a sink :
While sitting in conclave, as gossips d
With their Hyson or Howqua, black or
And not a little of feline spleen
Lapp'd up in " Catty packages," too,
To give a zest to the sipping and
For still

No, never since cup was fill'd or stirr'd
Were such wild and horrible anecdotes heard,
As blacken'd their neighbours of either gender,
Especially that, which is call'd the Tender,
But, instead of the softness we fancy therewith,
Was harden'd in vice as the vice of a smith.

Women! the wretches! had soil'd and marr'd
Whatever to womanly nature belongs;
For the marriage tie they had no regard,
Nay, sped their mates to the sexton's yard,
(Like Madam Laffarge, who with poisonous pinches
Kept cutting off her L by inches)—
And as for drinking, they drank so hard
That they drank their flat-irons, pokers, and tongs!

The men—they fought and gambled at fairs;
And poach'd—and didn't respect grey hairs—
Stole linen, money, plate, poultry, and corses;
And broke in houses as well as horses;
Unfolded folds to kill their own mutton,—
And would their own mothers and wives for a button:
But not to repeat the deeds they did,
Backsliding in spite of all moral skid,
If all were true that fell from the tongue,
There was not a villager, old or young,
But deserved to be whipp'd, imprison'd, or hung,
Or sent on those travels which nobody hurries,
To publish at Colburn's, or Longman's, or Murray's.

Meanwhile the Trumpet, *con amore*,
Transmitted each vile diabolical story;

Not a lying report that flew at a ma
Not a plausible gloss, or significant l
Not a word in the scandalous circles
Of a beam in the eye, or diminutive
But vortex-like that tube of tin
Suck'd the censorious particle in;
And, truth to tell, for as willing an
As ever listen'd to serpent's hiss,
Nor took the viperous sound amiss,
On the snaky head of an ancient Go

The Dame, it is true, would mutter "sl
And give her head a sorrowful rocking,
And make a clucking with palate and t
Like the call of Partlet to gather her y
A sound, when human, that always pro
At least a thousand pities and shames;
But still the darker the tale of sin,
Like certain fall-

What wonder between the Horn and the Dame,
Such mischief was made wherever they came,
That the parish of Tringham was all in a flame!
For although it required such loud discharges,
Such peals of thunder as rumbled at Lear,
To turn the smallest of table-beer,
A little whisper breathed into the ear
Will sour a temper "as sour as varges."
In fact such very ill blood there grew,
From this private circulation of stories,
That the nearest neighbours the village through,
Look'd at each other as yellow and blue,
As any electioneering crew
Wearing the colours of Whigs and Tories.

Ah! well the Poet said, in sooth,
That "whispering tongues can poison Truth,"—
Yea, like a dose of oxalic acid,
Wrench and convulse poor Peace, the placid,
And rack dear Love with internal fuel,
Like arsenic pastry, or what is as cruel,
Sugar of lead, that sweetens gruel,—
At least such torments began to wring 'em
From the very morn
When that mischievous Horn
Caught the whisper of tongues in Tringham.

The Social Clubs dissolved in huffs.
And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs,
While feuds arose and family quarrels,
That discomposed the mechanics of morals,
For screws were loose between brother and brother,
While sisters fasten'd their nails on each other;

Such wrangles, and jangles, and miff, and tiff,
And spar, and jar—and breezes as stiff
As ever upset a friendship—or skiff!
The plighted lovers, who used to walk,
Refused to meet, and declined to talk;
And wish'd for *two* moons to reflect the sun,
That they mightn't look together on one;
While wedded affection ran so low,
That the oldest John Anderson snubbed his Jo—
And instead of the toddle adown the hill,
Hand in hand,
As the song has planned,
Scratch'd her, penniless, out of his will!

In short, to describe what came to pass
In a true, though somewhat theatrical way,
Instead of "Love in a Village"—alas!
The piece they perform'd was "The Devil to Pay!"

However, as secrets are brought to light,
And mischief comes home like chickens at night;
And rivers are track'd throughout their course,
And forgeries traced to their proper source;—
And the sow that ought
By the ear is caught,—
And the sin to the sinful door is brought;
And the cat at last escapes from the bag—
And the saddle is placed on the proper nag
And the fog blows off, and the key is found—
And the faulty scent is pick'd out by the hound—
And the fact turns up like a worm from the ground—
And the matter gets wind to waft it about;
And a hint goes abroad, and the murder is out—

And the riddle is guess'd—and the puzzle is known—
So the truth was sniff'd, and the Trumpet was *blown !*

* * * * *

'Tis a day in November—a day of fog—
But the Tringham people are all agog ;
Fathers, Mothers, and Mothers' Sons,—
With sticks, and staves, and swords, and guns,—
As if in pursuit of a rabid dog ;
But their voices—raised to the highest pitch—
Declare that the game is "a Witch!—a Witch!"

Over the Green, and along by The George—
Past the Stocks, and the Church, and the Forge,
And round the Pound, and skirting the Pond,
Till they come to the whitewash'd cottage beyond,
And there at the door they muster and cluster,
And thump, and kick, and bellow, and bluster—
Enough to put Old Nick in a fluster!
A noise, indeed, so loud and long,
And mix'd with expressions so very strong,
That supposing, according to popular fame,
"Wise Woman" and Witch to be the same,
No hag with a broom would unwisely stop,
But up and away through the chimney-top ;
Whereas, the moment they burst the door,
Planted fast on her sanded floor,
With her Trumpet up to her organ of hearing,
Lo and behold !—Dame Eleanor Spearing !

Oh ! then arises the fearful shout—
Bawl'd and scream'd, and bandied about—
"Seize her !—Drag the old Jezebel out !"

For the Clerk is quoting from H
But before he rehearses
A couple of verses,
The Beadle lets the Trumpet fal
For instead of the words so piou
He hears a supernatural grumble.

Enough, enough! and more than
Twenty impatient hands and roug
By arm, and leg, and neck, and sc
Apron, 'kerchief, gown of stuff—
Cap, and pinner, sleeve, and cuff—
Are clutching the Witch wherever
With the spite of Woman and fury
And then—but first they kill her c
And murder her dog on the very n
And crush the infernal Trumpet fl
And then they hurry her through
She never, never will enter more!

And happy the fingers that hold a stick—
Knife to cut, or pin to prick—
And happy the Boy who can lend her a lick;—
Nay, happy the urchin—Charity-bred,—
Who can shy very nigh to her wicked old head

Alas! to think how people's creeds
Are contradicted by people's deeds!
But though the wishes that Witches utter
Can play the most diabolical rigs—
Send styes in the eye—and measle the pigs—
Grease horses' heels—and spoil the butter;
Smut and mildew the corn on the stalk—
And turn new milk to water and chalk,—
Blight apples—and give the chickens the pip—
And cramp the stomach—and cripple the hip—
And waste the body—and addle the eggs—
And give a baby bandy legs;
Though in common belief a Witch's curse
Involves all these horrible things, and worse—
As ignorant bumpkins all profess,
No bumpkin makes a poke the less
At the back or ribs of old Eleanor S.!
As if she were only a sack of barley!
Or gives her credit for greater might
Than the Powers of Darkness confer at night
On that other old woman, the parish Charley

Ay, now's the time for a Witch to call
On her Imps and Sucklings one and all—
Newes, Pyewacket, or Peck in the Crown,
(As Matthew Hopkins has handed them down)
Dick, and Willet, and Sugar-and-Sack,

But no such matter is down in
And spite of her cries that never
But scare the ducks and astonish
The dame is dragg'd to the fatal

And now they come to the water's
And in they bundle her—sink or s
Though it's twenty to one that the
With twenty sticks to hold her do
Including the help to the self-same
Which a travelling Pedlar stops to
A Pedlar !—Yes !—The same !—th
Who sold the Horn to the drowning
And now is foremost amid the stir,
With a token only reveal'd to her;
A token that makes her shudder an
And point with her finger, and striv
But before she can utter the name
Her head is under the water level !

NOTE.

THE following curious passage is quoted for the benefit of such Readers as are afflicted, like Dame Spearing, with Deafness, and one of its concomitants, a singing or ringing in the head. The extract is taken from "Quid Pro Quo; or a Theory of Compensations. By P. S." (perhaps Peter Shard), folio edition.

"Soe tenderly kind and gratious is Nature, our Mother, that She seldom or never puts upon us any Grievaunce without making Us some Amends, which, if not a full and perfect Equivalent, is yet a great Solace or Salve to the Sore. As is notably displaid in the Case of such of our Fellow Creatures as undergoe the Loss of Heering, and are thereby deprived of the Comfort and Entertainment of Natural Sounds. In lew whereof the Deaf Man, as testified by mine own Experience, is regaled with an inward Musick that is not vouchsafed unto a Person who hath the compleet Usage of his Ears. For note, that the selfsame Condition of Boddy which is most apt to bring on a Surdity,—namely, a general Relaxing of the delicate and suotile Fibres of the Human Nerves, and mainly such as belong and propinque to the Auricular Organ, this very Unbracing which silences the Tympanum, or drum, is the most instrumental Cause in producing a Consort in the Head. And, in particular, that affection which the Physitians have called Tinnitus, by reason of its Resemblance to a Ring of Bells. The Absence of which, as a National Musick, would be a sore Loss and Discomfort to any Native of the Low Countryes, where the Steeples and Church-Towers with their Carillons maintain an allmost endlesse Tingle; seeing that before one quarterly Chime of the Cloke hath well ended,

another must by Time's Command strike up its Tune. On which Account, together with its manye waterish Swamps and Marshes, the Land of Flandres is said by the Wits to be Ringing Wet. Such campanulary Noises would alsoe be heavily mist and lamented by the Inhabitants of that Ringing Island described in Rabelais his works, as a Place constantly filled with a Corybantick Jingle Jangle of great, middle-sized, and little Bells: wherewith the People seem to be as much charmed as a Swarm of Bees with the Clanking of brasen Kettles and Pans. And which Ringing Island cannot of a surety be Barbadoes, as certain Authors have supposed, but rather our own tintinnabulary Island of Brittain, where formerly a Saxon could not soe much as quench a Fire or a Candle but to the tune of a Bell. And even to this day, next to the Mother Tongue, the one mostly used is in a Mouth of Mettal, and withal so loosely hung, that it must needs wag at all Times and on all Topicks. For your English Man is a mighty Ringer, and besides furnishing Bells to a Bellfry, doth hang them at the Head of his Horse, and at the Neck of his Sheep—on the Cap of his Fool, and on the Heels of his Hawk. And truly I have known more than one amongst my Country Men, who would undertake more Travel, and Cost besides, to hear a Peal of Grandsires, than they would bestow to look upon a Generation of Grandchildren. But alake! all these Bells with the huge Muscovite, and Great Tom of Lincoln to boot, be but as Dumb Bells to the Deaf Man: wherefore, as I said, Nature kindly steps in with a Compensation, to wit a Tinnitus, and converts his own Head into a Bellfry, whence he hath Peals enow, and what is more, without having to pay the Ringers."

MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG.

A GOLDEN LEGEND.

"What is here?
Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold!"
Timon of Athens.

HER PEDIGREE.

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree
To the very root of the family tree
Were a task as rash as ridiculous:
Through antediluvian mists as thick
As London fog such a line to pick
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle old Nick,—
Not to name Sir Harris Nicolas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain
To trace the Kill-man, perchance, to Cain;
But, waiving all such digressions,
Suffice it, according to family lore,
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore,
Who was famed for his great possessions.

Tradition said he feather'd his nest
Through an Agricultural Interest
In the Golden Age of Farming;
When golden eggs were laid by the geese,
And Colchian sheep wore a golden fleece,
And golden pippins—the sterling kind
Of Hesperus—now so hard to find—
Made Horticulture quite charming!

Were turn'd into gold by browsin

He gave, without any extra thrift,
A flock of sheep for a birthday gift
To each son of his loins, or daught
And his debts—if debts he had—at
He liquidated by giving each bill
A dip in Pactolian water.

'Twas said that even his pigs of lead,
By crossing with some by Midas bred,
Made a perfect mine of his piggery.
And as for cattle, one yearling bull
Was worth all Smithfield-market full
Of the Golden Bulls of Pope Grego

The high-bred horses within his stud,
Like human creatures of birth and blo
Had their Golden C

And a golden hive, on a Golden Bank,
Where golden bees, by alchemical prank,
Gather'd gold instead of honey.

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give, and gold to lend,
And reversions of gold *in futuro*.
In wealth the family revell'd and roll'd,
Himself and wife and sons so bold;—
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold
"O bella eta del' oro!"

Such was the tale of the Kilmansegg Kin,
In golden text on a vellum skin,
Though certain people would wink and grin,
And declare the whole story a parable—
That the Ancestor rich was one Jacob Ghrimes,
Who held a long lease, in prosperous times,
Of acres, pasture and arable.

That as money makes money, his golden bees
Were the Five per Cents., or which you please
When his cash was more than plenty—
That the golden cups were racing affairs;
And his daughters, who sang Italian airs,
Had their golden harps of Clementi.

That the Golden Ass, or Golden Bull,
Was English John, with his pockets full,
Then at war by land and water:
While beef, and mutton, and other meat,

Were almost as dear as money to eat,
And Farmers reaped Golden Harvests of wheat
At the Lord knows what per quarter!

HER BIRTH.

What different dooms our birthdays bring!
For instance, one little manikin thing
Survives to wear many a wrinkle;
While Death forbids another to wake,
And a son that it took nine moons to make
Expires without even a twinkle!

Into this world we come like ships,
Launch'd from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
For fortune fair or fatal;
And one little craft is cast away
In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a Lord!
And that to be shunn'd like a leper!
One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
Another, like Colchester native, born
To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is litter'd under a roof
Neither wind nor water proof—
That's the prose of Love in a Cottage—
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,

The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,
Though Robins himself drew up the sketch
The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly ushered in
To a prospect all bright and burnish'd:
No tenant he for life's back slums—
He comes to the world, as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnish'd.

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there!
Whilst Margaret, charm'd by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes—
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street
Till—think of that, who find life so sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses!

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg!
She was not born to steal or beg,
Or gather cresses in ditches;
To plait the straw, or bind the shoe,
Or sit all day to hem and sew,
As females must—and not a few—
To fill their insides with stitches!

She was not doom'd, for bread to eat,
To be put to her hands as well as her feet—
To carry home linen from mangles—
Or heavy-hearted, and weary-limb'd,
To dance on a rope in a jacket trimm'd
With as many blows as spangles.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon
In her mouth, not a wooden ladle:
To speak according to poet's wont,
Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,
And Midas rock'd the cradle.

At her first *debut* she found her head
On a pillar of down, in a downy bed,
With a damask canopy over.
For although, by the vulgar popular saw,
All mothers are said to be "in the straw,"
Some children are born in clover.

Her very first draught of vital air,
It was not the common chameleon fare
Of plebeian lungs and noses,—
No—her earliest sniff
Of this world was a whiff
Of the genuine Otto of Roses!

When she saw the light, it was no mere ray
Of that light so common—so everyday—
That the sun each morning launches—
But six wax tapers dazzled her eyes,
From a thing—a gooseberry bush for size—
With a golden stem and branches.

She was born exactly at half-past two,
As witness'd a time-piece in or-molu
That stood on a marble table—
Showing at once the time of day,
And a team of *Gildings* running away

As fast as they were able,
With a golden God, with a golden Star,
And a golden Spear, in a golden Car,
According to Grecian fable.

Like other babes, at her birth she cried;
Which made a sensation far and wide—
Ay, for twenty miles around her:
For though to the ear 'twas nothing more
Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar
Of a Fifty-thousand Pounder!
It shook the next heir
In his library chair,
And made him cry, "Confound her!"

Of signs and omens there was no dearth,
Any more than at Owen Glendower's birth,
Or the advent of other great people:
Two bullocks dropp'd dead,
As if knock'd on the head,
And barrels of stout
And ale ran about,
And the village-bells such a peal rang out,
That they crack'd the village-steeple.

In no time at all, like mushroom spawn,
Tables sprang up all over the lawn;
Not furnish'd scantly or shabbily,
But on scale as vast
As that huge repast,
With its loads and cargoes
Of drink and botargoes,
At the Birth of the Babe in Rabelais.

Hundreds of men were turn'd into beasts,
Like the guests at Circe's horrible feasts,
By the magic of ale and cider:
And each country lass, and each country lad,
Began to caper and dance like mad,
And ev'n some old ones appear'd to have had
A bite from the Naples Spider.

Then as night came on,
It had scared King John
Who considered such signs not risible,
To have seen the maroons,
And the whirling moons,
And the serpents of flame,
And wheels of the same,
That according to some were "whizzable.

Oh, happy Hope of the Kilmanseggs!
Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs,
That her parents had such full pockets!
For had she been born of Want and Thrift,
For care and nursing all adrift,
It's ten to one she had had to make shift
With rickets instead of rockets!

And how was the precious baby drest?
In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,
Like one of Crœsus's issue—
Her best bibs were made
Of rich gold brocade,
And the others of silver tissue.

And when the Baby inclined to nap
She was lull'd on a Gros de Naples lap,
By a nurse in a modish Paris cap,
Of notions so exalted,
She drank nothing lower than Curaçoa,
Maraschino, or pink Noyau,
And on principle never malted.

From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,
The babe was fed night, morning, and noon;
And altho' the tale seems fabulous,
'Tis said her tops and bottoms were gilt,
Like the oats in that Stable-yard Palace built
For the horse of Heliogabalus.

And when she took to squall and kick—
For pain will wring, and pins will prick,
E'en the wealthiest nabob's daughter—
They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,
But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,
Videlicet,—Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,
And drest in the best from the very first,
To please the genteelest censor—
And then, as soon as strength would allow,
Was vaccinated, as babes are now,
With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow
Of Lord Althorpe's—now Earl Spencer.

HER CHRISTENING.

Though Shakspeare asks us, "What's in a name?"
(As if cognomens were much the same),
  There's really a very great scope in it.
A name?—why, wasn't there Doctor Dodd,
That servant at once of Mammon and God,
Who found four thousand pounds and odd,
  A prison—a cart—and a rope in it?

A name?—if the party had a voice,
What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?
As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?
  Or any such nauseous blazon?
Not to mention many a vulgar name,
That would make a door-plate blush for shame,
  If door-plates were not so brazen!

A name?—it has more than nominal worth,
And belongs to good or bad luck at birth—
  As dames of a certain degree know.
In spite of his Page's hat and hose,
His Page's jacket, and buttons in rows,
Bob only sounds like a page in prose
  Till turn'd into Rupertino.

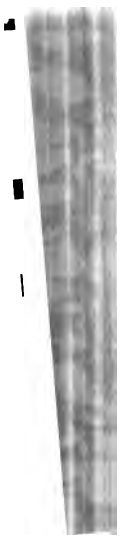
Now to christen the infant Kilmansegg,
For days and days it was quite a plague,
  To hunt the list in the Lexicon:
And scores were tried, like coin, by the ring,
Ere names were found just the proper thing
  For a minor rich as a Mexican.

Then cards were sent the presence to beg
Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,
White, yellow, and brown relations :
Brothers, Wardens of City Halls,
And Uncles—rich as three Golden Balls
From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seem'd to bewitch,
Rising in life like rockets—
Nieces, whose doweries knew no hitch—
Aunts, as certain of dying rich
As candles in golden sockets—
Cousins German and Cousin's sons,
All thriving and opulent—some had tons
Of Kentish hops in their pockets !

For money had stuck to the race through life
(As it did to the bushel when cash so rife
Posed Ali Baba's brother's wife)—
And down to the Cousins and Coz-lings,
The fortunate brood of the Kilmanseggs,
As if they had come out of golden eggs,
Were all as wealthy as " Goslings."

It would fill a Court Gazette to name
What East and West End people came
To the rite of Christianity :
The lofty Lord, and the titled Dame,
All di'monds, plumes, and urbanity :
His Lordship the May'r with his golden chain,
And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriffs twain,



And need an elaborate somm
How she sparkled with gems w
And her head niddle-noddled a
And seem'd so happy, a Paradi
Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutt
And smiled to himself, and laug
To think of his heiress and da
And then in his pockets he mad
And then, in the fulness of joy a
Seem'd washing his hands with i
In imperceptible water.

He had roll'd in money like pigs
Till it seem'd to have enter'd int
By some occult projection :
And his cheeks instead of a healt
As well

As she carried about the babe to buss,
She seem'd to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,
And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,
Whose jewels a Queen might covet—
And the Priest was a Vicar, and Dean withal
Of that Temple we see with a Golden Ball,
And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,
Won by Raleigh in days of old,
In spite of Spanish bravado;
And the Book of Pray'r was so overrun
With gilt devices, it shone in the sun
Like a copy—a presentation one—
Of Humboldt's "El Dorado."

Gold! and gold! and nothing but gold!
The same auriferous shine behold
Wherever the eye could settle!
On the walls—the sideboard—the ceiling-sky—
On the gorgeous footmen standing by,
In coats to delight a miner's eye
With seams of the precious metal.

Gold! and gold! and besides the gold,
The very robe of the infant told
A tale of wealth in every fold,
It lapp'd her like a vapour!
So fine! so thin! the mind at a loss
Could compare it to nothing except a cross
Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

Then the babe was cross'd an
But instead of the Kate, or A
Which the humbler female
Instead of one name, as some
Kilmansegg, went at the tails
Like a carriage of state with

Oh, then the kisses she got and
The golden mugs and the golde
That lent fresh rays to the m
The golden knives, and the gold
The gems that sparkled like fai
It was one of the Kilmansegg's
But look'd like Rundell and I

Gold ! and gold ! the new and t
The company ate and drank fro

Fifty were given to Doctor James,
For calling the little Baby names,
And for saying, Amen!
The Clerk had ten,
And that was the end of the Christening.

HER CHILDHOOD.

Our youth! our childhood! that spring of springs!
'Tis surely one of the blessedest things
That nature ever invented!
When the rich are wealthy beyond their wealth,
And the poor are rich in spirits and health,
And all with their lots contented!

There's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush,
In the selfsame pair of patchwork plush,
With the selfsame empty pockets,
That tempted his daddy so often to cut
His throat, or jump in the water-butt—
But what cares Phelim? an empty nut
Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,
(That's the Irish linen for shirt)
And a slice of bread with a taste of dirt,
(That's Poverty's Irish butter)
And what does he lack to make him blest?
Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,
A candle-end, and a gutter.

But to leave the happy Phelim alone,
Gnawing, perchance, a marrowless bone,
For which no dog would quarrel—
Turn we to little Miss Kilmansegg,
Cutting her first little toothy-peg
With a fifty-guinea coral—
A peg upon which
About poor and rich
Reflection might hang a moral.

Born in wealth, and wealthily nursed,
Capp'd, papp'd, napp'd, and lapp'd from the first
On the knees of Prodigality,
Her childhood was one eternal round
Of the game of going on Tickler's ground
Picking up gold—in reality

With extempore carts she never play'd,
Or the odds and ends of a Tinker's trade,
Or little dirt pies and puddings made,
Like children happy and squalid;
The very puppet she had to pet,
Like a bait for the "Nix my Dolly" set,
Was a Dolly of gold—and solid!

Gold! and gold! 'twas the burden still!
To gain the Heiress's early goodwill
There was much corruption and bribery—
The yearly cost of her golden toys
Would have given half London's Charity Boys
And Charity Girls the annual joys
Of a holiday dinner at Highbury.

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt *cornet;*
And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's day;
Till her fancy was tinged by her presents—
And first a Goldfinch excited her wish,
Then a spherical bowl with its Golden fish,
And then two Golden Pheasants.

Nay, once she squall'd and scream'd like wild—
And it shows how the bias we give to a child
Is a thing most weighty and solemn:—
But whence was wonder or blame to spring
If little Miss K.,—after such a swing—
Made a dust for the flaming gilded thing
On the top of the Fish Street column?

HER EDUCATION.

According to metaphysical creed,
To the earliest books that children read
For much good or much bad they are debtors—
But before with their A B C they start,
There are things in morals, as well as art,
That play a very important part—
"Impressions before the letters."

Dame Education begins the pile,
Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,
But alas for the elevation!
If the Lady's maid or Gossip the Nurse
With a load of rubbish, or something worse,
Have made a rotten foundation.

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,
Before she learnt her E for egg,
  Ere her Governess came, or her masters—
Teachers of quite a different kind
Had "cramm'd" her beforehand, and put her mind
  In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C,
They had taught her by heart her L. S. D.
  And as how she was born a great Heiress;
And as sure as London is built of bricks,
My Lord would ask her the day to fix,
To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,
  Like Her Worship the Lady May'ress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth's page,
The true golden lore for our golden age,
  Or lessons from Barbauld and Trimmer,
Teaching the worth of Virtue and Health,
All that she knew was the Virtue of Wealth,
Provided by vulgar nursery stealth
  With a Book of Leaf Gold for a Primer.

The very metal of merit they told,
And praised her for being as "good as gold!"
  Till she grew as a peacock haughty;
Of money they talk'd the whole day round,
And weigh'd desert, like grapes, by the pound,
Till she had an idea from the very sound
  That people with nought were naughty

They praised—poor children with nothing at all!
Lord! how you twaddle and waddle and squall

Like common-bred geese and ganders!
What sad little bad little figures you make
To the rich Miss K., whose plainest seed-cake
Was stuff'd with corianders!

They praised her falls, as well as her walk,
Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk,
They praised—how they praised—her very small talk,
As if it fell from a Solon;
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop
A ruby comma, or pearl full-stop,
Or an emerald semi-colon.

They praised her spirit, and now and then
The Nurse brought her own little "nevy" Ben,
To play with the future May'ress,
And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,
Scratches, and pinches, snips, and snaps,
As if from a Tigress, or Bearess,
They told him how Lords would court that hand,
And always gave him to understand,
While he rubb'd, poor soul,
His carroty poll,
That his hair had been pull'd by "a *Hairess*."

Such were the lessons from maid and nurse,
A Governess help'd to make still worse,
Giving an appetite so perverse
Fresh diet whereon to batten—
Beginning with A B C to hold
Like a royal playbill printed in gold
On a square of pearl-white satin.

Old Johnson shone out in as fi
As he did one night when he v
Chambaud like a beau of King
· Lindley Murray in like cond
Each weary, unwelcome, irksom
Appear'd in a fancy dress and a
If you wish for similar copies, as
For Howell and James's Editi

Novels she read to amuse her mi
But always the affluent match-m
That ends with Promessi Spos
And a father-in-law so wealthy a
He could give cheque-mate to C
So, along with a ring and posy
He endows the Bride with Golco
And gives the C

They ought to have purses as green and long
As the cucumber call'd the Gigantic.

Then Eastern Tales she loved for the sake
Of the Purse of Oriental make,
And the thousand pieces they put in it—
But Pastoral scenes on her heart fell cold,
For Nature with her had lost its hold,
No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold
Would ever have caught her foot in it.

What more? She learnt to sing, and dance,
To sit on a horse, although he should prance,
And to speak a French not spoken in France
Any more than at Babel's building—
And she painted shells, and flowers, and Turks,
But her great delight was in Fancy Works
That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold! still gold!—the bright and the dead,
With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread
She work'd in gold, as if for her bread;
The metal had so undermined her,
Gold ran in her thoughts and fill'd her brain,
She was golden-headed as Peter's cane
With which he walk'd behind her.

HER ACCIDENT.

The horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,
And a better never lifted leg,
  Was a very rich bay, call'd Banker—
A horse of a breed and a mettle so rare,—
By Bullion out of an Ingot mare,—
That for action, the best of figures, and air,
  It made many good judges hanker.

And when she took a ride in the Park,
Equestrian Lord, or pedestrian Clerk,
  Was thrown in an amorous fever,
To see the Heiress how well she sat,
With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,
In green, half smother'd with gold, and a hat
  With more gold lace than beaver.

And then when Banker obtain'd a pat,
To see how he arch'd his neck at that!
  He snorted with pride and pleasure!
Like the Steed in the fable so lofty and grand,
Who gave the poor Ass to understand,
That *he* didn't carry a bag of sand,
  But a burden of golden treasure.

A load of treasure?—alas! alas!
Had her horse but been fed upon English grass,
  And shelter'd in Yorkshire spinneys,
Had he scour'd the sand with the Desert Ass,
  Or where the American whinnies—

But a hunter from Erin's turf and gorse,
A regular thorough-bred Irish horse,
Why, he ran away, as a matter of course,
With a girl worth her weight in guineas!

Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pamper'd nags
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags,—
But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,—
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,
And away went the horsewoman mocking the sight—
Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,
Or only the skirt of her habit?

Away she flies, with the groom behind,—
It looks like a race of the Calmuck kind,
When Hymen himself is the starter,
And the Maid rides first in the fourfooted strife,
Riding, striding, as if for her life,
While the Lover rides after to catch him a wife,
Although it's catching a Tartar.

But the Groom has lost his glittering hat!
Though he does not sigh and pull up for that—
Alas! his horse is a tit for Tat
To sell to a very low bidder—
His wind is ruin'd, his shoulder is sprung,
Things, though a horse be handsome and young,
A purchaser *will* consider.

But still flies the Heiress through stones and dust,
Oh, for a fall, if fall she must,
On the gentle lap of Flora!

But still, thank Heaven! she clings to her seat—
Away! away! she could ride a dead heat
With the Dead who ride so fast and fleet,
In the Ballad of Leonora!

Away she gallops!—it's awful work!
It's faster than Turpin's ride to York,
On Bess that notable clipper!
She has circled the Ring!—she crosses the Park!
Mazeppa, although he was stripp'd so stark,
Mazeppa couldn't outstrip her!

The fields seem running away with the folks!
The Elms are having a race for the Oaks
At a pace that all Jockeys disparages!
All, all is racing! the Serpentine
Seems rushing past like the "arrowy Rhine,"
The houses have got on a railway line,
And are off like the first-class carriages!

She'll lose her life! she is losing her breath!
A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,
As female shrickings forewarn her:
And now—as gratis as blood of Guelph—
She clears that gate, which has clear'd itself
Since then, at Hyde Park Corner!

Alas! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs!
For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,
Her life's not worth a copper!
Willy-nilly,
In Piccadilly,
A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,

A hundred voices cry, "Stop her!"
And one old gentleman stares and stands,
Shakes his head and lifts his hands,
And says, "How very improper!"

On and on!—what a perilous run!
The iron rails seem all mingling in one,
To shut out the Green Park scenery!
And now the Cellar its dangers reveals,
She shudders—she shrieks—she's doom'd, she feels,
To be torn by powers of horses and wheels,
Like a spinner by steam machinery!

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,
But the very stones seem uttering cries,
As they did to that Persian daughter,
When she climb'd up the steep vociferous hill,
Her little silver flagon to fill
With the magical Golden Water!

"Batter her! shatter her!
Throw and scatter her!"
Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer!
"Dash at the heavy Dover!
Spill her! kill her! tear and tatter her!
Smash her! crash her!" (the stones didn't flatter her!)
"Kick her brains out! let her blood spatter her!
Roll on her over and over!"

For so she gather'd the awful sense
Of the street in its past unmacadamized tense,
As the wild horse overran it,—

His four heels making the clatter of six,
Like a Devil's tattoo, play'd with iron sticks
On a kettle-drum of granite!

On! still on! she's dazzled with hints
Of oranges, ribbons, and colour'd prints,
A Kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and tints,
And human faces all flashing,
Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints,
That the desperate hoof keeps dashing!

On and on! still frightfully fast!
Dover-street, Bond-street, all are past!
But—yes—no—yes!—they're down at last!
The Furies and Fates have found them!
Down they go with sparkle and crash,
Like a Bark that's struck by the lightning flash—
There's a shriek—and a sob—
And the dense dark mob
Like a billow closes around them!

* * * * *

* * * * *

"She breathes!"
"She don't!"
"She'll recover!
"She won't!"
"She's stirring! she's living, by Nemesis!"
Gold, still gold! on counter and shelf!
Golden dishes as plenty as delf;
Miss Kilmansegg's coming again to herself
On an opulent Goldsmith's premises!

Gold! fine gold!—both yellow and red,
Beaten, and molten—polish'd, and dead—
To see the gold with profusion spread
In all forms of its manufacture!
But what avails gold to Miss Kilmansegg,
When the femoral bone of her dexter leg
Has met with a compound fracture?

Gold may soothe Adversity's smart;
Nay, help to bind up a broken heart;
But to try it on any other part
Were as certain a disappointment,
As if one should rub the dish and plate,
Taken out of a Staffordshire crate—
In the hope of a Golden Service of State—
With Singleton's "Golden Ointment."

HER PRECIOUS LEG.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"
Is an adage often recall'd to mind,
Referring to juvenile bias:
And never so well is the verity seen,
As when to the weak, warp'd side we lean,
While Life's tempests and hurricanes try us.

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken limb:
By a very, very remarkable whim,
She show'd her early tuition:
While the buds of character came into blow
With a certain tinge that served to show

The nursery culture long ago,
As the graft is known by fruition!

For the King's Physician, who nursed the case,
His verdict gave with an awful face,
And three others concurr'd to egg it;
That the Patient to give old Death the slip,
Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,
Must send her Leg as a Legate.

The limb was doom'd—it couldn't be saved!
And like other people the patient behaved,
Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,
Which makes some persons so falter,
They rather would part, without a groan,
With the flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone,
They obtain'd at St. George's altar.

But when it came to fitting the stump
With a proxy limb—then flatly and plump
She spoke, in the spirit olden;
She couldn't—she shouldn't—she wouldn't have wood!
Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood,
And she swore an oath, or something as good,
The proxy limb should be golden!

A wooden leg! what, a sort of peg,
For your common Jockeys and Jennies!
No, no, her mother might worry and plague—
Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,
But nothing would move Miss Kilmansegg!
She could—she would have a Golden Leg,
If it cost ten thousand guineas!

Wood indeed, in Forest or Park,
With its sylvan honours and feudal bark,
  Is an aristocratic article :
But split and sawn, and hack'd about town,
Serving all needs of pauper or clown,
Trod on ! stagger'd on ! Wood cut down
  Is vulgar—fibre and particle !

And Cork !—when the noble Cork Tree shades
A lovely group of Castilian maids,
  'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet !—
But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,
Or bungs the beer—the *small* beer—in,
It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,
  To think of standing upon it !

A Leg of Gold—solid gold throughout,
Nothing else, whether slim or stout,
  Should ever support her, God willing !
She must—she could—she would have her whim,
Her father, she turn'd a deaf ear to him—
  He might kill her—she didn't mind killing !
He was welcome to cut off her other limb—
  He might cut her all off with a shilling !

All other promised gifts were in vain,
Golden Girdle, or Golden Chain,
She writhed with impatience more than pain,
  And utter'd "pshaws !" and "pishes !"
But a Leg of Gold as she lay in bed,
It danced before her—it ran in her head !
  It jump'd with her dearest wishes !

"Gold—gold—gold! Oh, let it be gold!'
Asleep or awake that tale she told,
And when she grew delirious:
Till her parents resolved to grant her wish,
If they melted down plate, and goblet, and dish,
The case was getting so serious.

So a Leg was made in a comely mould,
Of Gold, fine virgin glittering gold,
As solid as man could make it—
Solid in foot, and calf, and shank,
A prodigious sum of money it sank;
In fact 'twas a Branch of the family Bank,
And no easy matter to break it.

All sterling metal—not half-and-half,
The Goldsmith's mark was stamp'd on the calf—
'Twas pure as from Mexican barter!
And to make it more costly, just over the knee,
Where another ligature used to be,
Was a circle of jewels, worth shillings to see,
A new-fangled Badge of the Garter!

'Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful Leg,
Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg,
That Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg!
For, thanks to parental bounty,
Secure from Mortification's touch,
She stood on a Member that cost as much
As a Member for all the County!

HER FAME.

To gratify stern ambition's whims,
What hundreds and thousands of precious limbs
  On a field of battle we scatter!
Sever'd by sword, or bullet, or saw,
Off they go, all bleeding and raw,—
But the public seems to get the lock-jaw,
  So little is said on the matter!

Legs, the tightest that ever were seen,
The tightest, the lightest, that danced on the green,
  Cutting capers to sweet Kitty Clover;
Shatter'd, scatter'd, cut, and bowl'd down,
Off they go, worse off for renown,
A line in the *Times*, or a talk about town,
  Than the leg that a fly runs over!

But the Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg,
That gowden, goolden, golden leg,
  Was the theme of all conversation!
Had it been a Pillar of Church and State,
Or a prop to support the whole Dead Weight,
It could not have furnish'd more debate
  To the heads and tails of the nation!

East and west, and north and south,
Though useless for either hunger or drouth,—
The Leg was in everybody's mouth,
  To use a poetical figure,

Rumour, in taking her ravenous swim,
Saw, and seized on the tempting limb,
Like a shark on the leg of a nigger.

Wilful murder fell very dead;
Debates in the House were hardly read;
In vain the Police Reports were fed
With Irish riots and *rumpuses*—
The Leg! the Leg! was the great event,
Through every circle in life it went,
Like the leg of a pair of compasses.

The last new Novel seem'd tame and flat,
The Leg, a novelty newer than that,
Had tripp'd up the heels of Fiction!
It Burked the very essays of Burke,
And, alas! how Wealth over Wit plays the Turk!
As a regular piece of goldsmith's work,
Got the better of Goldsmith's diction.

"A leg of gold! what of solid gold?"
Cried rich and poor, and young and old,—
And Master and Miss and Madam—
'Twas the talk of 'Change—the Alley—the Bank—
And with men of scientific rank,
It made as much stir as the fossil shank
Of a Lizard coeval with Adam!

Of course with Greenwich and Chelsea elves,
Men who had lost a limb themselves,
Its interest did not dwindle—
But Bill, and Ben, and Jack, and Tom

Could hardly have spun more yarns therefrom,
If the leg had been a spindle.

Meanwhile the story went to and fro,
Till, gathering like the ball of snow,
By the time it got to Stratford-le-Bow,
Through Exaggeration's touches,
The Heiress and Hope of the Kilmanseggs
Was propp'd on *two* fine Golden Legs,
And a pair of Golden Crutches!

Never had Leg so great a run!
'Twas the "go" and the "Kick" thrown into one!
The mode—the new thing under the sun,
The rage—the fancy—the passion!
Bonnets were named, and hats were worn,
A la Golden Leg instead of Leghorn,
And stockings and shoes,
Of golden hues,
Took the lead in the walks of fashion!

The Golden Leg had a vast career,
It was sung and danced—and to show how near
Low Folly to lofty approaches,
Down to society's very dregs,
The Belles of Wapping wore "Kilmanseggs,"
And St. Giles's Beaux sported Golden Legs
In their pinchbeck pins and brooches!

HER FIRST STEP.

Supposing the Trunk and Limbs of Man
Shared, on the allegorical plan,
By the Passions that mark Humanity,
Whichever might claim the head, or heart,
The stomach, or any other part,
The Legs would be seized by Vanity.

There's Bardus, a ix-foot column of fop,
A lighthouse without any light atop,
Whose height would attract beholders,
If he had not lost some inches clear
By looking down at his kerseymere,
Ogling the limbs he holds so dear,
Till he got a stoop in his shoulders.

Talk of Art, of Science, or Books,
And down go the everlasting looks,
To his crural beauties so wedded!
Try him, wherever you will, you find
His mind in his legs, and his legs in his mind,
All prongs and folly—in short a kind
Of fork—that is Fiddle-headed.

What wonder, then, if Miss Kilmansegg,
With a splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
Fit for the court of Scander-Beg,
Disdain'd to hide it like Joan or Meg,
In petticoats stuff'd or quilted?
Not she! 'twas her convalescent whim

To dazzle the world with her precious limb,—
Nay, to go a little high-kilted.

So cards were sent for that sort of mob
Where Tartars and Africans hob-and-nob,
And the Cherokee talks of his cab and cob
To Polish or Lapland lovers—
Cards like that hieroglyphical call
To a geographical Fancy Ball
On the recent Post-Office covers.*

For if Lion-hunters—and great ones too—
Would mob a savage from Latakoo,
Or squeeze for a glimpse of Prince Le Boo,
That unfortunate Sandwich scion—
Hundreds of first-rate people, no doubt,
Would gladly, madly, rush to a rout,
That promised a Golden Lion!

HER FANCY BALL.

Of all the spirits of evil fame,
That hurt the soul or injure the frame,
And poison what's honest and hearty,
There's none more needs a Matthew to preach
A cooling, antiphlogistic speech,
To praise and enforce
A temperate course,
Than the Evil Spirit of Party.

* The one designed by Maclise, but never, I believe, used.

Go to the House of Commons, or Lords,
And they seem to be busy with simple words
  In their popular sense or pedantic—
But, alas! with their cheers, and sneers, and jeers,
They're really busy, whatever appears,
Putting peas in each other's ears,
  To drive their enemies frantic!

Thus Tories like to worry the Whigs,
Who treat them in turn like Schwalbach pigs,
Giving them lashes, thrashes, and digs,
  With their writhing and pain delighted—
But after all that's said, and more,
The malice and spite of Party are poor
To the malice and spite of a party next door,
  To a party not invited.

On with the cap and out with the light,
Weariness bids the world good night,
  At least for the usual season;
But hark! a clatter of horses' heels;
And Sleep and Silence are broken on wheels,
  Like Wilful Murder and Treason!

Another crash—and the carriage goes—
Again poor Weariness seeks the repose
  That Nature demands, imperious;
But Echo takes up the burden now,
With a rattling chorus of row-de-dow-dow,
Till Silence herself seems making a row,
  Like a Quaker gone delirious!*

* *Did this* idea suggest the story of "The Friend in Need," p. 261?

'Tis night—a winter night—and the stars
Are shining like winkin'—Venus and Mars
Are rolling along in their golden cars
Through the sky's serene expansion—
But vainly the stars dispense their rays,
Venus and Mars are lost in the blaze
Of the Kilmanseggs' luminous mansion!

Up jumps Fear in a terrible fright!
His bedchamber windows look so bright,—
With light all the Square is glutted!
Up he jumps, like a sole from the pan,
And a tremor sickens his inward man,
For he feels as only a gentleman can,
Who thinks he's being "gutted."

Again Fear settles, all snug and warm
But only to dream of a dreadful storm
From Autumn's sulphurous locker;
But the only electrical body that falls,
Wears a negative coat, and positive smalls,
And draws the peal that so appals
From the Kilmanseggs' brazen knocker!

'Tis Curiosity's Benefit night—
And perchance 'tis the English-Second-Sight,
But whatever it be, so be it—
As the friends and guests of Miss Kilmansegg
Crowd in to look at her Golden Leg,
As many more
Mob round the door,
To see them going to see it!

In they go—in jackets, and cloaks,
Plumes, and bonnets, turbans, and toques,
  As if to a Congress of Nations:
Greeks and Malays, with daggers and dirks,
Spaniards, Jews, Chinese, and Turks—
Some like original foreign works,
  But mostly like bad translations.

In they go, and to work like a pack,
Juan, Moses, and Shacabac,
Tom, and Jerry, and Springheel'd Jack,—
  For some of low Fancy are lovers—
Skirting, zigzagging, casting about,
Here and there, and in and out,
With a crush, and a rush, for a full-bodied rout
  In one of the stiffest of covers.

In they went, and hunted about,
Open mouth'd like chub and trout,
And some with the upper lip thrust out,
  Like that fish for routing, a barbel—
While Sir Jacob stood to welcome the crowd,
And rubb'd his hands, and smiled aloud,
And bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd,
  Like a man who is sawing marble.

For Princes were there, and Noble Peers;
Dukes descended from Norman spears;
Earls that dated from early years;
  And Lords in vast variety—
Besides the Gentry both new and old—
For people who stand on legs of gold,
  Are sure to stand well with society.

"But where—where—where?" with one accord,
Cried Moses and Mufti, Jack and my Lord,
Wang-Fong and Il Bondocani—
When slow, and heavy, and dead as a dump,
They heard a foot begin to stump,
Thump! lump!
Lump! thump!
Like the Spectre in "Don Giovanni!"

And lo! the Heiress, Miss Kilmansegg,
With her splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
In the garb of a Goddess olden—
Like chaste Diana going to hunt,
With a golden spear—which of course was blunt,
And a tunic loop'd up to a gem in front,
To show the Leg that was Golden!

Gold! still gold; her Crescent behold,
That should be silver, but would be gold;
And her robe's auriferous spangles!
Her golden stomacher—how she would melt!
Her golden quiver, and golden belt,
Where a golden bugle dangles!

And her jewell'd Garter! Oh, Sin, oh, Shame!
Let Pride and Vanity bear the blame,
That bring such blots on female fame!
But to be a true recorder,
Besides its thin transparent stuff,
The tunic was loop'd quite high enough
To give a glimpse of the Order!

But what have sin or shame to do
With a Golden Leg—and a stout one too?
  Away with all Prudery's panics!
That the precious metal, by thick and thin,
Will cover square acres of land or sin,
    Is a fact made plain
    Again and again,
  In Morals as well as Mechanics.

A few, indeed, of her proper sex,
Who seem'd to feel her foot on their necks,
And fear'd their charms would meet with checks
  From so rare and splendid a blazon—
A few cried "fie!"—and "forward"—and "bold!"
And said of the Leg it might be gold,
  But to them it look'd like brazen!

'Twas hard they hinted for flesh and blood,
Virtue and Beauty, and all that's good,
  To strike to mere dross their topgallants—
But what were Beauty, or Virtue, or Worth,
Gentle manners, or gentle birth,
Nay, what the most talented head on earth
  To a Leg worth fifty Talents!

But the men sang quite another hymn
Of glory and praise to the precious Limb—
Age, sordid Age, admired the whim,
  And its indecorum pardon'd—
While half of the young—ay, more than half—
Bow'd down and worshipp'd the Golden Calf,
  Like the Jews when their hearts were hardened.

A Golden Leg!—what fancies it fired!
What golden wishes and hopes inspired!
To give but a mere abridgment—
What a leg to leg-bail Embarrassment's serf!
What a leg for a Leg to take on the turf!
What a leg for a marching regiment!

A golden Leg!—whatever Love sings,
'Twas worth a bushel of "Plain Gold Rings"
With which the Romantic wheedles.
'Twas worth all the legs in stockings and socks—
'Twas a leg that might be put in the Stocks,
N.B.—Not the parish beadle's!

And Lady K. nid-nodded her head,
Lapp'd in a turban fancy-bred,
Just like a love-apple, huge and red,
Some Mussul-womanish mystery;
But whatever she meant
To represent,
She talk'd like the Muse of History.

She told how the filial leg was lost;
And then how much the gold one cost;
With its weight to a Trojan fraction:
And how it took off, and how it put on;
And call'd on Devil, Duke, and Don,
Mahomet, Moses, and Prester John,
To notice its beautiful action.

And then of the Leg she went in quest;
And led it where the light was best;
And made it lay itself up to rest.

In postures for painter's studies:
It cost more tricks and trouble by half,
Than it takes to exhibit a six-legg'd Calf
To a boothful of country Cuddies.

Nor yet did the Heiress herself omit
The arts that help to make a hit,
And preserve a prominent station,
She talk'd and laugh'd far more than her share;
And took a part in "Rich and Rare
Were the gems she wore"—and the gems were there,
Like a Song with an Illustration.

She even stood up with a Count of France
To dance—alas! the measures we dance
When Vanity plays the Piper!
Vanity, Vanity, apt to betray,
And lead all sorts of legs astray,
Wood, or metal, or human clay,—
Since Satan first play'd the Viper!

But first she doff'd her hunting gear,
And favour'd Tom Tug with her golden spear
To row with down the river—
A Bonze had her golden bow to hold;
A Hermit her belt and bugle of gold;
And an Abbot her golden quiver.

And then a space was clear'd on the floor,
And she walk'd the Minuet de la Cour.
With all the pomp of a Pompadour,
But although she began *andante*,

Conceive the faces of all the Rout,
When she finished off with a whirligig bout,
And the Precious Leg stuck stiffly out
Like the leg of a *Figurante*.

So the courtly dance was goldenly done,
And golden opinions, of course, it won
From all different sorts of people—
Chiming, ding-dong, with flattering phrase,
In one vociferous peal of praise,
Like the peal that rings on Royal days
From Loyalty's parish-steeple.

And yet, had the leg been one of those
That danced for bread in flesh-colour'd hose,
With Rosina's pastoral bevy,
The jeers it had met,—the shouts! the scoff!
The cutting advice to "take itself off,"
For sounding but half so heavy.

Had it been a leg like those, perchance,
That teach little girls and boys to dance,
To set, poussette, recede, and advance,
With the steps and figures most proper,—
Had it hopp'd for a weekly or quarterly sum,
How little of praise or grist would have come
To a mill with such a hopper!

But the Leg was none of those limbs forlorn—
Bartering capers and hops for corn—
That meet with public hisses and scorn,
Or the morning journal denounces—
Had it pleased to caper from morn till dusk,

Thump, lump!
As the Giant of Castle Ot
To a lower room from a
Down she goes with a nois
For taking the crimson tur
A noble Lord at the Head
Is leading the Leg to sup

But the supper, alas! must r
With its blaze of light and its
For to paint that scene of g
It would need the Great Ench
Who waves over Palace, and C
An arm like the Goldbeater's
That wields a Golden Hamr

He—only HE—could fitly stat
THE MASSIVE SERVICE OF
With the proper phrase
The

According to critical conners—
And then they pledged the Hostess and Host,
But the Golden Leg was the standing toast,
And as somebody swore,
Walk'd off with more
Than its share of the "Hips!" and honours!

"Miss Kilmansegg!—
Full glasses I beg!—
Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg!"
And away went the bottle careering!
Wine in bumpers! and shouts in peals!
Till the Clown didn't know his head from his heels,
The Mussulman's eyes danced two-some reels,
And the Quaker was hoarse with cheering!

HER DREAM.

Miss Kilmansegg took off her leg,
And laid it down like a cribbage-peg,
For the Rout was done and the riot:
The Square was hush'd; not a sound was heard;
The sky was gray, and no creature stirr'd,
Except one little precocious bird,
That chirp'd—and then was quiet.

So still without,—so still within;—
It had been a sin
To drop a pin—
So intense is silence after a din,

It seem'd like Death's rehearsal!
To stir the air no eddy came;
And the taper burnt with as still a flame,
As to flicker had been a burning shame,
In a calm so universal.

The time for sleep had come at last;
And there was the bed, so soft, so vast,
Quite a field of Bedfordshire clover;
Softer, cooler, and calmer, no doubt,
From the piece of work just ravell'd out,
For one of the pleasures of having a rout
Is the pleasure of having it over.

No sordid pallet, or truckle mean,
Of straw, and rug, and tatters unclean;
But a splendid, gilded, carved machine,
That was fit for a Royal Chamber.
On the top was a gorgeous golden wreath;
And the damask curtains hung beneath,
Like clouds of crimson and amber;

Curtains, held up by two little plump things,
With golden bodies and golden wings,—
Mere fins for such solidities—
Two Cupids, in short,
Of the regular sort,
But the housemaid call'd them "Cupidities.

No patchwork quilt, all seams and scars,
But velvet, powder'd with golden stars,
A fit mantle for *Night*-Commanders!
And the pillow, as white as snow undimm'd

And as cool as the pool that the breeze has skimm'd,
Was cased in the finest cambric, and trimm'd
With the costliest lace of Flanders.

And the bed—of the Eider's softest down,
'Twas a place to revel, to smother, to drown
In a bliss inferr'd by the Poet;
For if Ignorance be indeed a bliss,
What blessed ignorance equals this,
To sleep—and not to know it?

Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head;
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,
To the head with a wakeful trouble—
'Tis held by such a different lease!
To one, a place of comfort and peace,
All stuff'd with the down of stubble geese,
To another with only the stubble!

To one, a perfect Halcyon nest,
All calm, and balm and quiet, and rest,
And soft as the fur of the cony—
To another, so restless for body and head,
That the bed seems borrow'd from Nettlebed,
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony!

To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,
To the Land of Nod, or where you please;
But alas! for the watchers and weepers,
Who turn, and turn, and turn again,
But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,

Night-hawk, or other
But more profitless
Wide awake in the dar
Filling with phantoms
As if that Crook-back'd
Had plotted to kill th

And oh! when the bless
Is quench'd by the provi
To render our slumber
Pity, pity the wretches th
For they must be wretche
When God himself draws

The careful Betty the pillow
And airs the blankets, and s
And gives the mattress a s
But vainly Betty performs he
If a ruffled head and a rumple
As well as

But a child—that bids the world good night,
In downright earnest and cuts it quite—
A Cherub no Art can copy,—
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie
As if he had supp'd on a dormouse pie,
(An ancient classical dish, by the by)
With a sauce of syrup of poppy.

Oh, bed! bed! bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head,
Whether lofty or low its condition!
But instead of putting our plagues on shelves,
In our blankets how often we toss ourselves,
Or are toss'd by such allegorical elves
As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition!

The independent Miss Kilmansegg
Took off her independent Leg
And laid it beneath her pillow,
And then on the bed her frame she cast,
The time for repose had come at last,
But long, long, after the storm is past
Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

No part she had in vulgar cares
That belong to common household affairs—
Nocturnal annoyances such as theirs,
Who lie with a shrewd surmising,
That while they are couchant (a bitter cup!)
Their bread and butter are getting up,
And the coals, confound them, are rising.

No fear she had her sleep to postpone,
Like the crippled Widow who weeps alone,
And cannot make a doze her own,
  For the dread that mayhap on the morrow,
The true and Christian reading to baulk,
A broker will take up her bed and walk,
  By way of curing her sorrow.

No cause like these she had to bewail:
But the breath of applause had blown a gale,
And winds from that quarter seldom fail
  To cause some human commotion;
But whenever such breezes coincide
      With the very spring-tide
      Of human pride,
  There's no such swell on the ocean!

Peace, and ease, and slumber lost,
She turn'd, and roll'd, and tumbled and toss'd,
  With a tumult that would not settle:
A common case, indeed, with such
As have too little, or think too much,
  Of the precious and glittering metal.

Gold!—she saw at her golden foot
The Peer whose tree had an olden root,
The Proud, the Great, the Learned to boot,
  The handsome, the gay, and the witty—
The Man of Science—of Arms—of Art,
The man who deals but at Pleasure's mart
  And the man who deals in the City.

Gold, still gold—and true to the mould!
In the very scheme of her dream it told;
For, by magical transmutation,
From her Leg through her body it seem'd to go,
Till, gold above, and gold below,
She was gold, all gold, from her little gold toe
To her organ of Veneration!

And still she retain'd through Fancy's art,
The Golden Bow, and Golden Dart,
With which she had play'd a Goddess's part
In her recent glorification:
And still, like one of the self-same brood,
On a Plinth of the self-same metal she stood
For the whole world's adoration.

And hymns and incense around her roll'd,
From Golden Harps and Censers of Gold,—
For Fancy in dreams is as uncontroll'd
As a horse without a bridle:
What wonder, then, from all checks exempt,
If, inspired by the Golden Leg, she dreamt
She was turn'd to a Golden Idol?

HER COURTSHIP.

When leaving Eden's happy land
The grieving Angel led by the hand
Our banish'd Father and Mother,
Forgotten amid their awful doom,

The tears, the fears, and the future's gloom,
On each brow was a wreath of Paradise bloom,
That our Parents had twined for each other.

It was only while sitting like figures of stone,
For the grieving Angel had skyward flown,
As they sat, those Two in the world alone,
With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven,
That scenting the gust of happier hours,
They look'd around for the precious flow'rs,
And lo!—a last relic of Eden's dear bow'rs—
The chaplet that Love had woven!

And still, when a pair of Lovers meet,
There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,
That savours still of that happy retreat
Where Eve by Adam was courted:
Whilst the joyous Thrush, and the gentle Dove,
Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,
And the Serpent, as yet, only sported.

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,
A perfume and freshness strange and rare,
A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere,
When young hearts yearn together?
All sweets below, and all sunny above,
Oh! there's nothing in life like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather!

Who hath not found amongst his flow'rs
A blossom too bright for this world of ours,
Like a rose among snows of Sweden?
But to turn again to Miss Kilmansegg,

Where must Love have gone to beg,
If such a thing as a Golden Leg
Had put its foot in Eden!

And yet—to tell the rigid truth—
Her favour was sought by Age and Youth—
For the prey will find a prowler!
She was follow'd, flatter'd, courted, address'd,
Woo'd, and coo'd, and wheedled, and press'd,
By suitors from North, South, East, and West,
Like that Heiress, in song, Tibbie Fowler!

But, alas! alas! for the Woman's fate,
Who has from a mob to choose a mate!
'Tis a strange and painful mystery!
But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch;
The more the fish, the worse the catch;
The more the sparks, the worse the match;
Is a fact in Woman's history.

Give her between a brace to pick,
And, mayhap, with luck to help the trick,
She will take the Faustus, and leave the Old Nick—
But her future bliss to baffle,
Amongst a score let her have a voice,
And she'll have as little cause to rejoice,
As if she had won the "Man of her choice"
In a matrimonial raffle!

Thus, even thus, with the Heiress and Hope,
Fulfilling the adage of too much rope,
With so ample a competition,
She chose the least worthy of all the group,

Just as the vulture makes a stoop,
And singles out from the herd or troop
The beast of the worst condition.

A Foreign Count—who came incog.,
Not under a cloud, but under a fog,
In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,
To charm some lady British-born,
With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,
And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,
Like a half-converted Rabbin.

And because the Sex confess a charm
In the man who has slash'd a head or arm,
Or has been a throat's undoing,
He was dress'd like one of the glorious trade,
At least when glory is off parade,
With a stock, and a frock, well trimm'd with braid,
And frogs—that went a-wooing.

Moreover, as Counts are apt to do,
On the left-hand side of his dark surtout,
At one of those holes that buttons go through,
(To be a precise recorder,)
A ribbon he wore, or rather a scrap,
About an inch of ribbon mayhap,
That one of his rivals, a whimsical chap,
Described as his "Retail Order."

And then—and much it help'd his chance—
He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance,
Perform charades, and Proverbs of France—
Act the tender, and do the cruel;

For amongst his other killing parts,
He had broken a brace of female hearts,
And murder'd three men in duel!

Savage at heart, and false of tongue,
Subtle with age, and smooth to the young,
Like a snake in his coiling and curling—
Such was the Count—to give him a niche—
Who came to court that Heiress rich,
And knelt at her foot—one needn't say which—
Besieging her castle of *Sterling*.

With pray'rs and vows he open'd his trench,
And plied her with English, Spanish, and French
In phrases the most sentimental:
And quoted poems in High and Low Dutch,
With now and then an Italian touch,
Till she yielded, without resisting much,
To homage so continental.

And then—the sordid bargain to close—
With a miniature sketch of his hooky nose,
And his dear dark eyes, as black as sloes,
And his beard and whiskers as black as those,
The lady's consent he requited—
And instead of the lock that lovers beg,
The Count received from Miss Kilmansegg
A model, in small, of her Precious Leg—
And so the couple were plighted!

But, oh! the love that gold must crown!
Better—better, the love of the clown,
Who admires his lass in her Sunday gown,

As if all the fairies had dress'd her!
Whose brain to no crooked thought gives birth,
Except that he never will part on earth
With his true love's crooked tester!

Alas! for the love that's link'd with gold!
Better—better a thousand times told—
More honest, happy, and laudable,
The downright loving of pretty Cis,
Who wipes her lips, though there's nothing amiss,
And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,
In which her heart is audible!

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,
Who loves—as she labours—with all her might,
And without any sordid leaven!
Who blushes as red as haws and hips,
Down to her very finger-tips,
For Roger's blue ribbons—to her, like strips
Cut out of the azure of Heaven!

HER MARRIAGE.

'Twas morn—a most auspicious one!
From the Golden East, the Golden Sun
Came forth his glorious race to run,
Through clouds of most splendid tinges;
Clouds that lately slept in shade,
But now seem'd made
Of gold brocade,
With magnificent golden fringes.

Gold above, and gold below,
The earth reflected the golden glow,
From river, and hill, and valley;
Gilt by the golden light of morn,
The Thames—it look'd like the Golden Horn,
And the Barge, that carried coal or corn.
Like Cleopatra's Galley!

Bright as clusters of Golden-rod,
Suburban poplars began to nod,
With extempore splendour furnish'd;
While London was bright with glittering clocks,
Golden dragons, and Golden cocks,
And above them all,
The dome of St. Paul,
With its Golden Cross and its Golden Ball,
Shone out as if newly burnish'd!

And lo! for Golden Hours and Joys,
Troops of glittering Golden Boys
Danced along with a jocund noise,
And their gilded emblems carried!
In short, 'twas the year's most Golden Day,
By mortals call'd the First of May,
When Miss Kilmansegg,
Of the Golden Leg,
With a Golden Ring was married!

And thousands of children, women, and men,
Counted the clock from eight till ten.
From St. James's sonorous steeple;
For next to that interesting job,
The hanging of Jack, or Bill, or Bob,

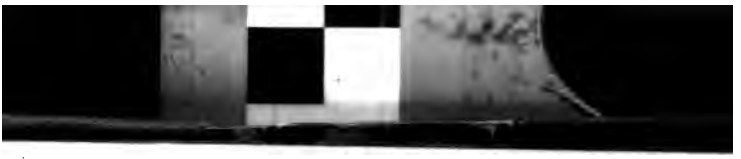
There's nothing so draws a London mob
As the noosing of very rich people.

And a treat it was for the mob to behold
The Bridal Carriage that blazed with gold!
And the Footmen tall and the Coachman bold,
In liveries so resplendent—
Coats you wonder'd to see in place,
They seem'd so rich with golden lace,
That they might have been independent.

Coats, that made those menials proud
Gaze with scorn on the dingy crowd,
From their gilded elevations;
Not to forget that saucy lad
(Ostentation's favourite cad),
The Page, who look'd, so splendidly clad,
Like a Page of the "Wealth of Nations."

But the Coachman carried off the state,
With what was a Lancashire body of late
Turn'd into a Dresden Figure;
With a bridal Nosegay of early bloom,
About the size of a birchen broom,
And so huge a White Favour, had Gog been Groom
He need not have worn a bigger.

And then to see the Groom! the Count!
With Foreign Orders to such an amount,
And whiskers so wild—nay, bestial;
He seem'd to have borrow'd the shaggy hair
As well as the Stars of the Polar Bear.
To make him look celestial!



And then—Great Jove !—the struggle, the crush,
The screams, the heaving, the awful rush,
The swearing, the tearing, and fighting,—
The hats and bonnets smash'd like an egg—
To catch a glimpse of the Golden Leg,
Which, between the steps and Miss Kilmansegg,
Was fully display'd in alighting !

From the Golden Ankle up to the Knee
There it was for the mob to see !
A shocking act had it chanced to be
A crooked leg or a skinny :
But although a magnificent veil she wore,
Such as never was seen before,
In case of blushes, she blush'd no more
Than George the First on a guinea !

Another step, and lo ! she was launched !
All in white, as Brides are *blanched*
With a wreath of most wonderful splendour—
Diamonds, and pearls, so rich in device,
That, according to calculation nice,
Her head was worth as royal a price,
As the head of the Young Pretender.

Bravely she shone—and shone the more
As she sail'd through the crowd of squalid and poor,
Thief, beggar, and tatterdemalion—
Led by the Count, with his sloe-black eyes
Bright with triumph, and some surprise,
Like Anson on making sure of his prize
The famous Mexican Galleon !

Anon came Lady K., with her face
Quite made up to act with grace,
  But she cut the performance shorter;
For instead of pacing stately and stiff,
At the stare of the vulgar she took a miff,
And ran, full speed, into Church, as if
  To get married before her daughter.

But Sir Jacob walk'd more slowly, and bow'd
Right and left to the gaping crowd,
  Wherever a glance was seizable;
For Sir Jacob thought he bow'd like a Guelph,
And therefore bow'd to imp and elf,
And would gladly have made a bow to himself,
  Had such a bow been feasible.

And last—and not the least of the sight,
Six "Handsome Fortunes," all in white,
Came to help in the marriage rite,—
  And rehearse their own hymeneals;
And then the bright procession to close,
They were followed by just as many Beaux
  Quite fine enough for Ideals.

Glittering men, and splendid dames,
Thus they enter'd the porch of St. James',
  Pursued by a thunder of laughter;
For the Beadle was forced to intervene,
For Jim the Crow, and his Mayday Queen,
With her gilded ladle, and Jack i' the Green,
  Would fain have follow'd after!

Beadle-like he hush'd the shout;
But the temple was full "inside and out,"
And a buzz kept buzzing all round about
  Like bees when the day is sunny—
A buzz universal, that interfered
With the rite that ought to have been revered,
As if the couple already were smear'd
  With Wedlock's treacle and honey!

Yet Wedlock's a very awful thing!
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,
  Which requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a "Grand Equestrian Troop"
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
    Not certain at all
    Of what may befall
  After his getting through it!

But the count he felt the nervous work
No more than any polygamous Turk,
  Or bold piratical skipper,
Who, during his buccaneering search,
Would as soon engage a hand in church
  As a hand on board his clipper!

And how did the Bride perform her part?
Like any bride who is cold at heart.
  Mere snow with the ice's glitter;
What but a life of winter for her!
Bright but chilly, alive without stir,
So splendidly comfortless,—just like a Fir
  When the frost is severe and bitter.

Such were the future man and wife!
Whose bale or bliss to the end of life
A few short words were to settle—
"Wilt thou have this woman?"
"I will"—and then,
"Wilt thou have this man?"
"I will," and "Amen"—
And those Two were one Flesh, in the Angels' ken,
Except one Leg—that was metal.

Then the names were sign'd—and kiss'd the kiss:
And the Bride, who came from her coach a Miss,
As a Countess walk'd to her carriage—
Whilst Hymen preen'd his plumes like a dove,
And Cupid flutter'd his wings above,
In the shape of a fly—as little a Love
As ever look'd in at a marriage!

Another crash—and away they dash'd,
And the gilded carriage and footmen flash'd
From the eyes of the gaping people—
Who turn'd to gaze at the toe-and-heel
Of the Golden Boys beginning a reel,
To the merry sound of a wedding-peal
From St. James's musical steeple.

Those wedding-bells! those wedding-bells!
How sweetly they sound in pastoral dells
From a tow'r in an ivy-green jacket!
But town-made joys how dearly they cost;
And after all are tumbled and tost,
Like a peal from a London steeple, and lost
In town-made riot and racket.

The wedding-peal, how sweetly it peals
With grass or heather beneath our heels,—
  For bells are Music's laughter !—
But a London peal, well mingled, be sure,
With vulgar noises and voices impure,—
What a harsh and discordant overture
  To the Harmony meant to come after !

But hence with Discord—perchance, too soon
To cloud the face of the honeymoon
  With a dismal occultation !—
Whatever Fate's concerted trick,
The Countess and Count, at the present nick,
Have a chicken, and not a crow, to pick
  At a sumptuous Cold Collation.

A Breakfast—no unsubstantial mess,
But one in the style of Good Queen Bess,
  Who,—hearty as hippocampus,—
Broke her fast with ale and beef,
Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,
  And—in lieu of anchovy—grampus.

A breakfast of fowl, and fish, and flesh,
Whatever was sweet, or salt, or fresh ;
  With wines the most rare and curious—
Wines, of the richest flavour and hue ;
With fruits from the worlds both Old and New ;
And fruits obtain'd before they were due
  At a discount most usurious.

For wealthy palates there be, that scout
What is *in* season, for what is out,

And prefer all precocious savour :
For instance, early green peas, of the sort
That costs some four or five guineas a quart ;
Where the *Mint* is the principal flavour.

And many a wealthy man was there,
Such as the wealthy City could spare,
To put in a portly appearance—
Men, whom their fathers had help'd to gild :
And men, who had had their fortunes to build
And—much to their credit—had richly fill'd
Their purses by *purse-verance*.

Men, by popular rumour at least,
Not the last to enjoy a feast !
And truly they were not idle !
Luckier far than the chesnut tits,
Which, down at the door, stood champing their bits,
At a different sort of bridle.

For the time was come—and the whisker'd Count
Help'd his Bride in the carriage to mount,
And fain would the Muse deny it,
But the crowd, including two butchers in blue,
(The regular killing Whitechapel hue,)
Of her Precious Calf had as ample a view,
As if they had come to buy it !

Then away ! away ! with all the speed
That golden spurs can give to the steed,—
Both Yellow Boys and Guineas, indeed,
Concurr'd to urge the cattle—

Away they went, with favours white,
Yellow jackets, and panels bright,
And left the mob, like a mob at night,
Agape at the sound of a rattle.

Away! away! they rattled and roll'd,
The Count, and his Bride, and her Leg of Gold—
That faded charm to the charmer!
Away, through old Brentford rang the din,
Of wheels and heels, on their way to win
That hill, named after one of her kin,
The Hill of the Golden Farmer!

Gold, still gold—it flew like dust!
It tipp'd the post-boy, and paid the trust;
In each open palm it was freely thrust;
There was nothing but giving and taking!
And if gold could insure the future hour,
What hopes attended that Bride to her bow'r,
But alas! even hearts with a four-horse pow'r
Of opulence end in breaking!

HER HONEYMOON.

The moon—the moon, so silver and cold,
Her fickle temper has oft been told,
Now shady—now bright and sunny—
But of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange,
And takes the most eccentric range
Is the moon—so call'd—of honey!

To some a full-grown orb reveal'd,
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted;
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp,
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
That makes earth's commonest things appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender:
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
And investing a common post, or a pump,
A currant-bush, or a gooseberry clump,
With a halo of dreamlike splendour.

A sphere such as shone from Italian skies,
In Juliet's dear, dark, liquid eyes,
Tipping trees with its argent braveries—
And to couples not favour'd with Fortune's boons
One of the most delightful of moons,
For it brightens their pewter platters and spoons
Like a silver service of Savory's!

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear
When the magic of love is present:
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face—
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant!

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest boarding and bedding:
Love, that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away from an Emperor's match
To dance at a Penny Wedding!

Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright Planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs, in spite of the Serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers!

There's strength in double joints, no doubt,
In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,
That the single sorts know nothing about—
And a fist is strongest when doubled—
And double aqua-fortis, of course,
And double soda-water, perforce,
Are the strongest that ever bubbled!

There's double beauty whenever a Swan
Swims on a Lake, with her double thereon;
And ask the gardener, Luke or John,
Of the beauty of double-blowing—
A double dahlia delights the eye;
And it's far the loveliest sight in the sky
When a double rainbow is glowing!

There's warmth in a pair of double soles;
As well as a double allowance of coals—
In a coat that is double-breasted—
In double windows and double doors;
And a double U wind is blest by scores
For its warmth to the tender-chested.

There's a twofold sweetness in double pipes;
And a double barrel and double snipes
Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure:
There's double safety in double locks;
And double letters bring cash for the box;
And all the world knows that double knocks
Are gentility's double measure.

There's a double sweetness in double rhymes,
And a double at Whist and a double Times
In profit are certainly double—
By doubling, the Hare contrives to escape;
And all seamen delight in a doubled Cape,
And a double-reef'd topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a double chin,
And of course there's a double pleasure therein,
If the parties were brought to telling:
And however our Dennises take offence,
A double meaning shows double sense;
And if proverbs tell truth,
A double tooth
Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling!

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,
Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence

Through whatever the list discovers,
They are all in the double blessedness summ'd,
Of what was formerly double-drumm'd,
The Marriage of two true Lovers!

Now the Kilmansegg Moon, it must be told—
Though instead of silver it tipp'd with gold—
Shone rather wan, and distant, and cold,
And before its days were at thirty,
Such gloomy clouds began to collect,
With an ominous ring of ill effect,
As gave but too much cause to expect
Such weather as seamen call dirty!

And yet the moon was the "Young May Moon,"
And the scented hawthorn had blossom'd soon,
And the thrush and the blackbird were singing—
The snow-white lambs were skipping in play,
And the bee was humming a tune all day
To flowers, as welcome as flowers in May,
And the trout in the stream was springing!

But what were the hues of the blooming earth,
Its scents—its sounds—or the music and mirth
Of its furr'd or its feather'd creatures,
To a Pair in the world's last sordid stage,
Who had never look'd into Nature's page,
And had strange ideas of a Golden Age,
Without any Arcadian features?

And what were joys of the pastoral kind
To a Bride—town-made—with a heart and a mind
With simplicity ever at battle?

A bride of an ostentatious race,
Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,
Would have trimm'd her shepherds with golden lace,
And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,
And the sheep wouldn't cast their eyes at a limb
For which she had been such a martyr:
The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,
And the cows unheeded let it pass;
And the ass on the common was such an ass,
That he wouldn't have swapp'd
The thistle he cropp'd
For her Leg, including the Garter!

She hated lanes and she hated fields—
She hated all that the country yields—
And barely knew turnips from clover;
She hated walking in any shape,
And a country stile was an awkward scrape,
Without the bribe of a mob to gape
At the Leg in clambering over!

O blessed nature, "O rus! O rus!"
Who cannot sigh for the country thus,
Absorb'd in a worldly torpor—
Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,
Untainted by care, and crime, and death,
And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—
That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper!

But to hail the pearly advent of morn,
And relish the odour fresh from the thorn,

She was far too pamper'd a madam—
Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,
While, after ages of sorrow and wrong,
The scorn of the proud, the misrule of the strong,
And all the woes that to man belong,
The Lark still carols the self-same song
That he did to the uncurst Adam!

The Lark! she had given all Leipsic's flocks
For a Vauxhall tune in a musical box;
And as for the birds in the thicket,
Thrush or ousel in leafy niche,
The linnet or finch, she was far too rich
To care for a Morning Concert, to which
She was welcome without any ticket.

Gold, still gold, her standard of old,
All pastoral joys were tried by gold,
Or by fancies golden and crural—
Till ere she had pass'd one week unblest,
As her agricultural Uncle's guest,
Her mind was made up, and fully impress,
That felicity could not be rural!

And the Count?—to the snow-white lambs at play,
And all the scents and the sights of May,
And the birds that warbled their passion,
His ears and dark eyes, and decided nose,
Were as deaf and as blind and as dull as those
That overlook the Bouquet de Rose,
The Huile Antique,
And Parfum Unique,
In a Barber's Temple of Fashion.

To tell, indeed, the true extent
Of his rural bias so far it went
As to covet estates in ring fences—
And for rural lore he had learn'd in town
That the country was green, turn'd up with brown,
And garnish'd with trees that a man might cut down
Instead of his own expenses.

And yet had that fault been his only one,
The Pair might have had few quarrels or none,
For their tastes thus far were in common;
But faults he had that a haughty bride
With a Golden Leg could hardly abide—
Faults that would even have roused the pride
Of a far less metalsome woman!

It was early days indeed for a wife,
In the very spring of her married life,
To be chill'd by its wintry weather—
But instead of sitting as Love-Birds do,
On Hymen's turtles that bill and coo—
Enjoying their "moon and honey for two"
They were scarcely seen together!

In vain she sat with her Precious Leg
A little exposed, à la Kilmansegg,
And roll'd her eyes in their sockets!
He left her in spite of her tender regards,
And those loving murmurs described by bards,
For the rattling of dice and the shuffling of cards,
And the poking of balls into pockets!

Moreover he loved the deepest stake
And the heaviest bets the players would make;
  And he drank—the reverse of sparely,—
And he used strange curses that made her fret;
And when he play'd with herself at piquet,
    She found, to her cost,
    For she always lost,
  That the Count did not count quite fairly.

And then came dark mistrust and doubt,
Gather'd by worming his secrets out,
  And slips in his conversations—
Fears, which all her peace destroy'd,
That his title was null—his coffers were void—
And his French Château was in Spain, or enjoy'd
  The most airy of situations.

But still his heart—if he had such a part—
She—only she—might possess his heart,
  And hold his affections in fetters—
Alas! that hope, like a crazy ship,
Was forced its anchor and cable to slip
When, seduced by her fears, she took a dip
  In his private papers and letters.

Letters that told of dangerous leagues;
And notes that hinted as many intrigues
  As the Count's in the "Barber of Seville"—
In short such mysteries came to light,
That the Countess-Bride, on the thirtieth night,
Woke and started up in affright,

And kick'd and scream'd with all her might,
And finally fainted away outright,
For she dreamt she had married the Devil!

HER MISERY.

Who hath not met with home-made bread,
A heavy compound of putty and lead—
And home-made wines that rack the head,
And home-made liqueurs and waters?
Home-made pop that will not foam,
And home-made dishes that drive one from home,
Not to name each mess,
For the face or dress,
Home-made by the homely daughters?

Home-made physic that sickens the sick;
Thick for thin and thin for thick;—
In short each homogeneous trick
For poisoning domesticity?
And since our Parents, call'd the First,
A little family squabble nurst,
Of all our evils the worst of the worst
Is home-made infelicity.

There's a Golden Bird that claps its wings,
And dances for joy on its perch, and sings
With a Persian exultation:
For the Sun is shining into the room,
And brightens up the carpet-bloom,

As if it were new, bran new, from the loom,
Or the lone Nun's fabrication.

And thence the glorious radiance flames
On pictures in massy gilded frames—
Enshrining, however, no painted Dames,
But portraits of colts and fillies—
Pictures hanging on walls, which shine,
In spite of the bard's familiar line,
With clusters of "Gilded lilies."

And still the flooding sunlight shares
Its lustre with gilded sofas and chairs,
That shine as if freshly burnish'd—
And gilded tables, with glittering stocks
Of gilded china, and golden clocks,
Toy, and trinket, and musical box,
That Peace and Paris have furnish'd.

And lo! with the brightest gleam of all
The glowing sunbeam is seen to fall
On an object as rare as splendid—
The golden foot of the Golden Leg
Of the Countess—once Miss Kilmansegg—
But there all sunshine is ended.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is dim,
And downward cast, yet not at the limb,
Once the centre of all speculation;
But downward drooping in comfort's dearth,
As gloomy thoughts are drawn to the earth—
Whence human sorrows derive their birth—
By a moral gravitation.

Her golden hair is out of its braids,
And her sighs betray the gloomy shades
That her evil planet revolves in—
And tears are falling that catch a gleam
So bright as they drop in the sunny beam,
That tears of *aqua regia* they seem,
The water that gold dissolves in;

Yet, not in filial grief were shed
Those tears for a mother's insanity;
Nor yet because her father was dead,
For the bowing Sir Jacob had bow'd his head
To Death—with his usual urbanity;
The waters that down her visage rill'd
Were drops of unrectified spirit distill'd
From the limbeck of Pride and Vanity.

Tears that fell alone and uncheckt,
Without relief, and without respect,
Like the fabled pearls that the pigs neglect,
When pigs have that opportunity—
And of all the griefs that mortals share,
The one that seems the hardest to bear
Is the grief without community.

How bless'd the heart that has a friend
A sympathising ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother!
For as ale and porter, when flat, are restored
Till a sparkling bubbling head they afford,
So sorrow is cheer'd by being pour'd
From one vessel into another.

But friend or gossip she had not one
To hear the vile deeds that the Count had done,
How night after night he rambled;
And how she had learn'd by sad degrees
That he drank, and smoked, and worse than these,
That he "swindled, intrigued, and gambled."

How he kiss'd the maids, and sparr'd with John;
And came to bed with his garments on;
With other offences as heinous—
And brought *strange* gentlemen home to dine,
That he said were in the Fancy Line,
And they fancied spirits instead of wine,
And call'd her lap-dog "Wenus.'

Of "making a book" how he made a stir,
But never had written a line to her,
Once his idol and Cara Sposa:
And how he had storm'd, and treated her ill,
Because she refused to go down to a mill,
She didn't know where, but remember'd still
That the Miller's name was Mendoza.

How often he waked her up at night,
And oftener still by the morning light,
Reeling home from his haunts unlawful;
Singing songs that shouldn't be sung,
Except by beggars and thieves unhung—
Or volleying oaths, that a foreign tongue
Made still more horrid and awful!

How oft, instead of otto of rose,
With vulgar smells he offended her nose,

From gin, tobacco, and onion!
And then how wildly he used to stare!
And shake his fist at nothing, and swear,—
And pluck by the handful his shaggy hair,
Till he look'd like a study of Giant Despair
For a new Edition of Bunyan!

For dice will run the contrary way,
As well is known to all who play,
And cards will conspire as in treason:
And what with keeping a hunting-box,
Following fox—
Friends in flocks,
Burgundies, Hocks,
From London Docks;
Stultz's frocks,
Manton and Nock's
Barrels and locks,
Shooting blue rocks,
Trainers and jocks,
Buskins and socks,
Pugilistical knocks,
And fighting-cocks,
If he found himself short in funds and stocks,
These rhymes will furnish the reason!

His friends, indeed, were falling away—
Friends who insist on play or pay—
And he fear'd at no very distant day
To be cut by Lord and by cadger,
As one, who has gone, or is going, to smash,
For his checks no longer drew the cash,

Because, as his comrades explain'd in flash,
"He had overdrawn his badger."

Gold, gold—alas! for the gold
Spent where souls are bought and sold,
In Vice's Walpurgis revel!
Alas! for muffles, and bulldogs, and guns,
The leg that walks, and the leg that runs,—
All real evils, though Fancy ones,
When they lead to debt, dishonour, and duns,
Nay, to death, and perchance the devil!

Alas! for the last of a Golden race!
Had she cried her wrongs in the market-place,
She had warrant for all her clamour—
For the worst of rogues, and brutes, and rakes,
Was breaking her heart by constant aches,
With as little remorse as the Pauper, who breaks
A flint with a parish hammer!

HER LAST WILL.

Now the Precious Leg while cash was flush,
Or the Count's acceptance worth a rush,
Had never excited dissension;
But no sooner the stocks began to fall,
Than, without any ossification at all,
The limb became what people call
A perfect bone of contention.

For alter'd days brought alter'd ways,
And instead of the complimentary phrase,
So current before her bridal—
The Countess, heard, in language low,
That her Precious Leg was precious slow,
A good 'un to look at but bad to go,
And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,
Like Colin's foot in going up-stairs—
As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares—
It made an infernal stumping.
Whereas a member of cork, or wood,
Would be lighter and cheaper and quite as good,
Without the unbearable thumping.

P'raps she thought it a decent thing
To show her calf to cobbler and king,
But nothing could be absurder—
While none but the crazy would advertise
Their gold before their servants' eyes,
Who of course some night would make it a prize,
By a Shocking and Barbarous Murder.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,
The Leg kept its situation:
For legs are not to be taken off
By a verbal amputation.
And mortals when they take a whim,
The greater the folly the stiffer the limb
That stand upon it or by it—
So the Countess, then Miss Kilmansegg,

At her marriage refused to stir a peg,
Till the Lawyers had fasten'd on her Leg
As fast as the Law could tie it.

Firmly then—and more firmly yet—
With scorn for scorn, and with threat for threat,
The Proud One confronted the Cruel :
And loud and bitter the quarrel arose,
Fierce and merciless—one of those,
With spoken daggers, and looks like blows,
In all but the bloodshed a duel !

Rash, and wild, and wretched, and wrong,
Were the words that came from Weak and Strong,
Till madden'd for desperate matters,
Fierce as tigress escaped from her den,
She flew to her desk—'twas open'd—and then,
In the time it takes to try a pen,
Or the clerk to utter his slow Amen,
Her Will was in fifty tatters !

But the Count, instead of curses wild,
Only nodded his head and smiled,
As if at the spleen of an angry child ;
But the calm was deceitful and sinister !
A lull like the lull of the treacherous sea—
For Hate in that moment had sworn to be
The Golden Leg's sole Legatee,
And that very night to administer !

HER DEATH.

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
  Of its grave without any misgiving:
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
  Is dying, and Death is living!

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,
Bright as they are with hope and joy,
  How their souls would sadden instanter,
To remember that one of those wedding bells,
Which ring so merrily through the dells,
    Is the same that knells
    Our last farewells,
  Only broken into a canter!

But breath and blood set doom at nought—
How little the wretched Countess thought,
  When at night she unloosed her sandal,
That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,
And that Death, in the shape of a Death's Head Moth,
  Was fluttering round her candle!

As she look'd at her clock of or-molu,
For the hours she had gone so wearily through
  At the end of a day of trial—
How little she saw in her pride of prime

The dart of Death in the Hand of Time—
That hand which moved on the dial!

As she went with her taper up the stair,
How little her swollen eye was aware
That the Shadow which follow'd was double!
Or when she closed her chamber door,
It was shutting out, and for evermore,
The world—and its worldly trouble.

Little she dreamt, as she laid aside
Her jewels—after one glance of pride—
They were solemn bequests to Vanity—
Or when her robes she began to doff,
That she stood so near to the putting off
Of the flesh that clothes humanity.

And when she quench'd the taper's light,
How little she thought as the smoke took flight,
That her day was done—and merged in a night
Of dreams and duration uncertain—
Or along with her own,
That a Hand of Bone
Was closing mortality's curtain!

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,
And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind
In concealing the day of sorrow;
And enough is the present tense of toil—
For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil—
And the mind flies back with a glad recoil
From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the Spirit fly
And bid its daily cares good-bye,
  Along with its daily clothing?
Just as the felon condemn'd to die—
  With a very natural loathing—
Leaving the Sheriff to dream of ropes,
From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes
To a caper on sunny gleams and slopes,
  Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Thus, even thus, the Countess slept,
While Death still nearer and nearer crept,
  Like the Thane who smote the sleeping—
But her mind was busy with early joys,
Her golden treasures and golden toys;
      That flash'd a bright
      And golden light
  Under lids still red with weeping.

The golden doll that she used to hug!
Her coral of gold, and the golden mug!
  Her godfather's golden presents!
The golden service she had at her meals,
The golden watch, and chain, and seals,
Her golden scissors, and thread, and reels,
  And her golden fishes and pheasants!

The golden guineas in silken purse—
And the Golden Legends she heard from her nurse
  Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage—
And London streets that were paved with gold—
And the Golden Eggs that were laid of old—

With each golden thing
To the golden ring
At her own auriferous Marriage!

And still the golden light of the sun
Through her golden dream appear'd to run,
Though the night, that roared without, was one
To terrify seamen or gipsies—
While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,
Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,
As though she enjoy'd the tempest's birth,
In revenge of her old eclipses.

But vainly, vainly, the thunder fell,
For the soul of the Sleeper was under a spell
That time had lately embitter'd—
The Count, as once at her foot he knelt—
That foot, which now he wanted to melt!
But—hush!—'twas a stir at her pillow she felt—
And some object before her glitter'd.

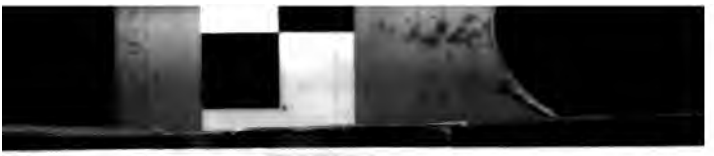
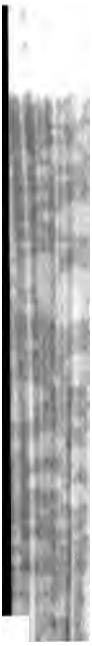
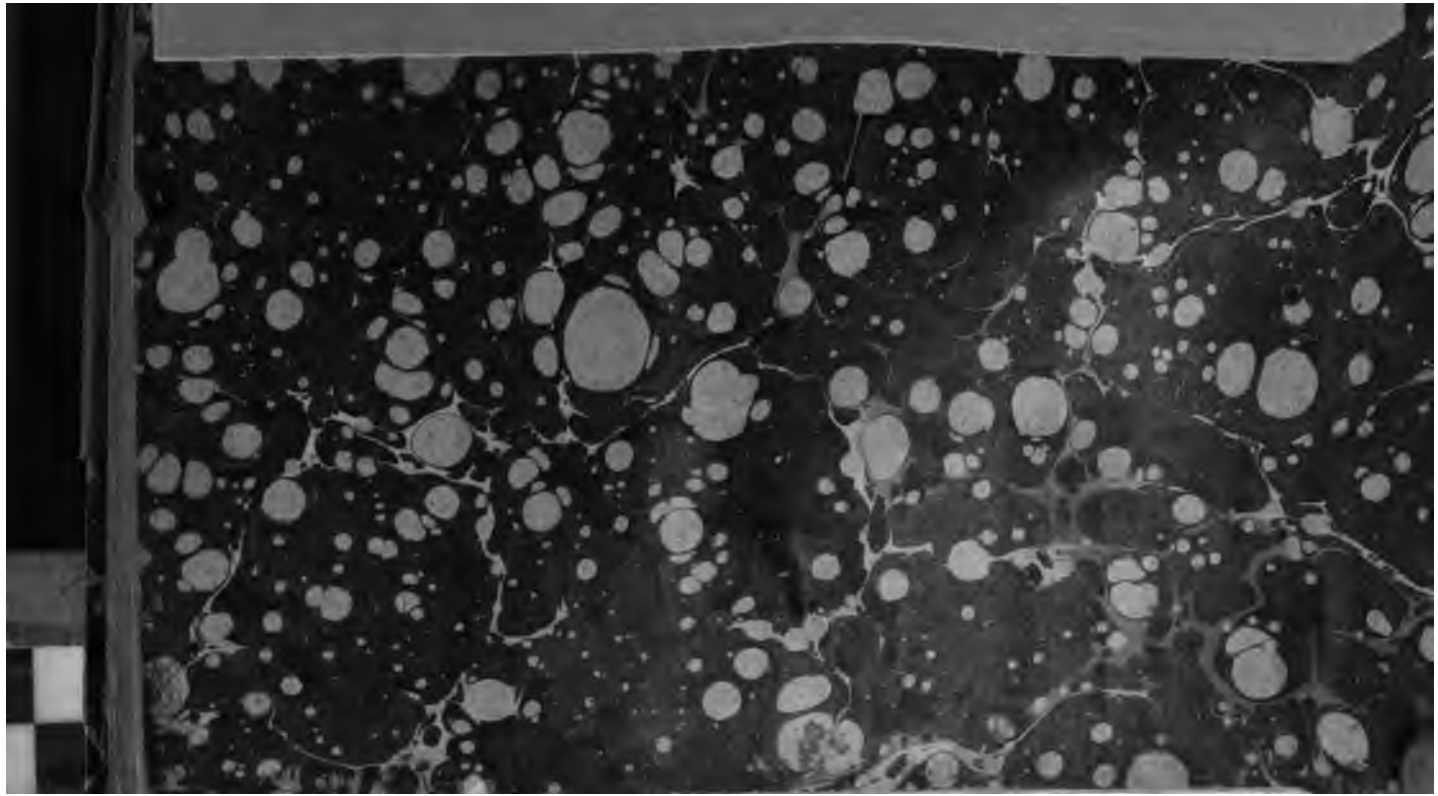
'Twas the Golden Leg!—she knew its gleam!
And up she started and tried to scream,—
But ev'n in the moment she started—
Down came the limb with a frightful smash,
And, lost in the universal flash
That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,
The Spark, call'd Vital, departed!

* * * * *

Gold, still gold! hard, yellow, and cold,
For gold she had lived, and she died for gold—
By a golden weapon—not oaken;

In the morning they found her all alone—
Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone—
But her Leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,
And the "Golden Bowl was broken!"

Gold—still gold! it haunted her yet—
At the Golden Lion the Inquest met—
Its foreman, a carver and gilder—
And the Jury debated from twelve till three
What the Verdict ought to be,
And they brought it in as Felo de Se,
"Because her own Leg had kill'd her!"

HER MORAL.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled:
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold:
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.